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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1985 $3.95

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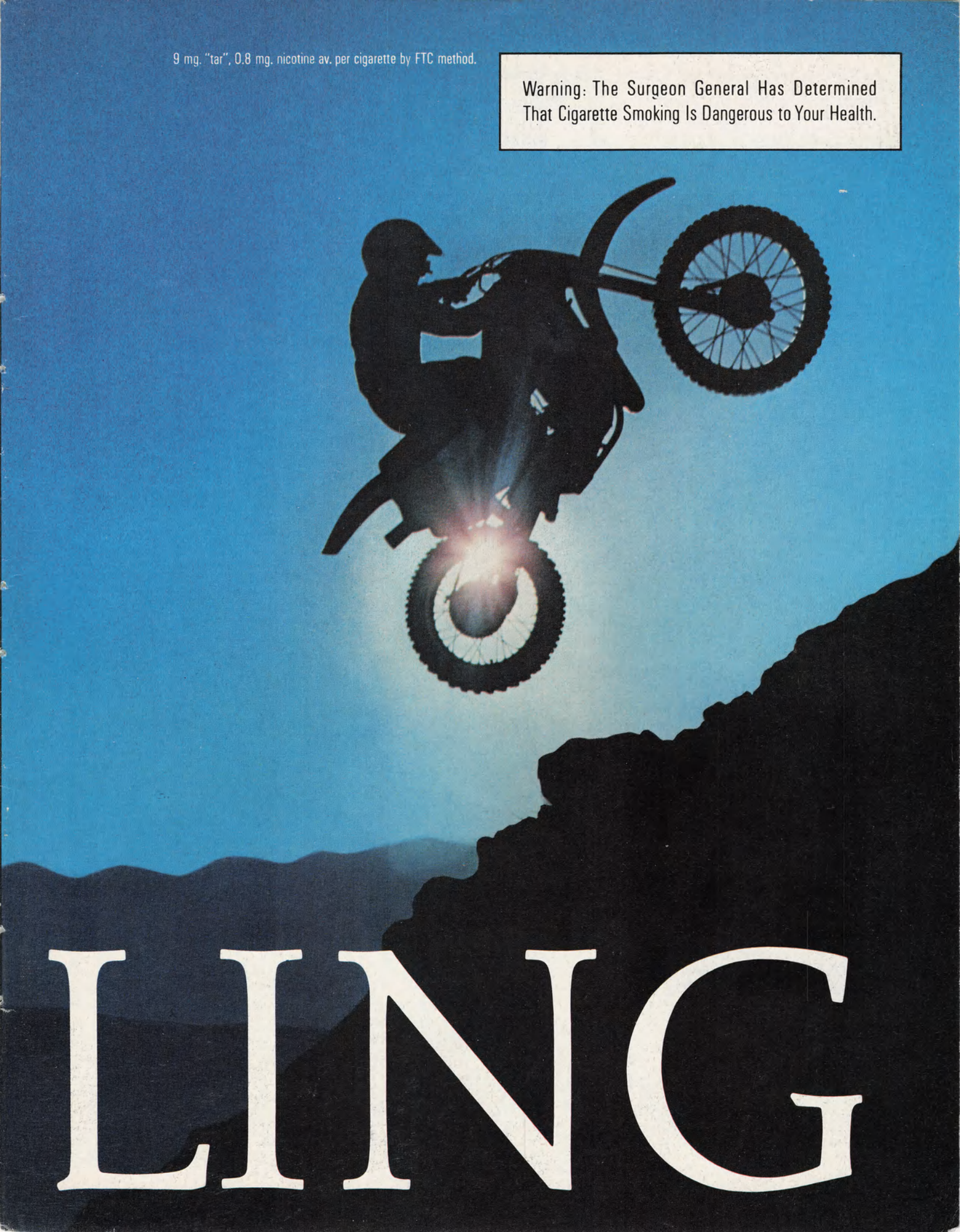

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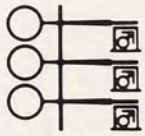

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This month's cover features Charlie Dean, who was photographed by Allan J. Wash with a Nikon F3 camera, an MD2 motordrive, and Nikkor 24, 80, 135, and 180 lenses. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 150.

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HOUSECALL

WHAT MEN WANT
Some time ago, in order to discover our readers' sexual likes and dislikes, we published two insightful questionnaires by freelance writer and researcher Brigitte Nioche. The response was both gratifying and overwhelming. And here, in a nutshell, is a composite portrait of your ideal lover based on those answers: She is "sexually experienced, with a pretty face and slim body, wearing sexy, fashionable clothes, with an assertive personality . . . and, preferably, a coworker." Of course, there are many surprises among the thousands of replies that Nioche compiled and analyzed, and you'll find them highlighted by dozens of candid fantasies and experiences. You'll also discover whom readers selected as the ten sexiest women in the world—that is, your various choices *before* checking out this month's stunning Pets!

MINI MATADORS
The little big men in Tim McGirk's surreal photo essay are not your traditional Spanish bullfighters. And, never short of balls, these outrageous dwarfs capitalize on their physical incongruities to draw crowds and win their loyalty. . . . Most people find that succeeding at roulette is even harder than being a diminutive bullfighter. Albert Einstein himself said that the only way to win was to steal money from the table. But in our "Games" column this month, Scot Morris reports on how the venerable gambling wheel can now be beaten handily by some young computer freaks with ticklish feet. If you think this is unlikely, just read Scot's report and sit back and watch the reaction of outraged casino owners. . . . Speaking of outrage, when Geraldine Ferraro nose-dived from her exalted position in American history to cutting television commercials, it gave Humor Editor Bill Lee an idea. You can check out the damage in "Politicians in TV Advertisements."

RANCHO RAJNEESH
On 64,000 acres of prime Oregon land, the followers of controversial guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh say they are building a utopian society in the United States. Some of their neighbors think otherwise, and reporter Mark Christensen found in his on-the-scene observations that a violent confrontation appears to be developing. In the meantime, his description of America's biggest and strangest commune—a place in which there are more Rolls-Royces per capita than in any city in the world, including Beverly Hills and Kuwait—will both shock and amuse you.

ON THE FIRING LINE
For 22 years, Bill Baird has been shot at, beaten up, and jailed—all because he has fought for birth control and abortion rights for women. Today, as the right-to-life movement turns increasingly violent, Baird is once again literally on the firing line. But this time, as he explained in an exclusive interview with Allan Sonnenschein, he is also being attacked by some of the very women he has been fighting for. His sin? Being a man. As Baird puts it: "Most of these people are not feminists. I call them what they are—sexists."

SNOW JOBS
Everyone knows that cocaine is big business, but hardly anyone has witnessed the beginning of the long journey that terminates in the sinuses of the rich and famous. Photographer Jeff Rotman is one of those few Americans who have been allowed in (and out!) of the illicit cocaine "kitchens" of Boliva. His report, "Snow Jobs," is a classic of photojournalism. . . . Our Great *Penthouse* Treasure Hunt last year was anything but a snow job, as you'll see when you check out the talented winners on page 107. . . . But, of course, when it comes to winners, it doesn't take much talent to find the many pages of beautiful Pets whose treasures are lavishly and lovingly displayed within—all for your summer reading pleasure.

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"She didn't tell me her name, but said she'd enjoy talking to me while I played with myself. She knew it was my morning custom."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

WHACK-OFF CALL

It is my custom to wake up in the morning with a hard, throbbing dick. A few months ago, while I was beating off, the phone rang. I was annoyed until I heard a seductively soft voice on the other end. I asked who it was. She said she couldn't tell me her name but would enjoy talking to me while I jacked off. She said she knew it was my early-morning custom. This was heaven!

As my cock sprang back to life, I started to slowly stroke it while my new phone pal moaned and groaned and told me how she would love to feel my hard dick in her mouth. She said she would suck until I couldn't stand it any longer. Even before I was fully ready, hot globs of come squirted out of me. I was left shaken as the come ran down my dick and hand and onto my belly. She obviously had the same kind of reaction. She said that she was finger-fucking herself as we talked.

This became a regular morning routine for us. With each daybreak, I looked forward to the phone ringing. After about a month of bliss and piles of come-soaked sheets, the calls stopped abruptly.

Then she called to let me know that she had moved just before the Christmas holidays. She still didn't give me her name, but she told me that she was married. She wouldn't let any man touch her even though her husband was fucking every other woman in town.

She said that she once watched me fuck one of her girlfriends. That was how she knew me. I practically

called her a liar until she described every detail of what had happened. She and the woman had set it up and she was in the adjoining bedroom watching us while she finger-fucked herself. I couldn't believe it, but I had to!

She said she would like to see me jack off. She wanted to see the come shoot out of my dick, not just hear about it over the phone. She told me to promise I wouldn't touch her and would not reveal our past, should we ever meet. I agreed.

We decided to meet at our friend's house, where she had watched us fuck before. I was right on time and somewhat nervous when I knocked on the door. My friend opened the door completely naked. She is a brunette with large tits and a great figure. I glanced over her shoulder in anticipation. My telephone lover was sitting on the couch: nude, blonde, and much more than I had expected. She was about 35 with large tits and large brown swollen nipples—the kind that won't even fit into your mouth, they're so big. When she smiled, my dick rose to attention.

I turned to the brunette. She grinned and loosened my belt. As I stood there naked, my cock throbbed. Both girls seemed to really enjoy this. It made me very horny. I really wanted to fuck them, but I had made an agreement not to. I sat down in a large chair where the brunette indicated and I started to slowly run my fingers up and down my dick. Both women moved in front of me and started to finger-fuck themselves. I tried to prolong my orgasm as long as possible, but it didn't work.

The pressure welled up inside of me until I could feel the rush of come squirt from my dick all over both women. The blonde took a delicate red-nailed finger and scooped up a drop of come and slowly brought it to her lips. I almost came again just watching!

As we dressed, the brunette kissed me and left the blonde and me alone for a while. She said that if she ever got a divorce she would come back to give me more pussy than I could ever handle. I haven't seen her as yet but I still jump every time the phone rings.—*Name and address withheld*

BATTLE SCARS

One night at a fraternity party, my girlfriend Lori dragged me out onto the dance floor for a slow dance. She had been drinking a bit, and by the way she ground her pussy against my leg I knew that it was going to be a fun night. Just as the song was ending, she whispered, "I need you inside me," and flitted off through the crowd. I found her in my room waiting for me. I fired up the stereo, turned down the lights, and began to undress her.

Her nipples were at least an inch long, and she squealed with pleasure when I started to lick and bite them. She was so horny that she wasted no time in getting my own clothes off. I laid her gently back on the bed. She had put the electric

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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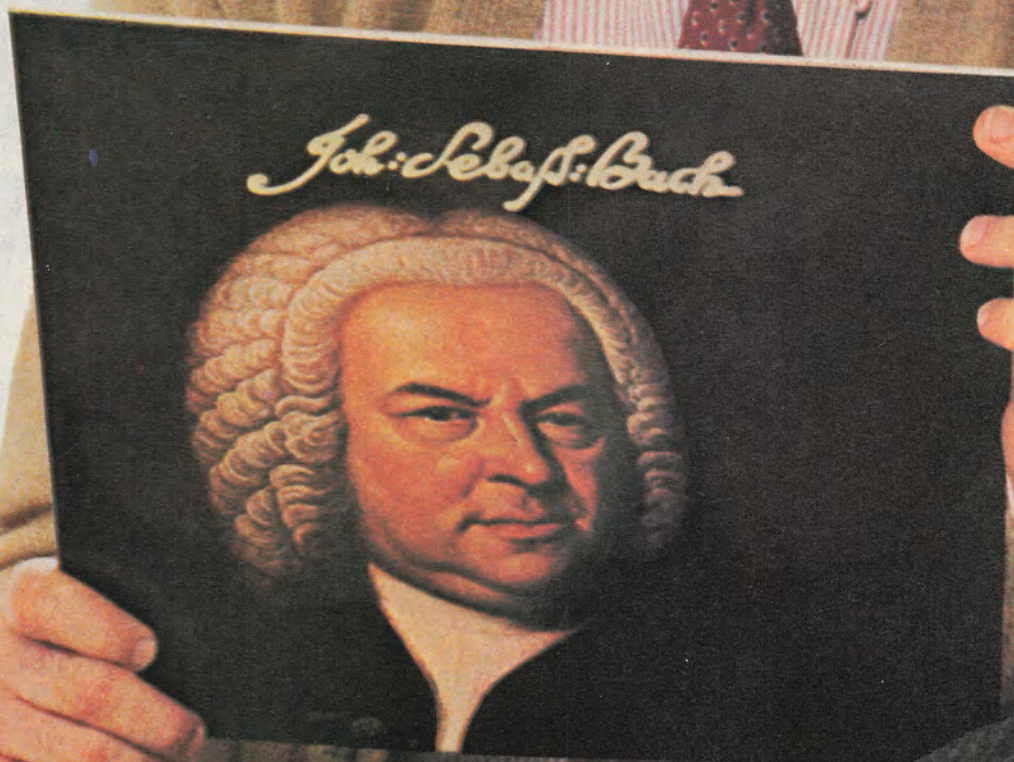

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JULY

blanket on "incinerate," so we had a warm rack in which to play. I ran my hands slowly down her back. This made her pussy even hotter. I ran my hand down her leg, and then back up to her tender mound.

I slowly traced the outline of her bush, teasing her. She begged me to finger-fuck her, but I continued the torture. She was soaked halfway down her legs by now, so I decided it was time for dinner. I nibbled my way down to her sweet-smelling cunt. Again, I avoided her lips and clit, and concentrated on her legs and glistening bush. Now she begged for me to eat her. I looked up and said, "First my finger, and now my tongue—make up your mind!" She responded by grabbing my head and shoving it into her pussy.

I almost drowned. My tongue started swimming and soon had the situation under hand. After a couple of orgasms, I felt she was ready to be fucked. I climbed up the bed and reached for the rubbers I kept on the shelf above the radiator. I missed, and the box of rubbers fell behind the hot radiator. Lori, noticing that I was taking my time, ran her long nails up and down my cock. I decided to retrieve the rubbers and reached down to get them. At the same time, she wrapped her soft warm mouth around the tip of my dick and applied suction. The feeling of her tongue on my glans was second only to the tightness of her pussy, so I reached even farther for the rubbers. So far, in fact, that I got the box, but I also got my hand stuck under the radiator! So here I am, naked, stretched over a radiator, getting a blowjob!

After a while, the come started boiling up. She sensed this and pointed my dick so I could jism all over my stomach. I blew my wad, and she slowly licked it off of my pubes, stomach, and now limp cock. "Come down here and suck on my nipples," Lori said impatiently. Somehow I extricated my hand, and kept a hold on the rubbers. I took one out and gave it to her. Sucking tit always gets me hard again, so Lori smoothed the rubber onto my dick, and damn near broke the bed as she impaled herself on my pole.

I woke up the next day with her still on top of me. The relationship went down the tubes, but I have a lasting reminder of that night when the hot radiator burned my arm: a small scar to remember her by!—*Name and address withheld*

A NICE TOUCH

Sometimes the most enjoyable part of a sexual encounter is the excitement of anticipation. If you have enough time to plan this event, it can be made into hours or even days of pure pleasure and self-indulgence.

Before my lover arrives, the coffee table gets one last dusting, the fruit is chilled, and the table is set. From the door I try to imagine everything in place. Fresh pecans, soft music on the stereo, and the subtle fragrance of jasmine everywhere.

On to the bedroom. I choose a fresh linen that complements my creamy skin and the cool colors of the room. I add some spicy carnations to the vase by the bed and arrange the towels in eager anticipation of their intended use. After deciding on a blush-pink teddy, I am satisfied that all is in order and I can relax.

While the tub fills with hot water and mounds of jasmine-scented bubbles, I wash my hair until it's squeaky clean and rinse it twice, once for shine and once for softness. I then wrap it tightly in a terry turban. I love the turban. There's something slightly exotic about a turban.

After removing every bit of makeup and steaming my face, I wash it with a fine sandy complexion scrub. I work every muscle of my face with my fingertips, beginning around the eyes and nose. I circle the cheekbones and smooth the temples, rubbing up to the brow and down the nose to the lips. Lightly I scrub my throat and shoulders, down my arms and elbows and across my breasts to make the skin soft, fresh, and delicately pink. The rough sand stimulates the circulation, and as I softly circle each breast, there's a kind of pleasure/pain in the nipples. They become erect. The swell of each begins to grow with continued friction.

By this time the tub is full and I slowly sink into the white foam. Splashing most of the sand off, I save some to soften my feet and toes. Then I lay back to relax in the fragrant softness.

My lover likes smooth-skinned ladies so I lather my legs heavily and shave them close, one at a time. There is something sensual about the feel of a razor beginning at the ankle and going higher and higher, leaving only a silky smooth strip behind. I scrub my back with a brush and, as always, wish there were someone else there to do it. All those little brush fingers leave my back feeling alive.

I let the water out and turn on the shower. Standing under the hot stream of needles intensifies the desire that swells as I wash the folds of my pussy and feel the slick suds run down between my legs. I try to imagine what my skin must feel like to him as he squeezes my breasts or strokes my long back. As I rinse the last of the bubbles off my toes, I reach for a towel to smooth the droplets from my eyes. The makeup colors I choose accent my dark-green eyes and light skin, and I use only lip liner and gloss on my already flushed lips. I blow my hair away from my face with just enough curl to shake, add dangling earrings and light perfume, and slip into my teddy.

As he knocks on the door, I wrap the satin kimono around my waist and step into tiny slippers. I sigh slightly as I answer the door and step into his arms. His first kiss is breathless and fervent, and my heart skips a beat as I regain my balance. I know it's going to be a special evening. I can tell from his already bulg-

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ing pants that we'll skip the conversation tonight and move right into the preliminaries. That's all right with me, because I'm already warm and wet.

As I pour the ice-cold cider, he moves behind me and pulls the light satin away from my shoulders. Softly he kisses the nape of my neck and shoulders. I can feel the heat of his loins at the back of my thighs. With gentle insistence, he pushes me to the bedroom where I turn to unbutton his shirt. His waiting arms remove the kimono and hold me close as I continue to unbutton and remove his clothes with slowly teasing fingers. As one hand explores the contents of his shorts, the other one deftly fondles his nipples. By now he is fully erect and unable to hide his desirable length.

On my knees now, I remove his shorts, and taking his balls in one hand and gently licking the head, I hear myself make low purring noises. After a moment, he pulls me to my feet and touches the swell of each breast where they rise from the lacy teddy. He unbuttons the tiny buttons one at a time, and it drops to the floor. Anxious to reach the wetness of my dark mound, he reaches from behind as I bend over to turn down the bed. The touch of his hand on my wet skin sends waves of pleasure throughout my body.

Unexpectedly, he pins me half on, half off the bed with warm soft kisses down my back and one probing finger in my dark cave. As I ride the tide of mounting tension, he turns me over to put my pink pussy on the edge of the bed and my now quivering legs over his broad shoulders. One lick down the length of my ripe, watering slit and a flick of his expert tongue on my clit send me into what can only be described as euphoria. Wave after wave of warmth rushes over me as every muscle tightens and releases, again and again, in an explosion of intense pleasure. There is no time and there is no space, only feeling. This is what most women dream of.

As I regain my strength, he holds me close and I feel his heartbeat quicken against my own. Taking his balls in my hand, I feel the coolness of the skin compared to the throbbing heat of his shaft. Positioning myself in front of him, I rub his cock between my full breasts and lick the head at the same time.

As I continue to fondle his balls, I rub the base of his shaft with my other hand and suck the ridge with slightly parted lips. Gently, he pushes my head to hold more of him in my mouth and I know that the time is soon. Feeling his excitement brings me close to a second climax, and I can feel my own muscles taking control of me again. I breathe deeply and shake my head from side to side, and feel the firmness of his balls against my lips and the delicate skin of the head of his hard cock against the back of my throat. As I move my tongue to the underside of his shaft, curling it around the sides, I feel his quiver and know that soon he will

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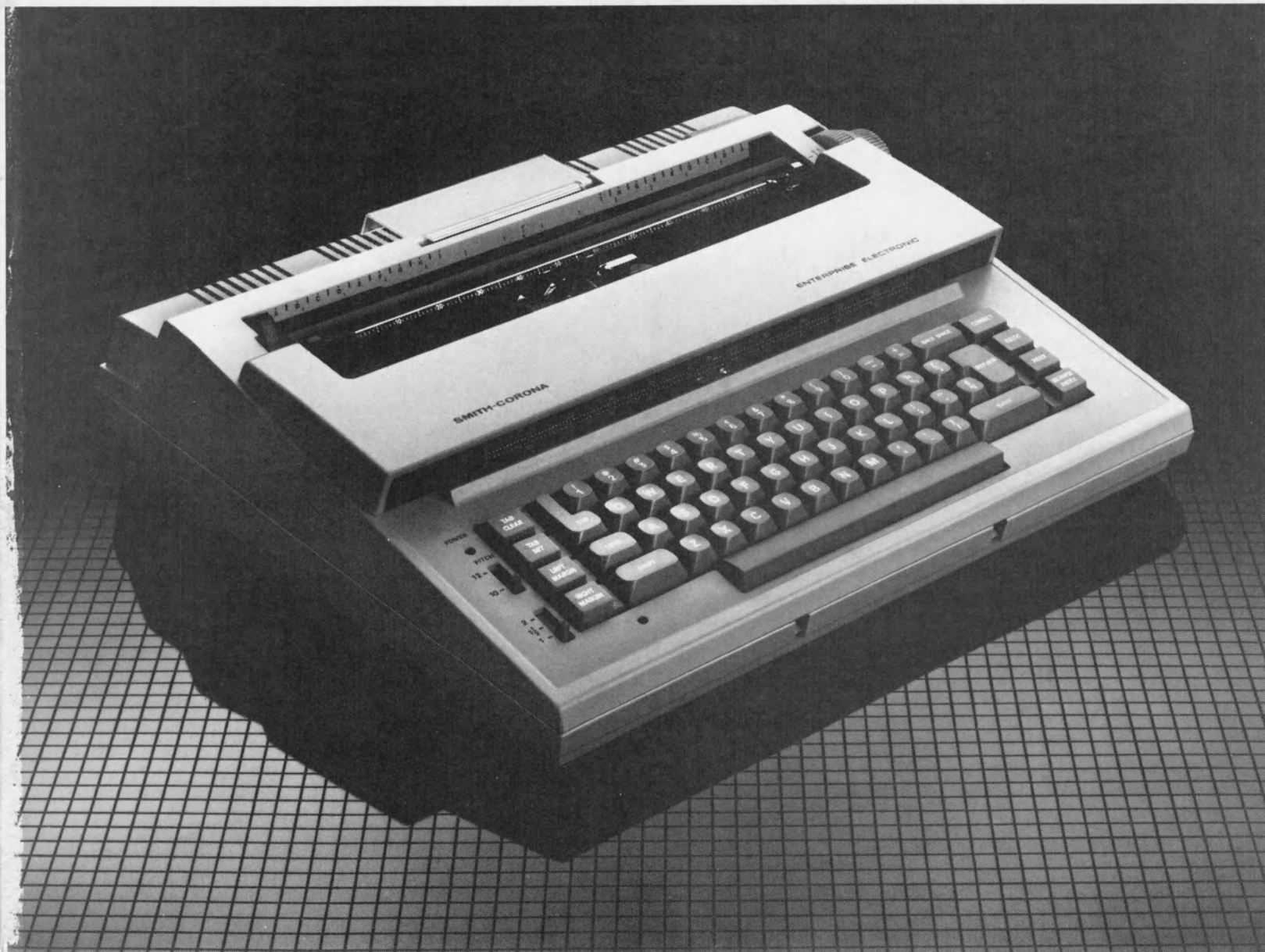

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come. I slip my finger between and behind his balls and press lightly at the mouth of his small tight hole. With a shudder and a moan he fills my mouth with sweet cream.

Breathing softly with him, I watch the rise and fall of his glistening chest as his hand drops playfully to my moist mound. It promises to be a long night of love.—*Name and address withheld*

BASHFUL NO MORE

My name is Jeri. I'm 27 years old, single, and attractive. My job demands that I travel out of town about every other week. This is how I was introduced to *Penthouse*. Every month I pick up a copy in the airport terminal and while away the lonely hours in the motel room reading "Forum." I've had sex with several men, but the real thing has never been quite as good as the letters describe. At least, not until last week.

About 6:30 PM., I went to the motel restaurant for dinner. For some reason there was a line. Right in front of me stood a very distinguished gray-haired guy, probably 20 years my senior. He turned around and looked me over several times. Finally he asked if I was dining alone. When I said yes, he invited me to join him. I hate eating alone, so I agreed.

We started out with a martini and ordered dinner. He instructed the waitress that it was on one check, which impressed me. I've never been so taken with a man in my life. He was so interesting. We had wine during dinner, then after-dinner drinks. I was beginning to feel quite mellow.

After complaining about my long day, he jokingly suggested that a good massage was in order. The subject was dropped and he offered to walk me to my room. When we got to the door, he asked whether I'd thought about his offer of the massage. After a little pressuring, I agreed. I really didn't want him to go.

We sat on the bed and talked awhile. Then he told me that if I wanted a massage, I'd have to take off my clothes. He left to get some lotion. I stripped and lay tummy-down on the bed. When he came back, he took off his clothes and straddled my naked body. I gasped as I felt his cock resting in the crack of my ass. But I felt reassured as he spread the warm lotion over my shoulders and his fingers massaged my tense muscles. He worked my back, then my ass. He had a good touch. Then he squirted the lotion down the crack of my ass. A finger started at the top, worked slowly down the crevice, dabbled in my anus, then quickly delved into my wet snatch.

When he told me to roll over, I thought he'd go for my tits. He didn't. He began to gently massage my shoulders. But in due course, he squirted lotion on my pride-and-joys and really felt them up. My nipples became hard and erect. I almost went wild when he started kissing and sucking them. At just the right moment he began massaging me again. First my ribs, then my tummy, then the inside of my thighs. His caresses came ever so close to the center of my passion but never quite touched it. By now my legs were spread wide and I was willing. He squirted a dollop of lotion on his finger and I felt him spread it up and down my gash. Very gently his finger worked between my lips and found my clit. It was hard and ready for his attention. His finger slowly circled it, then began to tickle it; a finger from his other hand invaded my juicy vagina. In a few seconds a wave of ecstasy flooded through my body as I reached orgasm. I squeezed my ass cheeks together in pleasure as his finger crooked and twisted inside me.

Just as I relaxed, he forced his way between my legs. I was ready for him, but I soon realized he had other things in mind. After kissing my tits he began kissing lower. Before long he was nuzzling in my bush and licking the creases of my pussy. His fingers spread my lips and his tongue began exploring every fold. Then he found my clit. At first he just tongued it, then sucked and teased it until I came again, lunging furiously into his face.

He straddled me and rubbed the head of his cock over my nipples. I reached out and grabbed it, and he offered it to my mouth. I eagerly kissed and sucked it. He pulled away and I watched as he rolled a rubber over its big shaft.

He shifted to press it against my pussy. My fingers felt it, then guided it to where I wanted it placed. His hips pressed forward and I felt it sink into my cunt. It was so big he had to work it in slowly—inch by inch. Finally he buried it to the hilt. My pussy was completely filled.

Then he began to fuck me, levering and probing his wonderful cock in and out of every nook and cranny of my love passage. I raised my knees so I could take his full length. It felt even better when I played with my clit. A few seconds later I had another wonderful orgasm. But this time my pussy had something to contract around. I locked my legs inside his and we fucked hard and fast.

Just as I finished coming, he began to thrust with deep, furious strokes. Then he buried his cock and I felt it jerk inside me, taking release. We lay in each other's arms until he softened and slipped out of my juicy hole.

We've made a date to get together the next time we're in the same town. In the meantime, I'm not going to be bashful about hunting out another dinner date. I may even take the initiative the next time!—*Name and address withheld*

THE PERFECT PATIENT

My girlfriend is a nurse in an intensive-care unit. In doing her work she has to wear latex gloves at all times, and masks, too. She always complains about wear-

THERE ARE PLACES ON EARTH WHERE NO LIFE EXISTS EXCEPT SMALL COLONIES OF ISUZUS.

In some of the farthest corners of the earth, you'll find the only form of transportation is an Isuzu. Or a donkey.

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The Trooper II is a go anywhere, do anything, four-wheel drive that thinks it's a utility truck. With its huge 21.9-gallon fuel tank, you can leave civilization and go up to 613 miles without refueling.*** The versatile Trooper II was voted "4x4 of the Year" by *4 Wheel & Off-Road* magazine. And still, it's the least expensive 4x4 in its class!

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*Spacecab available summer of 1985. **Turbo-diesel not available in California. Turbo-diesel trucks available summer of 1985. ***Turbo-diesel Trooper II, 28 estimated MPG. Use estimated MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary.

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ing these garments, but the more she talks about them, the more excited I become. The feel of this kind of garb is very appealing to me.

One evening she walked into our apartment with her eyes aglow, wearing a new, short-fitting uniform that I had never seen before. Slowly she unbuttoned her dress. Underneath she wore only white stockings, a white garter belt, and white high heels. She put on a thin white mask and shiny white-rubber gloves.

She walked over to me, and whispered that I should remove all my clothes and lie flat on my back. She reached into her bag and pulled out a hospital gown. She draped it around me backward, with the open part at my front.

She removed her mask and lightly ran it over my body. Some minutes later, when I was literally shaking with desire, she wrapped the mask around my penis. I gasped. She squatted over me and filled my mouth with her wetness. I tasted her. Now *she* was gasping.

She ran her rubber-glove–covered hands over my body, harder and harder, touching me everywhere but my center. When I could stand it no longer, she grasped my penis and tore the mask away. She ran her hands up and down my cock, squeezing me wonderfully. With a scream, I burst into orgasm.—*Name and address withheld*

MOVING PERFORMANCE

I attend a large New England college. The most memorable part of my college career, so far, took place the first semester of my senior year. *What* took place wasn't as outrageous as *where* it took place.

One night, a group of my roommates and I decided to cruise some sorority wenches at the local bar. After having a couple of beers and playing a few rounds of "elbow titty" (this place was really packed), I noticed your average sorority bitch staring at me very tactlessly. After deciding that this was the one I was going to boff, I walked over to her and put on my clean-cut, innocent boy act. She was very receptive. After a few more beers and a lot of bullshit, she started to notice the protrusion in my shorts. By this time, many of my friends had already left or were leaving. It was now or never.

After a few "pleases" and "I really think you're greats," we left together. The only problem was that I had no place to go. My roommates were already home, and I wasn't in the mood to share. We began looking for concealed locations as we walked along the boulevard. While walking along the marching-band practice field, I noticed something—something I would have never noticed under normal circumstances. There, in the middle of the football field, was the 15-foot-high platform the band director stands on. We walked over to the base of the platform, and I could tell she was hot with anticipation. It took a little coaxing, but I finally got her to the top. Once there, the view overpowered her apprehension. Being able to see for miles but having no one see us was almost enough to make me squirt right on the spot.

After practically ripping each other's clothes off, I began munching on my preppy little sister. She thrashed around like a fish out of water. I thought the platform was going to fall over! I spread her firm, tanned legs to reveal a neatly groomed, very wet pussy. As I planted my root deep inside her crevice, her moans grew into screams. This concerned me deeply—the police station was just down the street. Nevertheless, I fucked her hard until I built up enough pressure to make any preppy alligator proud, and blew my load into her.

The next day, when I saw the band practicing, I had a glint in my eye as I watched the director leading the band on the very spot where I had performed the night before.—*Name and address withheld*

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Last July my friend and I took a trip down South. We had just graduated from college the month before and decided to take some time off before hitting the real world. I had no idea the real world was so much like a fantasy—or so much like the fantasy I had gotten off to countless times.

Of course, Carl and I both took the trip with hopes of getting laid in the bargain. I had only done it with two girls in school and was ready to add to my limited experience. I'm about five foot 11 with thick, brown curly hair and a slim, fairly muscular body. I'm a good-looking guy, but my shyness has kept me from making it with a lot of girls.

On about the eighth day of our trip, after we had driven through Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, we arrived at a campground and set up our tent. Carl started a fire while I went to a nearby grocery store for food. In the soup-and-cereal aisle I noticed a very attractive older woman staring at me. By this time I had a pretty good tan and wore a yellow T-shirt and tennis shorts, which showed off my firm build. She seemed to like the way I looked. I know I liked what I saw.

She was about 45 but really gorgeous: She had shoulder-length blond hair which was (I discovered later) completely natural, and wide inviting eyes and mouth. The nipples on her braless breasts put a point in the sheer pastel blouse she wore. Long bronzed legs stemmed from her beautifully rounded ass. In my mind I was already fucking her from behind right there by the clam chowder. This was the woman of my fantasies! As she bent down for a carton of half-and-half at the end of the aisle, my cock shifted 45 degrees in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

Enter the Seagram's V.O. "Outdoor Reward" Sweepstakes.

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Seagram's V.O.
"Outdoor Reward" Sweepstakes
Official Entry Form

Mail to: Seagram's V.O. "Outdoor Reward" Sweepstakes P.O. Box 1146, Grand Rapids, MN 55745.

I have read the sweepstakes rules and would like to enter the Seagram's V.O. "Outdoor Reward" Sweepstakes. I certify that I am of legal drinking age in my home state.

Name_____Age_____
(please print)

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

QUESTION: How many years old is the whisky in Seagram's V.O.?_____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

OPTIONAL: Please tell us about yourself. AGE: 18-24_____ 25-34_____ 35-44_____ 45+_____ SEX: M___ F___

What's your usual whisky?_____Seagram's V.O.
_____Other_____

"Fasha, your pictorial proves you're one in a million. I'm still wiping the beads of sweat off my forehead."

PET FORUM

LOVING DANGEROUSLY

Dear Fasha,
When I bought the April 1985 issue of *Penthouse,* I opened right to your centerfold [photographs by Earl Miller] the minute I got home. I could not believe my eyes! You're *so* sexy! I must have spent at least two hours studying each and every picture of you. I could not put the magazine down. The fantasies I conjured up about you would burn up this paper if I were to write them down.

Fasha, if I were to meet you in person, I think I would die of excitement. You're perfect in every way. Please, may I have an autographed photo of you?—*M. Jones, Huron, S. Dak.*

I'm sure that all *Penthouse* readers out there will agree with me when I say that you're one in a million. I'm still wiping the beads of sweat off my forehead. If you ever run out of partners to love dangerously with, let me know. Dangerous is my middle name.—*Shawn B., Portland, Oreg.*

Fasha

PROUD DANUTA

Dear Danuta,
When I saw you in the April 1985 pictorial entitled "Flying to Freedom" [photographs by John Copeland], I lost all control! You're amazing!

As you have probably guessed, I love women with large breasts. Danuta, yours are the most beautiful I've ever seen. They're so round and firm-looking.

Many women who are endowed with big breasts are embarrassed, and attempt to hide them by wearing baggy clothing. I'm glad you are happy with your body; I know I am. I hope *Penthouse* will let us see more of you in the future.—*Name and address withheld*

Dear *Penthouse,*
Yes, dream ladies do exist in the real world. I could hardly control myself after seeing the gorgeous pictorial of Danuta. Now I can only dream of finding new ways to enjoy her phenomenal body. To explore new physical boundaries with her would be ecstasy.
How about an autographed photo for starters?—*L. W., Romulus, N.Y.*

THE BEST OF COMPANY

Gentlemen,
For five years now I have been carrying the October 1979 cover featuring Dominique around the world with me. To date she has accompanied me from Alaska to eastern Turkey.

I have become quite attached to Dominique over the years and I'd like to know some things about her. For one, has she ever been featured in a *Penthouse* pictorial? If so, when? Also,

Dominique

can you tell me any interesting facts about my favorite traveling companion?—*Name and address withheld*

Dear World Traveler,
It's great to hear that I was your passport to pleasure around the world. I, too, am fond of traveling—but only with sexy chaperones.

My original Penthouse *appearance was in June 1977 as Pet of the Month. Later I had the distinction of gracing the pages of* Penthouse *again, only this time I was Pet of the Year [November 1978].*—Dominique Mauré

PEEKABOO!

Dear *Penthouse,*
Please! I must know who my dream girl is. She's the one hiding a smile behind her T-shirt in the September 1984 issue (page 170). She's definitely *Penthouse* Pet material. Will she appear in a pictorial in the near future, or has she already done one? I must see more of her. She's a dream come true.—*Name and address withheld*

Penthouse *Pet material, you say? Take our word for it,*

Lisa

this tempting model refuses to hide anything from her adoring public. She's none other than Lisa Schultz, December 1983 Pet of the Month, and one of the four contenders in this year's Pet of the Year Play-Off.—The Editors

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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Car and Driver March, 1985

Behind the Wheel

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"Custody cases in all regions of the country display the current rage for a disgruntled spouse to accuse her former husband of child molestation."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

DIVORCE COURT

Sidney Siller's "Men's Rights" column is of great interest to me as I am a lawyer practicing family law. I've handled custody cases in more than 20 states in all regions of the country. Dozens of these cases involved charges of sexual abuse of children. The current rage is for a disgruntled spouse to accuse her former husband of sexual molestation.

Lynn Kaersvang, a supervisor in the Denver Department of Social Services, has gone on record estimating that 90 percent of the complaints of neglect and abuse her agency receives from noncustodial parents are baseless, and 50 percent are made vindictively. I suspect the figures are not much different in any other city.

Research by Pangborn (1977) demonstrates that 67.9 percent of all physical and sexual child abuse is committed by custodial mothers, their live-in boyfriends, and their new husbands. According to Pangborn, a girl has a seven times greater chance of being abused if she is in the custody of her mother than if she is in the custody of her father.

Although sexual molestation of children has been with us to a lesser extent for millennia, in my opinion the new wave is the direct product of liberal divorce legislation. We have converted the institution of marriage into not much more than a glorified going steady, rewarding narcissistic mothers for excising the natural father from the day-to-day lives of their children—always to the detriment of the children.

Liberalization of the divorce laws was touted as a panacea to "eliminate acrimony" in divorce. Yet every time the legislative fire brigade arrives, the flames grow fiercer.—*Maurice Franks, Denver, Colo.*

SPY IN THE SKY

I enjoyed the article "High-Tech Espionage" by Ernest Volkman [March 1985]. But if Volkman's whole story is based on the same kind of ignorance he displays in crediting all UFOs to Skyhook balloons or satellites, I'm afraid his credibility leaves something to be desired.

Kenneth Arnold's sighting and many others may well have been the result of reflections of Skyhook balloons. Even as a believer in the UFO phenomena, I'll buy that. But to propose that this is the whole answer to UFOs is pretty absurd. I'm sure Dr. J. Allen Hynek's 80,000 cases on file [*Omni* interview, February 1985] contain quite a few cases of "encounters of the second and third kind." These are cases where physical evidence, such as pod marks in the earth, burnt grass, trees, and people, is recorded. How can Volkman attribute these cases to the reflections of Skyhook balloons?

If modern Skyhook reflections are solely responsible for the flying saucer craze, how does he account for all the UFOs of the 1880s through 1920s? Many of these reports were in widespread areas of the United States and Europe and were reported not in some sort of mass hysteria, but in isolated news items. Were sightings and photos by world-noted astronomers during this period part of the craze that he says first started in 1947? Amazing! Volkman may be sincere in his beliefs and he has a right to an opinion, but his narrow-minded approach isn't very scientific.—*R. P. W., Appleton, Wis.*

Ernest Volkman replies:
Regrettably, R. P. W. did not read my article very carefully. At no point do I attribute "all UFOs to Skyhook balloons or satellites." I carefully noted that the first reported UFO sightings in 1947 were the result of a U.S. intelligence operation involving balloons; the piece does not discuss any other UFO sighting from any other year.

ALIVE IN '85

Dear Sidney Siller,
I have been following your column now for several months, and I cannot help but wonder if you are a charter member of the radical underground males rights organization responsible for the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment. The organization in question is, of course, SPERM—acronym for the Society for the Preservation of the Rights of Males, as described in David Gaida's novel *2084,* published right after the proposed amendment's defeat.

If so, you must be aware that the Libras (feminists) won't take this lying down (pardon the expression), and are at this very moment regrouping for a full-frontal assault on all bastions of male-supremacist philosophy. Don't say I didn't warn you.—*Mr. Ringa, Hollywood, Fla.*

Sidney Siller replies:
A warm welcome to you on becoming one of our readers. To this point I can say I have personally and publicly supported the ERA. Since I stand for the proposition of equal rights for men, it is only fair that I support the other side as well.

But from now on I am not going to openly support the ERA without receiving concessions for men, i.e., truant custody, abolition of marital rape laws, and opposition to the doctrine of comparable worth. Bear in mind that as long as we have SPERM and the National Organization for Men, we're still alive in '85. Thanks for the warning.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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What you should do when your wife decides to lie about you in court.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

Any man who has lived through the nightmare of a marital court case and its resulting repercussions knows that women are sanctioned to commit perjury. This often-forgotten offense, openly flaunted in divorce, custody, equitable-distribution, and support cases, is rarely punished and frequently condoned in the name of courtroom expediency. Despite the fact that all involved are cognizant of this situation, in an all-consuming passion to break statistical records in disposing of lawsuits, they fail to recognize the pernicious threat of perjury to the administration of justice.

For more than 30 years, our pristine legal circles have known that perjury occurs in 50 percent of contested civil actions, 75 percent of criminal cases, and 90 percent of divorce and custody litigation.

Men—no doubt about it—probably commit as much perjury as women, but without scoring as many victories in our courts. However, bear in mind that where the universal battle of the sexes extends into courtrooms across the land, many women instinctively react to fears of being financially insolvent and childless by "rearranging the facts."

In my three decades as a trial lawyer, I have heard every accusation imaginable aimed at men, including, "He engaged in child abuse with our infant daughter," "He's an adulterer," "He has threatened to kill me and run off to Central America," "He's a congenital gambler," and so on, ad nauseam. Courts, almost without exception, accept "Joan of Arc" 's testimony as the persuasive truth, and reject as feeble explanation the testimony offered by her partner, "Genghis Khan."

Opposition to the presentation of false testimony is historically rooted in the Old Testament: "You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor." "Perjury" is derived from the Latin word *perjurium,* which was regarded as a religious sin and not merely a public or civil wrong. Under Roman law, a witness who had taken an oath in a judicial proceeding and then testified falsely, or obfuscated by withholding the truth, was deported upon conviction if he was a person of rank, or executed if a commoner.

Today's perjurers should thank heaven that contemporary judges wear blinders that allow them to see only one side of the story in our domestic courts. Many modern men would probably prefer the opportunity of a medieval trial by ordeal to the seemingly endless torment that continues for years after one of today's grueling trials.

Lois G. Forer, a judge in the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, wrote in *The Death of the Law* (published by David McKay): "A judge can only wonder if anyone tells the truth. Many lies are patent and intentional. Two witnesses take the stand. Each swears to tell the truth. Each looks the judge squarely in the eye and tells a diametrically opposite story. The judge and the jury are supposed to observe the demeanor of the witnesses on the stand and determine who is telling the truth. But one can only guess. . . .

"Few trial lawyers or judges find that truth emerges from the process. On the contrary, they find that perjury and falsehood are as commonly heard from the witness stand as truth. All too often the truthful litigant loses and the liar wins."

To back up what the judge has written, let's consider the staggering fact that women win 90 percent of the cases in marital disputes. So, in effect, we are asked to believe that all men are liars and all women possess the birthright of truth.

Women are the main practitioners of perjury because they have the most to gain: children, house, car, support payments, financial awards, etc. Men will provide these amenities only by being made scapegoats. This dilemma could be solved, in part, if judges would make more of an effort to determine who is lying. The time expended would more than compensate for the time now wasted on baseless charges made by women who have no real fear of the consequences.

But what should *you* do if you're confronted with a lying spouse? First of all, look over all her sets of legal papers—then you can begin to learn which of her allegations are fantasy and which are tinged with truth. A careful presentation of your case will expose the length and breadth of her fantasies at the trial. Then continue your pretrial efforts by marshaling witnesses in your behalf and gathering documents to corroborate the truth. If you have the need and the financial wherewithal, hire a private investigator to assist your counsel. Obtain advice from your attorney to see if you should tape-record conversations with your spouse. (More on this subject in a later column.)

There is no question that remedies are needed to protect men and their rights from perjury practiced by the opposite sex. In 1968, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice noted that perjury has always been widespread and that there must be more effective deterrents in order to ensure the integrity of trials. For this reason, the National Organization for Men has called upon President Reagan to appoint a task force to determine the exact extent of perjury in the judicial system. The public and the courts should be reminded that penalties for perjury generally call for fines of up to $10,000 and jail terms of up to five years.

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If you're at the boss's house for the weekend, do not flirt with young women who may turn out to be his daughters.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

To the dedicated player of the Power Game, the weekend is very often dead time, two days of despair in which no useful moves can be accomplished. Others may say, "Thank God it's Friday," but to the real corporate climber, Friday night is like being in Philadelphia on a Sunday, which was W. C. Fields's vision of hell.

On the East Coast, where nothing stands in the way of getting ahead, this problem has long since been solved by moving the city's power players en masse to the Hamptons for the weekend, so they can continue playing the Power Game without interruption. Even the commuting time isn't wasted, since power players can fly out in chartered seaplanes or helicopters in the company of other power players.

In Los Angeles, of course, Malibu plays much the same role for the movie/television business. Come Friday night, the moguls, mini-moguls, and would-be moguls drive out to continue jockeying for power and making deals surf-side. The result on both coasts is the same: a beach shack at Malibu or the Hamptons sells for numbers that approach the Brazilian national debt, and rentals go for prices that sound to most people like a pretty good income for the whole year. Of course, little things like that don't matter to people who put the need to be where the action is above anything else. What matters is to be *there*—and visible.

In that area of the United States lying between Malibu and the Hamptons (known in the movie business as "flyover country"), the situation is somewhat more complicated. However, as a general rule of thumb, most dedicated power players still play the Power Game on Saturday and Sunday, but disguise it as sports or entertaining. The game of golf, for example, exists chiefly to allow American businessmen to go on talking business during the weekend, and in certain areas of the country (and in certain companies) a man who doesn't play golf might as well cash in his chips and surrender his American Express Gold Card. You may run for your health or play tennis for excitement, but golf is still the game in which deals are cut, promotions decided upon, and careers launched.

Weekend entertaining is also an important part of the summer power scene everywhere. After golf, the most important business tool in corporate America is the poolside or backyard barbecue/cocktail party, a homegrown institution that used to puzzle foreigners, but is now being emulated in other countries. (A recent Soviet visitor to my office had just purchased barbecue gloves, a charcoal grill, and an apron emblazoned with a smoking gun and the caption, "Don't mess with the cook!" which tells you something about the present-day aspirations of the Communist hierarchy.)

I gave up on all that years ago, a victim of weekend shell shock, and now spend Saturday and Sunday on a farm, hidden away from my fellow power players—but then I've long since paid my dues. If you're still paying yours, here are some tips on how to make the weekend part of your game plan.

1. If invited to the boss's house for the weekend, or for a summer weekend party, do *not* flirt with young women who may turn out to be his daughters, do not get smashed, and do not wear weekend casual clothes that look as if you had bought them the day before just for this occasion. Remember always that it is most unlikely you have been invited for your pleasure, or indeed *his*. In all likelihood, you are being vetted to see if you fit in, rather than encouraged to have a good time.

2. The good thing about golf as a game is that it is possible to lose without making it obvious that you're trying not to beat the boss. Always be careful, however. Some bosses may be testing you for the quality of your competitive spirit, and will expect you to beat them if you are able. The same applies to tennis, when it's played between corporate executives.

3. Always make sure, when inviting bosses or important clients to your home, that you make it 100 percent clear to them how they should dress. I know of one publishing executive whose career at a certain company ended when he invited the president and his wife to his home for a weekend party and failed to signal that it would be informal. They arrived elaborately dressed to find their hosts and the other guests in blue jeans or shorts. Conversely, I know of a similar case where an aspiring power player neglected to mention to his boss that the event he was inviting him to was black-tie. People who might forgive anything up to or including embezzlement will never forget that they've been embarrassed or, even worse, that their *wives* have been. Be specific.

4. *Think* before you invite power players home. If you have a high lifestyle, will your boss be impressed, or conclude that your wife has money so you probably don't need a raise? Or the reverse? That somebody who lives this shabbily hasn't got the makings of a senior executive? All these reactions are possible. Your lifestyle is your own business until you begin to invite people home for business reasons, at which point it becomes part of what defines you as a rising star or a loser.

For all those reasons and more, I bury myself on the farm. One of the advantages of success is that you can do that—which may, in fact, be the best of all reasons for succeeding as rapidly as possible!

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"When I make love in the sixty-nine position I get an orgasm, not so much from what my partner's tongue is doing to me, as from the visual and tactile feel of *his* orgasm."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a 34-year-old, recently divorced man who has been blessed with a very special problem. I'll call this problem "Audrey." Audrey and I met one night in June in a local nightclub where I used to spend a lot of my evenings. On that particular night I had already broken one date and had almost decided to stay home. After bedding more than 60 women in less than a year, I felt, as I had told a friend of mine earlier, that there just wasn't anyone out there worth meeting. How wrong I was and how glad I am that my roommate talked me into going out with him.

After spending a few hours drinking and flirting with several women there, I went upstairs to the men's room. On returning I was delighted to find a beautiful, 28-year-old, long-legged redhead standing next to my temporarily vacated spot at the bar.

When I first looked into those green eyes of hers—and at her beautiful face—I thought I'd melt. Audrey smiled very shyly and nervously apologized for "standing in my space." We introduced ourselves and quickly struck up a conversation. When the band came back on, we shared a few fast dances and spent the rest of the time talking. When closing time came I invited Audrey and her friend Val to my apartment for a drink.

After a few drinks and some nervous small talk, the lateness of the hour required them to take their leave. While Val waited in Audrey's car, we stood in my kitchen and kissed for the first time. Her body felt so good next to mine and her lips tasted so sweet that we continued kissing for 20 minutes. Eventually Val became impatient and began blowing the car horn. We then exchanged phone numbers, promised to call each other the next day, and reluctantly said good night.

Several nights later, after having spent every evening together since we'd met, we nervously made love to each other. I was the first man she had been with in the seven months since her divorce, and she was very shy and self-conscious. I was so concerned about disappointing her that I almost couldn't get it up. As awkward as the first time was, it felt so good to both of us to be lying together with my cock inside that sweet cunt of hers that we had no trouble climaxing. Since that night we've been practically inseparable for the past four months.

One night, while returning to her place from the same club where we met, we really got carried away. Audrey was driving because I wanted my hands free to explore her body and my eyes free to enjoy the view of her lovely form in her short miniskirt. After stopping at a red light we became so aroused by kissing and fondling each other that I removed her shoes, hose, and panties. Sliding behind the wheel, with Audrey facing away from me out the windshield, I lowered her beautiful tight cunt onto my now-throbbing cock.

When the light turned green we proceeded in this position, with me working the pedals and Audrey steering. With one hand I alternately stroked her thighs and rubbed her breasts while my other hand rubbed her clit. The feeling of her cunt grinding against my cock while her juices soaked my rock-hard balls was incredible. Audrey moaned and groaned while she rocked back and forth against me, all the while trying to pay attention to the road. The expressions on the faces of the oncoming drivers as they glimpsed the scene of a beautiful, half-naked woman getting fucked from behind as she drove slowly through the local streets were incredible.

After a mind-blowing ride, we arrived in the parking lot behind her apartment. Lifting her off my lap, I laid her back on the front seat, where we continued to fuck. After we got out of the car, I lifted her into a sitting position on the hood of her car, and I stood in front of her under the parking-lot lights and again and again drove my cock into her.

Slowing down to delay coming, I picked her up. While she clung to my neck and wrapped her legs around my waist, I carried her to another car with my prick still buried deep inside her. Placing her on the hood I resumed fucking her until we were both on the brink of orgasm. We then broke from each other and, light-headed

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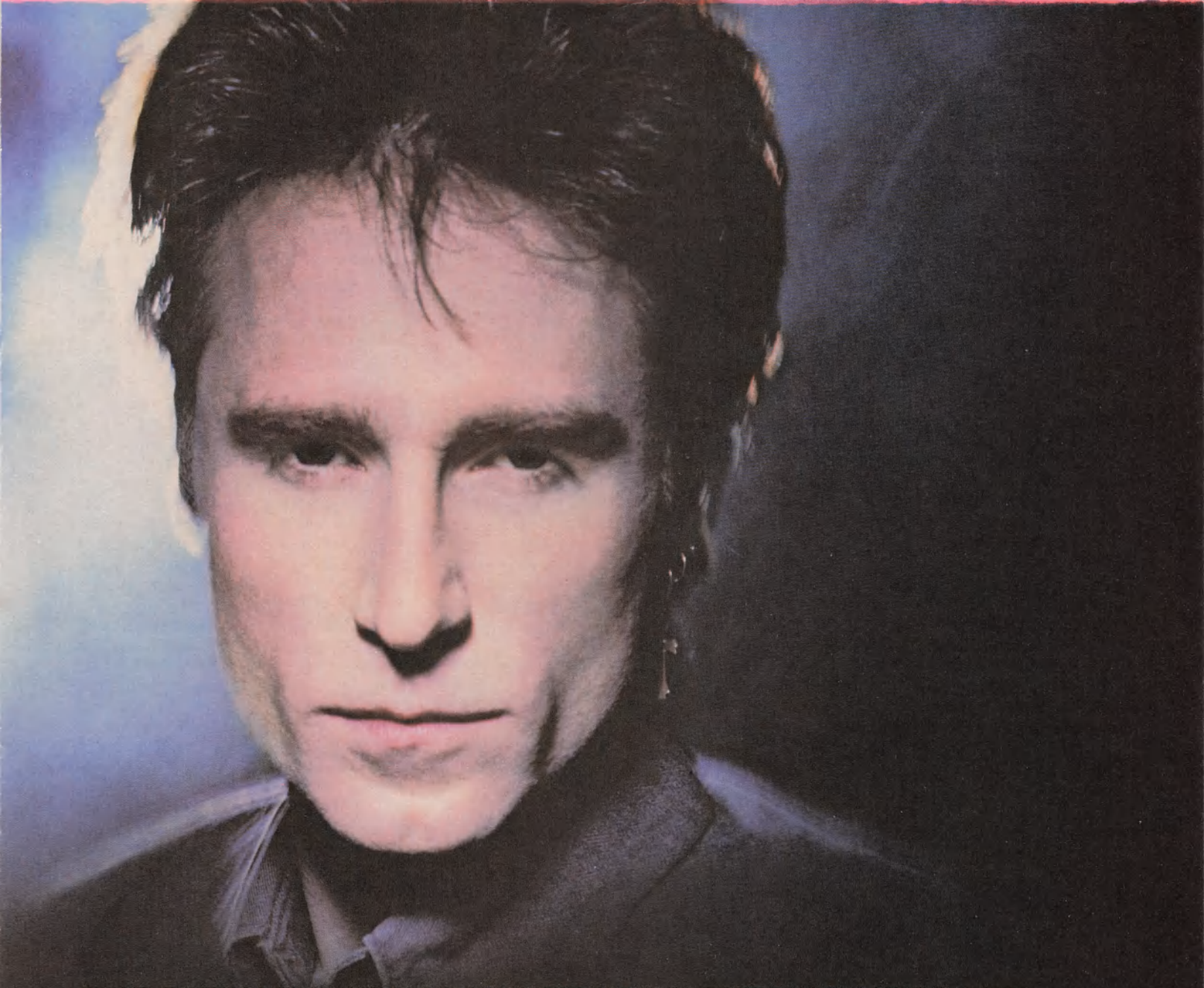
All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.



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from sexual arousal, staggered inside.

Once inside the hallway door we stripped each other, leaving our clothes in a heap on the floor. Stepping back from her, I once again admired her beautiful body. The sight of those long shapely legs, with her beautiful pink cunt lips slick with her juice and surrounded by satiny-soft red pubic hair, was fantastic. I continued my gaze up her firm, flat stomach, beyond the swollen nipples of her breasts, and into her hazy green eyes filled with lust. Seeing her like this was almost too much for me, and I had to grab the base of my throbbing cock and squeeze painfully to keep from shooting my load all over her stomach.

Gently I pushed her backward into a sitting position on the stairs leading to the second floor. Kneeling between her legs, I licked, sucked, and nibbled on her cunt until she let out a series of loud groans and shook all over as she came. Her legs wrapped around my neck and her thighs clamped my head as she writhed against my mouth.

After I licked and sucked up as much of her cunt juice as I could, we grabbed our clothes, opened the door of her apartment, and dropped onto the floor of her living room. Kicking the door shut, I positioned myself between her legs and we once again commenced to fuck each other like two people possessed.

Finally, leaving our clothes all over the living room, we headed for her bedroom. Once we reached her bed, I took her in my arms and we collapsed. With Audrey's mouth on mine and her arms and legs wrapped around me, we finished this fantastic fuck by climaxing together and falling asleep in each other's arms.

Since then I am always trying to find new and exciting ways for us to enjoy each other. Recently, while returning to New Jersey from a wedding in Pennsylvania, we fondled each other for most of the six hours it took me to drive home. This experience was as exciting and unusual as the one I've just described.

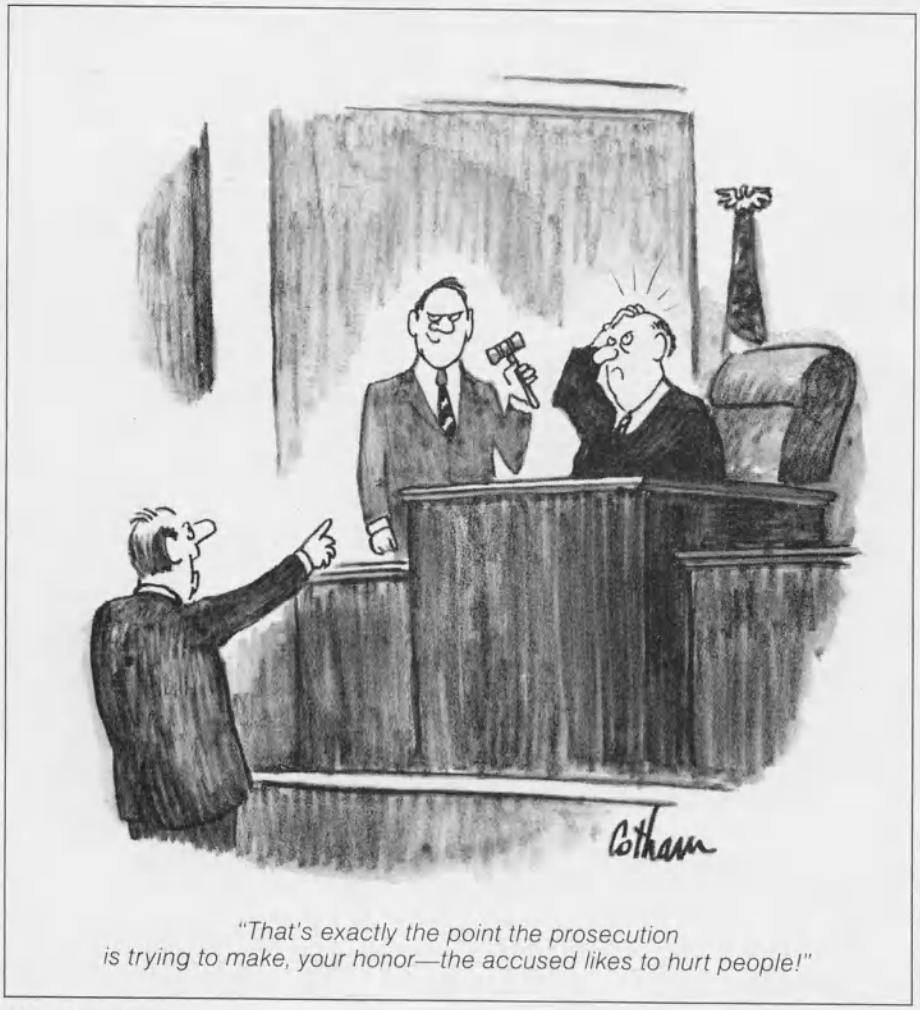
Although these are just two examples of our sex life, they are a good indication of the passion that flows between us. The problem is that this passion is only stirred when I start the fire. Audrey is very reluctant to take the initiative.

Xaviera, as much as I enjoy being the aggressor, I also enjoy a woman who can occasionally be as aggressive as she is responsive. Audrey has told me many times that she never felt as comfortable with sex or with any man as she does with me. She says she never felt at ease with her own sexual needs and desires, like she does since we've been together. The things we've done together and the way she feels are all new to her. Unfortunately, she was married for two years to a man who had her convinced she was not sexy.

I've tried everything I can think of to get her to let go completely, because when she does, the results are always fantastic. I am trying to show her that I truly love, respect, and trust her. Although I've been able to accomplish a lot in this area, there are still more times than not that Audrey is very inhibited. I would appreciate some advice from the most uninhibited woman I know of, which I could use to help Audrey loosen up some more.—P. Y.

Some people are never satisfied. You have apparently met your body-and-soul mate, you have magnificent sex with her, and still you want more. Have you ever stopped to think that what makes your way-out sex scenes so exciting is that you don't do it like that every day? I have made love in the washroom on a plane, in the backseat on the top deck of a London bus, in a friend's swimming pool, and in the imprint of a truck tire on a rocky Israeli tank-testing ground at the edge of the Red Sea. The fun part was the unusualness of the situations and the possibility of getting caught with one's pants down. But frankly, the supersex I have had in my life has almost always been in my own king-size bed with the normal, everyday luxuries of clean sheets, soft lighting, sexy music, and all the comforts of civilization.

It's fine to make love on the hood of your car, on the back of a camel, or swinging from a chandelier, but it becomes boring if you do it that way always. Respect your lady's inhibitions and keep your brain working. Think up kinky situations to amuse yourself, but don't neglect the home front. Love her in luxury from time to time.



"That's exactly the point the prosecution is trying to make, your honor—the accused likes to hurt people!"

WEIGHT AND MEANS

I'm writing to you because I have a distressing problem that I'm currently experiencing. I'm married to a beautiful 29-year-old woman who has, of late, become a dedicated bodybuilder. Her exercises have taken her already fine body and chiseled it to near perfection.

I absolutely love to make love to my wife. I love to kiss her mouth and lick her neck and ears before I slide down to her full, firm breasts. Using my hands and mouth as guides, I explore her body all the way down to her toes, then I move slowly back up to my eventual goal: her soft, furry pussy. I love to lick and suck her pussy so much that I become absolutely hypnotized. After a few seconds her pussy is soaking, and she starts to moan and slide around on the bed. When we're both really excited, I enter her from behind while she holds her favorite vibrator to her clit. Lately, I've also been fingering her ass, which absolutely drives her crazy.

The problem is that while she enjoys our lovemaking, she can also do very well without it. We both lead extremely hectic lives, but I think that there is still ample

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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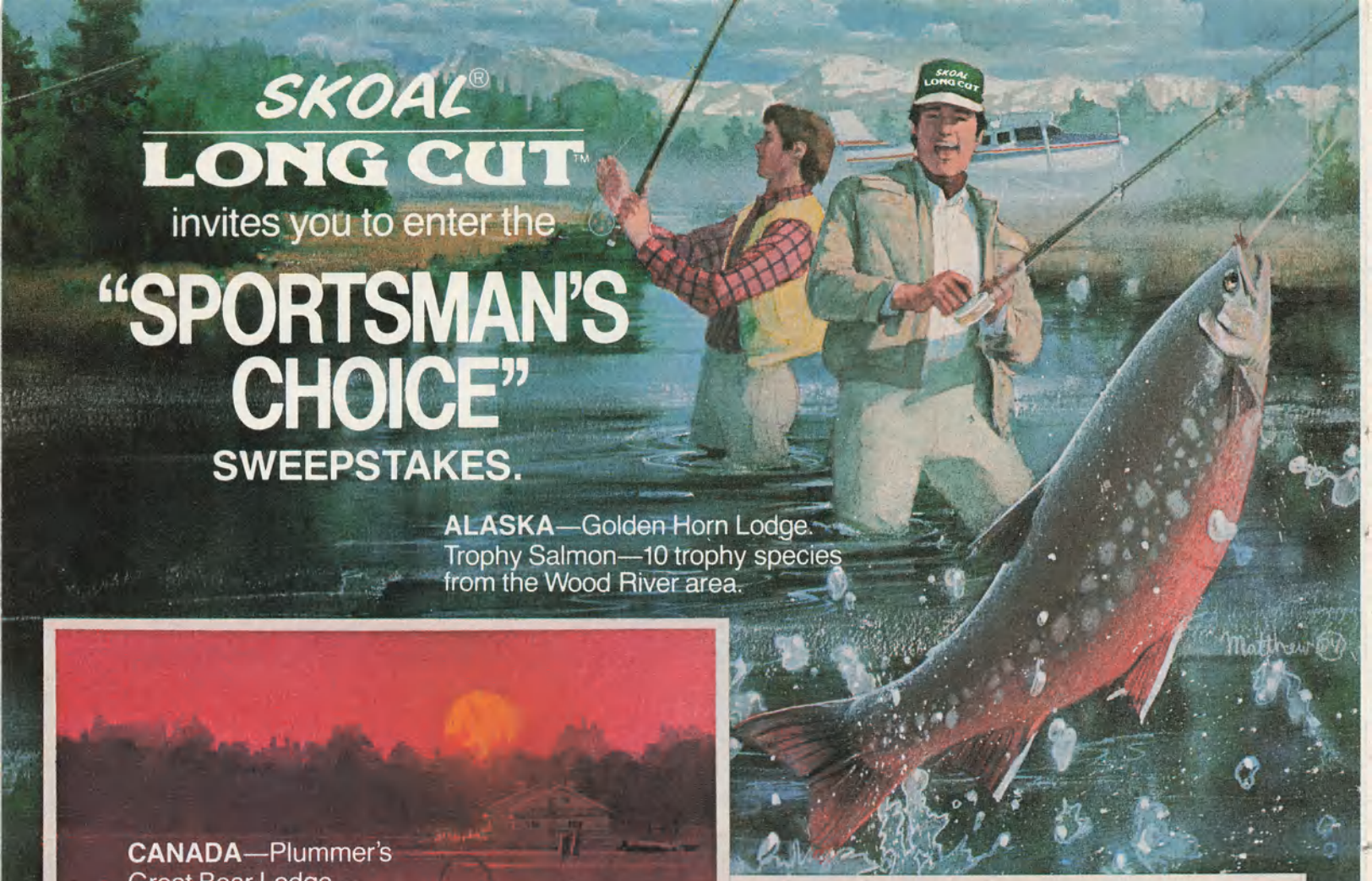

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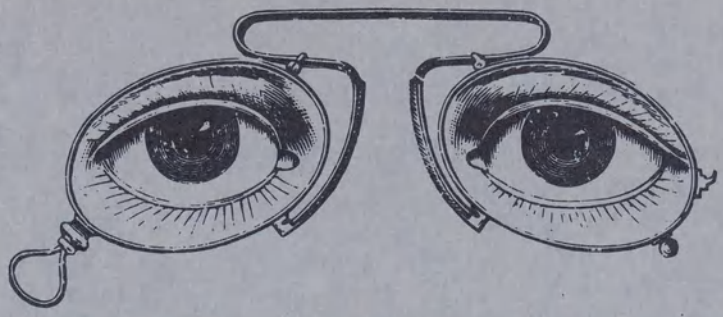
Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by an independent judging organization, whose decision is final. Sweepstakes open to persons of 18 years and over. Employees and their families of U.S. Tobacco Co., their dealers, distributors, and advertising agencies are not eligible.
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED by law or regulation. All federal and local regulations apply. Winners will be notified by mail and odds of winning will depend upon the number of entries received. No substitutions for prizes allowed unless offered by the judging organization, whose decision on such matters is final. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the winners. Winners may be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility. Acceptance of prizes constitutes permission to use the name, photograph, and likeness of winners for purposes of advertising and trade for no further compensation. • For names of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Skoal Long Cut "Sportsman's Choice" Sweepstakes, UST Marketing Communications, 100 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

WASPISM

BY EMILY PRAGER

Thanks to the influence of the present administration, America's image of itself is becoming disturbingly elitist and embarrassingly self-touting. It's rather like a neurotic rich person who knows he/she has money but fears he/she has no brains. This very unpleasant glorification of whitebread, perfectionist ideals emerged most obviously during last summer's Olympics. I was reminded of it when American bicycle racers were discovered to have had their blood altered before their memorable competition. Remember that race? Remember those films of our perfect people training? That Leni Riefenstahl look of triumph in their eyes, which gave you hope for the winning future of American youth? Well, that wasn't triumph, that was their brand-new hemoglobin. You might have felt differently if they'd shown some clips of them having their blood changed. I thought only rock stars did that, before they went through customs.

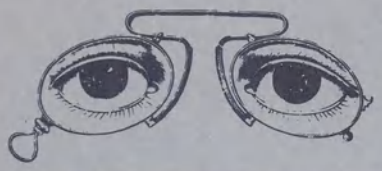
The main thing I recall about the Olympics was all the braying about our victories in the face of competition. Of course, any fool could see we had no competition and our victories were, at best, rather hollow. And all this mired in a swamp of patriotism that was too reminiscent of propaganda for my taste. Americans are not a master race. Mary Decker, whom everybody tarred and feathered for her amazingly spontaneous fury at losing, provided the only truthful glimpse of the cold mania behind America's continual desire to win. Inadvertently, she exposed the hype for what it was. They'll never let her live it down. Poor Mary. Perhaps if she had had her blood doped, she would have been in a more light-headed mood.

Usually, when an athlete wins five gold medals, they shove him/her down your throat in the following year's TV ads. Remember the year of Mark Spitz? Who can forget it? So, where is Carl Lewis? Could it be he simply didn't fit this year's whitebread, elitist image? And what of Edwin Moses? Why was he wrongfully accused of soliciting an undercover cop "for the purposes of prostitution?" He's no Alfred Bloomingdale.

The 1984 Republican Convention continued the high scream of patriotism and elitism, but this time embellishing it with directives from the Almighty. This administration clearly believes it has a mandate from some god. It is not my god, but the one Falwell carries in his hip pocket—the punishing fundamentalist one who is into militarism but not into the poor and their unique problems in a highly mechanized society. Over and over again the Republicans expressed the idea that learning from America's failure in Vietnam indicates lack of support for American ideals. This kind of thinking is ludicrous. The entire convention was so fraught with fanatic self-aggrandizement and dedication to the principles of right-wing morality, you'd have thought that America was in a holy war against the infidels and Ronald Reagan was our Mahdi in the White House.

The call by the inaugural committee for "clean-cut" American actors to work for nothing really was amazing. One assumes that "clean-cut" is a Republican code word for fitting in with the whitebread, elitist ideal. It clearly does not mean swarthy, hook-nosed, or frizzy-haired. That the former head of the actors' union should ask actors to work for nothing also boggles the mind.

The bombing of abortion clinics is only one of the by-products of the white-rich-Christian-purist fanaticism the administration is touting, and I'm sure there will be others. There is one ray of hope, however, and that is the continuing loyalty Mr. Reagan retains for the not very whitebread, hardly elite Mr. Frank Sinatra. During the inauguration, Sinatra spoke few words to the press, who tried to take his picture during preparations for the festivities. "You're dead," he snapped. Well, on second thought, he rather summed up this administration's attitude toward protestors of our missile bases in Europe. Still, he isn't a Wasp. That's something.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

UNCIVIL ATTACKS

Some of our most basic constitutional liberties are in danger of being crushed between the pincers of a two-flanked assault from elements of the Right and the Left. Civil libertarians always have their guard up to protect against anticipated attacks from the Right flank. But when their friends of the Left surprise them by joining the assault on our liberties, civil libertarians are often caught with their defenses down.

Much has already been written about the Machiavellian pact between some feminists and fundamentalists in the war against sexist pornography. But there are other, equally dangerous efforts at censorship emanating from groups not normally allied with the repressive Right. Some cases in point:

- Environmentalists and antinuke activists in some cities are pushing legislation that would ban research—even pure thinking and writing—on nuclear issues.
- Several years ago, a coalition of blacks and civil rights activists banded together to get the liberal attorney general of Massachusetts to enjoin a restaurant chain from using the offensive name "Sambo's."
- The United Nations, with the blessing and encouragement of some American foes of apartheid, has published a formal "blacklist" of entertainers who have performed in South Africa. No one on the list is permitted to perform at any U.N.–sponsored event, and city councils and universities throughout the country are urged not to hire blacklisted artists.
- Some Jewish activists are seeking legislation modeled on a Canadian statute that would make it a crime for anyone to deny that the Holocaust occurred, or to advocate genocide or race hatred.
- Some children's rights advocates have proposed censorship of TV programs aired on Saturday morning and other times when children are likely to be watching.

Nor is the attack limited to the First Amendment.

Several feminist groups recently persuaded the New York Court of Appeals to create a new crime—marital rape. Now, there is nothing wrong with making it a crime for a husband to rape his wife. The legislatures should enact new laws recognizing that a married woman has as much right to control her body as a single woman. But there is something very wrong with a *court* creating a new crime. It has long been an important part of the American constitutional tradition that the decision to use the powerful weapon of criminal law should never be made unless a legislature—representing the popular will—votes for it. As the Supreme Court put it more than 150 years ago: "The legislative authority of the Union must first make an act a crime . . ."

And as previously recounted in this column, many feminists and some civil libertarians have been demanding that occasional consumers of sex-for-hire (the johns) must be prosecuted along with full-time purveyors (the prostitutes). The implications of this "if the purveyor goes to jail, so must the consumer" approach are frightening. It could mean the mass arrest of occasional pot smokers, two-dollar bettors, porn readers, and women who seek abortions from illegal clinics.

Inmates at Nordhausen: Is it a crime to deny the Holocaust?

Many advocates of "do-good" causes—whether of the Left or Right—tend to be impatient of constitutional barriers to their goals. They want action on their agenda now, even if it means circumventing or ignoring the Bill of Rights. When the goals are obnoxious to civil libertarians, as most right-wing goals are, it is easy to mount a united front against the unconstitutional means employed by the Right. But when the goals are agreeable to civil libertarians, as many left-wing goals are, it is far more difficult to maintain a united front against left-wing means that raise serious questions of constitutionality.

An important reason for this phenomenon is that the existing civil liberties movement in this country (whose most important advocate is the American Civil Liberties Union) is really a convenient coalition of true civil libertarians and political liberals. That coalition thrives when the Constitution is violated by a common enemy—groups seeking to impose a right-wing political agenda by unconstitutional means. But that coalition experiences real tension, sometimes to the point of rupture, when the Constitution is violated by a friend. In that situation the true civil libertarians—those who put the Bill of Rights before their own political careers—remain willing to join the battle against their erring friends. But some of the liberal pretenders abandon the civil-liberties ship and join their political friends, or remain silent, in the face of left-wing assaults on the Constitution.

It is not surprising, though it is extremely disturbing, that the ACLU and its local affiliates have remained silent in the face of some of the dangers outlined above. They will probably seek to justify their silence by claiming that they didn't know

about them. But that is a symptom of the problem, rather than a justification. The ACLU tends to "know" more about civil-liberties violations from the Right than from the Left.

An evenhanded approach to civil liberties is essential if we are to preserve the Bill of Rights. Especially now, when the U.S. Supreme Court is joining in on the assault, it is more important than ever for all civil libertarians to stand as firm against attacks on the Constitution from our political friends as from our political foes. *—Alan M. Dershowitz*

TV

SALVATION

Forget about whiter whites, greater absorbency, and fast relief from that burning sensation. If you want the real thing, the big one—eternal salvation—you must journey beyond prime time.

The Seventh-Day Adventists started it all back in 1950, with "Faith for Today" on ABC. Carrying the celestial ball for the Adventists these days is George Vandeman of "It Is Written." Broadcasting from Thousand Oaks, California, Pastor Vandeman has a soft, avuncular manner and a rationalist approach to Scripture that is positively postmedieval. He is also one of the few made-for-TV preachers who don't seem to think that the Last Supper consisted of Chicken McNuggets and Gatorade.

There are other placid religious shows—such as "Let God Love You," featuring Hollywood's Lloyd Ogilvie, the Mister Rogers of divine intercession—but for the most part, salvation is sold no more softly than whiter whites.

"Money answereth all things," says Ecclesiastes, and few TV ministers would seem to doubt those sacred words. On "Hour of Power," from the Crystal Cathedral in Garden Grove, California (yes, the Lord does favor the Coast), Dr. Robert Schuller offers the faithful his newest book, *The Power of Being Debt Free.*

Rex Humbard, now in the 33rd year of his TV ministry, woefully informs us that he is behind on his bills. The words 3 MONTHS BEHIND flash on the screen beneath his somber face. As piped strings swell in the background, he pleads with us to make "a faith commitment to plant a seed of $50." Reverend Jimmy Swaggart, the only really great fire-and-brimstone preacher on TV—and a musician as gifted as his wayward cousin, Jerry Lee Lewis—tells us that he must raise $10 million within ten weeks to repay a loan. (There is a close-up of a letter from a bank.)

Then there are those whose prayers seem to have been answered. Oral Roberts is still around, having gone from healer to educator. Pat Robertson, the Joe Franklin of the faithful, now presides not only over "The 700 Club" but over his new Christian Broadcasting Network as well. Jerry Falwell, whom I cannot help but think of as Spiro Agnew's Only Begotten Son, leads his Moral Majority, or Polyester Plurality or whatever it is, onward in their crusade to establish their creepy K-Mart Kristianity as the state religion.

"God has no problems," reflected W. V. Grant in one of his recent shows. Obviously, He doesn't watch much television.*—Nick Tosches*

Rex Humbard: the misery of TV ministry.

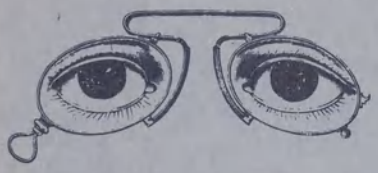
SOUNDS

BLUE NOTE'S NEW NOTES

The Blue Note label boasted "the finest in jazz since 1939," and for an astonishing three decades, this slogan was the simple truth. Founded by Alfred Lion, a German import-export merchant who escaped Hitler's regime shortly before the outbreak of World War II, Blue Note began with a 1939 session of boogie-woogie piano and never looked back. No matter what sort of jazz you liked, the label had recorded it. Blue Note was magical until the late sixties, when Lion sold out to Liberty Records and retired.

Turrentine's Blue Note magic.

But nothing as great as Blue Note ever really dies. During the seventies and early eighties, the best of the original Blue Note albums by Miles Davis, Art Blakey, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver, Kenny Burrell, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Jimmy Smith, and many, many others began fetching ridiculous prices among collectors. Japanese, French, and British companies with legal access to the Blue Note catalogue began reissuing the original albums exactly as they were—the same soulful photos and boldly functional Reid Miles covers, same liner notes, same terrific sound (courtesy of legendary engineer Rudy Van Gelder). They became top-selling imports in the United States. Finally, the American owners of Blue Note's riches saw



VIEW FROM THE TOP

the handwriting on the wall.

Earlier this year, a gala all-star concert at New York City's Town Hall marked the reactivation of the Blue Note label. It was an event everybody wanted to attend. The concert, a marathon lasting more than five hours, fielded a staggering assortment of jazz legends playing the music that made Blue Note great.

The thunderous drummer Art Blakey was reunited with players from his Jazz Messenger groups of the sixties. A convocation of present-day jazz stars—Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson, Joe Henderson, Tony Williams, Ron Carter—performed pieces from the halcyon days when they appeared as sidemen on each other's Blue Note sessions.

The presence of Alfred Lion that night again inspired these musicians to forget about their own careers for the time being and contribute to the group sounds that had been the essence of Blue Note's farm-team approach to jazz. Their performances were recorded and will be issued later this year by the new Blue Note. In the meantime, the label has presented an initial release of 30 albums. Five are newly recorded albums, but unfortunately, the magic that *was* Blue Note has failed to rub off. Only George Russell's splendid *The African Game,* a tribal stomp for electric big band, and Stanley Turrentine's smoothly cooking *Straight Ahead* boast the particular chemistry of experimentation, mastery, and feeling that was Blue Note at its best.

That leaves some 25 albums, all reissues from Blue Note's glory days. Every detail of these discs—from the spiffy French audiophile pressings to the thick cardboard covers, the original cover designs and liner notes, and the richly recorded music itself—serves as an apt reminder of Blue Note's consistent quality.

Most of these albums have long been considered classics. There are Cannonball Adderley's *Somethin' Else,* featuring Miles Davis, and *Blue Train,* the best of tenor giant John Coltrane's fifties recordings. *Miles Davis Volume 1, Thelonious Monk Volume 1, Fats Navarro Volume 1, Bud Powell Volume 1,* and *Sonny Rollins Volume 1* commemorate Blue Note's first decade of recording modern jazz.

Blue Note often recorded several complete albums for every one actually released, so there is still some great, unheard music in the company's vaults. Jackie McLean's *Tippin' the Scales,* featuring the unsung Blue Note hero Sonny Clark on piano, is the best of four previously unreleased albums in the initial batch. And finally, for the beginner or the browser, a two-record anthology, *The Best of Blue Note,* takes the long view of what now seems one of the brightest chapters in the continuing story of jazz.—*Robert Palmer*

SEX NEWS

BITS AND PIECES

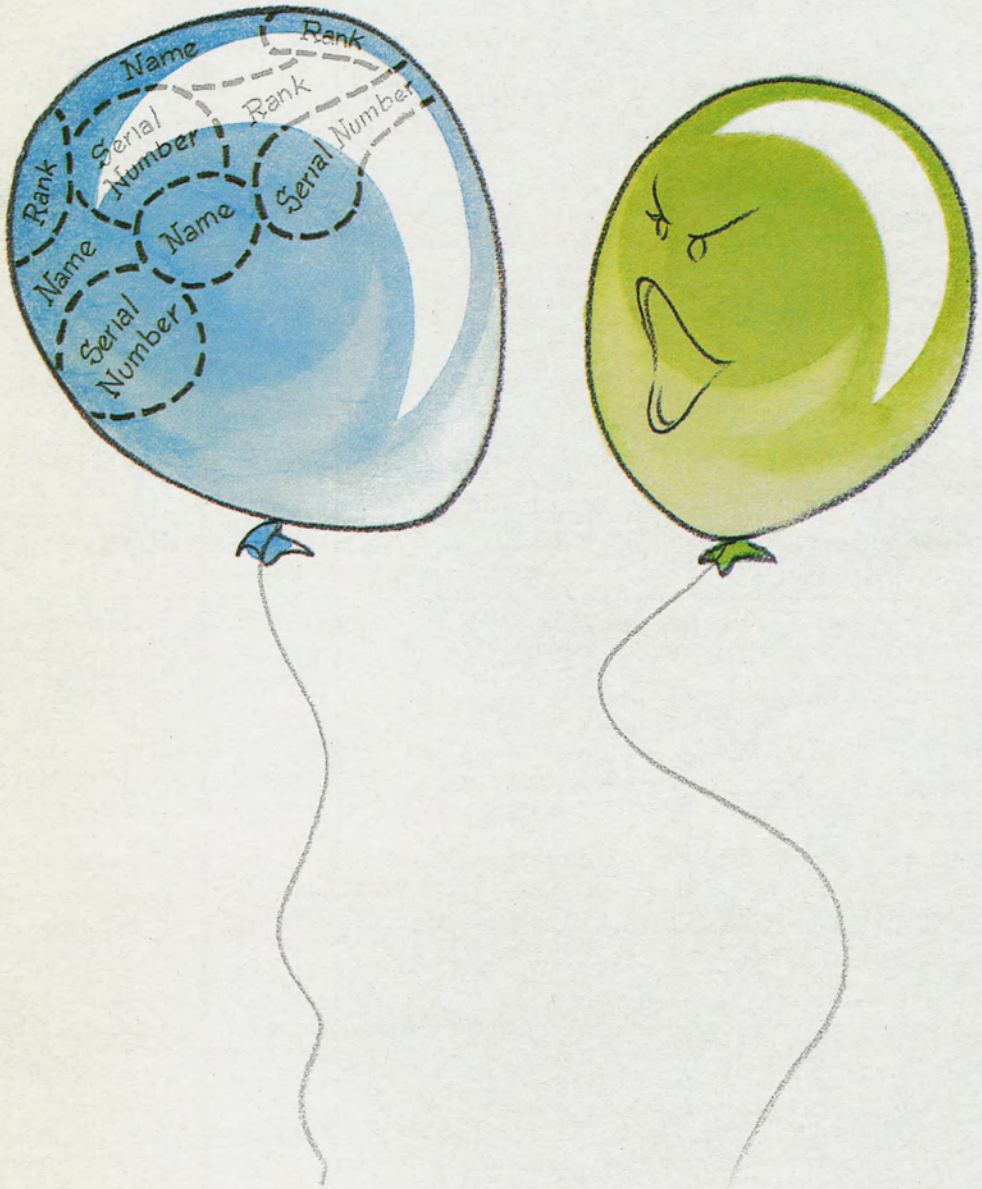
Two students at an exclusive prep school were arrested in connection with a letter to actress Brooke Shields, in

Shields: prep terrorism.

which they had threatened the life of President Reagan if she did not have sex with them. The youths, a 17-year-old New York City resident and a 16-year-old from Clarksburg, New Jersey, pleaded guilty to making terrorist threats. The names of the would-be Hinckleys were withheld because of their ages. . . . While 50,000 people waited, a New Delhi woman intending to ritually burn herself to death on her husband's funeral pyre was prevented from doing so by police. The crowd, the woman, and her family reportedly were angry that authorities prevented her from going through suttee, the ancient Hindu tradition of wife-immolation that was outlawed several years ago. . . . Prince Charles's beloved "Uncle Dickie," as Lord Mountbatten was known around Buckingham Palace, has turned out to have been a bit of a rake, according to his official biography. *Mountbatten,* by Philip Ziegler, reveals Charles's surrogate father to have been unhappy with his 38-year-long marriage to heiress Edwina Ashley. Both Mountbatten and his wife are reported to have had a history of extramarital affairs, and Uncle Dickie also had friends in the gay community, although Ziegler says he "preferred the companionship of young women." . . . Ireland just may be inching out of the Dark Ages as far as sex is concerned, if a bill being debated in its parliament is passed. The bill would allow the purchase of contraceptives without a prescription to anyone 18 years or older. The legislation is opposed by the Catholic Church, which was largely responsible for writing an antiabortion plank into the Irish constitution recently. Contraceptives are currently available only for "bona fide family planning purposes" and only by a doctor's prescription. . . . A poll of American gynecologists by the Gallup organization has revealed that most of the stirrup docs think women overestimate the dangers of birth control pills and underestimate their effectiveness. Except for older women, the Pill saves more lives from complications of childbirth than it costs. . . . A man sued for a $1-million divorce settlement has instead been awarded $12,000 from his ex-wife. Attorney Sidney Siller, *Penthouse* columnist and founder of the National Organization for Men, represented Long Island road builder Mario Posillico in an uncontested divorce proceeding that hinged on the division of the couple's property. Said the judge involved in the case: "The litigation lasted longer than the marriage."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

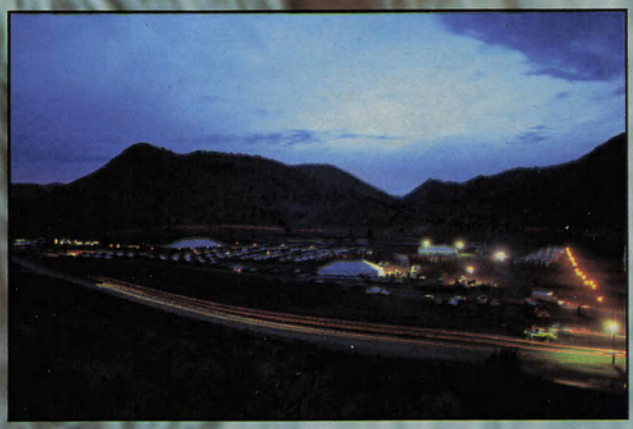


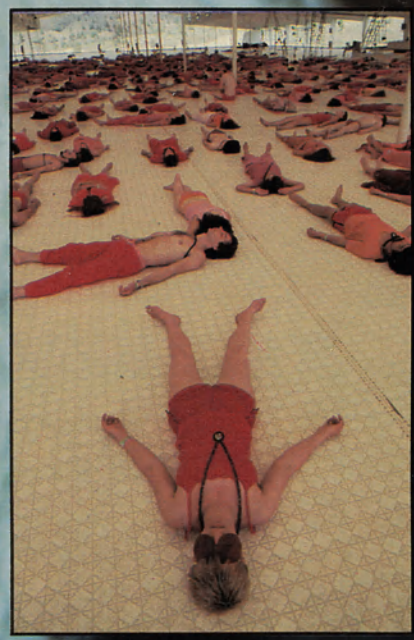
"That's all they taught you in three years?"

Bhagwan's controversial cult worships the power of money, sex, and Uzi submachine guns.

RANCHO RAJNEESH

BY MARK CHRISTENSEN





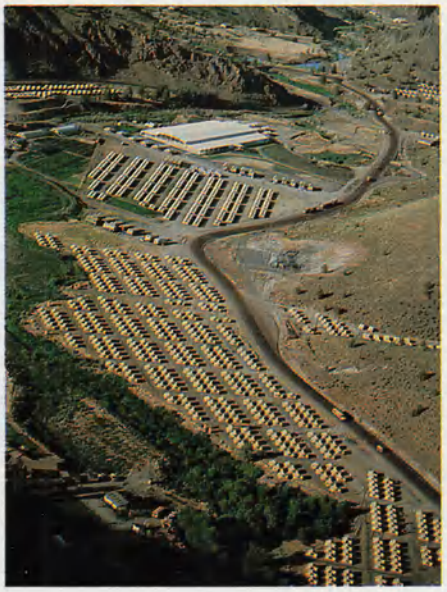
(This page, below) Marketing Bhagwan: a selection of souvenirs and keepsakes available for purchase at one of the ranch's boutiques. (Bottom left) Ma Anand Sheela, president of the Rajneesh Foundation International and personal secretary and stepsister to Bhagwan, walks beside his Rolls-Royce as he slowly drives past throngs of waiting Rajneeshees. (Bottom right) Overview of part of the ranch's 126 square miles in Oregon. (Center) Bhagwan greets his followers from his car as they line Nirvana Way, chanting endearments. (Right page, top left) An ever-present guard protects Bhagwan's Rolls with his submachine gun. (Top right) A Rajneeshee searching for her moment of spiritual awakening. (Below) Rajneeshees "communicating" in Buddha Hall after meditation.

Summer 1983. Rancho Rajneesh, aka the Big Muddy Ranch, Wasco County, Oregon, aka the middle of nowhere. Lord knows, the Twinkies had their hands full. Not only was a TV crew spread all over the place filming a soap opera about this, America's wealthiest religious cult, but Rajneesh Chandra Mohan, aka Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, aka God, had chosen this day to break a year-and-a-half-long vow of silence to announce the upcoming end of the world. Bhagwan (one of three Sanskrit words for the Almighty) minced few words:

"Man is now living in his most critical moment and it is a crisis of immense dimensions. Either he will die or a new man will be born. . . . The period of this crisis will be between 1984 and 1999. During this period there will be . . . floods which have never been known since the time of Noah, along with earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and everything else that is possible through nature. . . . There will be wars which are bound to end in nuclear explosions. . . . Tokyo, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Bombay, etc.—all these cities are going to disappear, and the holocaust . . . is going to be global, so no escape will be possible."

The story had just hit the wire services and now, just an hour after dawn, the Twinkies—the official hostesses at the ranch—fielded questions about rumors that hundreds of thousands of Rajneeshees were decamping from America's cities and burgs and, *at this very moment*, converging on Rancho Rajneesh, the biggest and strangest commune in America.

The Twinkies, very good-looking young women dressed in the height of post-apocalypse fashion—purple leg warmers, pumpkin-colored sweaters, burnt-sienna blouses—handled both the film crew and the imminent demise of mankind with the same efficient, ebullient geisha–Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders style that they'd used to handle other recent rumors. Among them: Bhagwan was planning a mass suicide here at the ranch that would make Jonestown look like a



Girl Scout picnic, and the Rajneeshees were building missile silos on the ranch to accommodate their own H-bomb–tipped ICBMs.

All in a day's work for those in service of America's most controversial guru, the so-called "Swami of Sex," who was in the midst of constructing a utopian society in the middle of the Oregon desert, 200 miles from the nearest major city, Portland. Currently an estimated six million Americans are members of groups ranging from the Love Family to the Unification Church and the Church of Scientology, but this was a whole new twist: a "religious" community complete with a gambling casino, a disco (where devotees can boogie the night away to the sounds of everyone from Creedence Clearwater Revival to Hall and Oates), and enough bars and gourmet restaurants to start a new Sausalito.

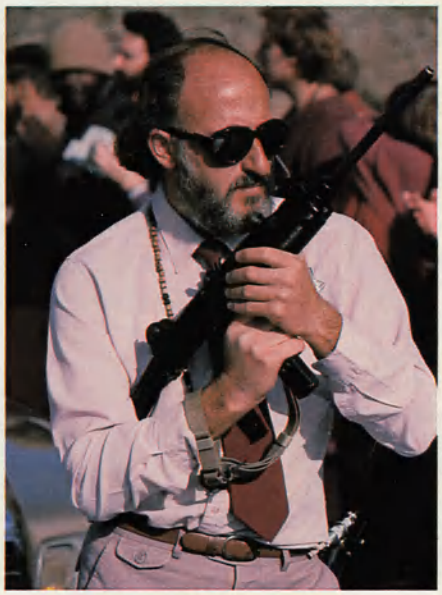
And this was just the beginning. Construction continued apace. In the distance, heavy equipment moved out from the bivouac areas. Heavy, heavy equipment: dump trucks, road graders, backhoes, and one immense front loader as big as a house. Already the Rajneeshees had pumped an estimated $100 million into the ranch and were said to be planning to spend $25 to $30 million a year until at least 1988. Just on the ranch.

And that was only the cash. Thousands of Rajneeshees were "worshipping" here 12 hours a day, seven days a week. "Worship" is Rajneeshee for "work." Six thousand acres were being put under cultivation, 15,000 shade trees were being planted at a rate of 100 a week, 25 wells had been dug, and Rajneeshee engineers had constructed a 90-foot-high earthen dam in order to create Krishnamurti Lake, a 44-acre reservoir containing 360 million gallons of water.

Vegetation now carpets hills where only sagebrush grew before. The Rajneeshees have the technology that allows them to plant an acre an hour. They grow 60 different kinds of vegetables and raise hundreds of beef cattle for sale. They even have their own airline, Air Rajneesh—consisting of three DC-3s, a commuter turboprop, and a Convair formerly owned by Howard Hughes.

Then there's the Rancho Rajneesh transport system. Buses everywhere. Brand new four-wheel-drive station wagons dot the landscape. Rolls-Royces all over the place—scores of them—more Rolls-Royces per capita than any place in the world, including Beverly Hills and Kuwait.

These folks aren't just a bunch of hippies in Birkenstocks out pitching pup tents, or the kind of woggle-noggined zombies you find wearing galoshes and togas and selling chrysanthemums at airports. Not by a long shot. This place is run by pros. Already accommodating 3,500 Rajneeshees on its 126 square miles (an area two and a half times the size of San Francisco), the ranch is home to an airport, a shopping mall, a small university, a 145-room luxury hotel, and one of the largest public transportation systems in the Northwest. Rancho Raj-



neesh is a business, a *big* business.

The average age of Bhagwan's followers is 37. Fifty-two percent are women. One-fourth are from outside the United States. Women hold an estimated 80 percent of the supervisory positions in the community. Four of five doctors at the ranch's clinic list degrees from Stanford or Harvard, and the commune has enough psychiatrists and psychologists to crew Bedlam. The ranch itself houses headquarters for 15 corporations and 40-odd separate businesses, and offers services ranging from a travel agency to a hair salon. In the shops you can buy everything from Jordache jeans to Häagen-Dazs ice cream to *Penthouse*. At "City Hall," scores of Rajneeshees run computer banks that track the enterprises manned by an estimated 350,000 devotees worldwide, served by 500 Rajneesh meditation centers located on every continent except Antarctica. Many are major operations. The Rajneesh Foundation International's Tokyo center, for instance, has 7,000 members.

In addition, the foundation oversees a worldwide chain of "Zorba the Buddha" restaurants and nightclubs and a publishing-and-video industry that grosses an average of $120,000 to $160,000 a month. Bhagwan has an estimated 33 million words in print and his ruminations have been published in over 350 different books.

Aside from that, you can mail-order everything from special Bhagwan pillowcases (in blue, pink, ivory, yellow, peach, or lilac) imprinted with a photo of His Holiness safe in the arms of Morpheus, to a special Bhagwan beer mug or disposable lighter. Bhagwan came to America to make his nut. And in the process, to become the Jesus Christ of the twenty-first century.

Meanwhile, though, the natives were getting . . . restless.

Winter 1984. A Bell helicopter hovers against the brown desert hills in the distance—darting this way and that, like a fish in an aquarium—then suddenly bolts across the sky, its rotors beating *thwapthwapthwapthwap* across the cold blue. The muzzle of a submachine gun or assault rifle sticking out one side, it sweeps above the thousands of red-garbed people gathered along Nirvana Way. Then below, a big station wagon appears. Inside, two men in purple. Mounted on a gun rack, an M-16.

The red people, Bhagwan "sannyasins"—young women, old men, young men, old women, kids—start going bananas. For at the end of Nirvana Way is another car. A Rolls-Royce. Inside sits Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. He is at the wheel. Dark skin. Big almond eyes. A gray waterfall beard and matching gray robe. One glance and you know: Top Dog slash Perfect Master. Straight from central casting.

His Holiness drives slowly. A man in purple walks behind, cradling an Uzi, hand firm around its pistol grip, his eyes flicking this way and that, trigger finger tapping at the stock.

People are now beating on guitars and singing a song that sounds like "Hava Nagilah" as if it were sung by the Lovin' Spoonful, drunk. They warble: *Oh, Bhagwan, my sweetest, sweetest love! The love that you give me, I'll give it back to you!*

Half of them are jumping up and down as if they were on pogo sticks. Bhagwan drives very slowly, keeping time with his hands, which ratchet up and down behind the windshield. Beside him on the passenger side, a young blond nurse. She accompanies him everywhere. The sound crescendos in waves as the car moves down the line of thousands. *Oh, Bhagwan, my sweetest, sweetest love! The love that you give me, I'll give it back to you!* Some people are laughing, others are crying, tears zigzagging down their cheeks. It is amazing, like nothing you'll ever see elsewhere in America: This man receives the kind of adulation that, in a more conventional setting, would be accorded only the Beatles or God.

> The commune has taken on a fortress mentality of late, encouraged by Bhagwan's fear of AIDS. At the ranch's luxury hotel, each room is provided with condoms and latex gloves.

But all is not well in the Promised Land.

Bhagwan and his flock have had problems from the beginning. Or, to be more precise, in Poona, India, where Bhagwan established his first major ashram. "A lot of people came for the sex, a lot came for the drugs," remembers one sannyasin of the period. "He offered us total freedom. It was wild." Too wild. And too expensive. Bhagwan developed major tax problems with the Indian government and, beset by a series of medical problems, jetted out of the subcontinent with ten followers.

He came to America. First to New Jersey, where he holed up with his medical team and tried to regain his health, and finally to Oregon. The financial waters were much more hospitable in the States, and by the time he was ready to make an offer on the Big Muddy, the Rajneesh Investment Corporation was solvent enough to plunk down $2.5 million cash for a down payment on the $6-million piece of real estate.

But the ranch was a mess. Having been overgrazed by 50,000 sheep and cattle over a period of 90 years, the U.S. Soil Conservation Service had certified most of its acreage Class IV to Class VIII. Class VIII soil is considered totally useless.

And relations with the locals stunk from the beginning.

Oregon has a reputation for being a very moderate state, but what that really means is that it's the kind of place where liberals hate blacks and bikers vote Republican. And the Rajneeshees had moved straight into the heart of Marlboro country. A desert rangeland where cowboys and Indians are *still* shooting at each other and where people are inclined to regard folks like John Denver and Donny Osmond as degenerate hippies.

Of the first 280 Rajneeshees who came to develop the ranch, 200 had advanced degrees. Backed by the corporation's weighty checkbook, they set about the Big Muddy's restoration with a vengeance, employing the latest and best farming techniques known to man. And, in the process, they became a formidable economic force in a state enduring its worst economic decline since the Great Depression.

But it wasn't until Ed Bradley did a segment on "60 Minutes" about Bhagwan that the shit really hit the fan. Included in the segment were tapes purporting to have been made at Bhagwan's ashram in Poona. They showed people beating the spleens out of each other in what was described as "therapy."

That didn't sit well with the locals, who hadn't cottoned to these rose-colored vegetable eaters much to begin with. Never mind that the Rajneeshees protested that the tape had simply been a matter of "playacting."

Weird tales circulated. Supposedly, according to one, hundreds of Rajneeshees had nervous breakdowns after being forced to meditate on the question, "Who am I?" Another tale had it that Bhagwan was a member of the KGB. One Joanne Boies, an Albany, Oregon, housewife, drafted a so-called "Alien Cult" bill that proposed to "command the governor to control and remove from the state the alleged threat caused by the Rajneesh." She gathered over 5,000 signatures in support of the bill in just one afternoon at the state fair, and told one reporter, "They're [the Rajneeshees] going to kill all the people that are Christian. Haven't you read their literature?" She further revealed that her own "occult sources" had discovered "Rajneesh is the fifth one on the devil's chain of command."

Various anti-Rajneeshee groups evolved, spearheaded by the likes of the Reverend Charles Tatom—who addressed rallies exhorting his followers to "inform your friends, neighbors, and associates of the dangerous threat the Rajneeshee cult is to our state and country." Gary McMurray, an attorney who headed the Citizens for Constitutional

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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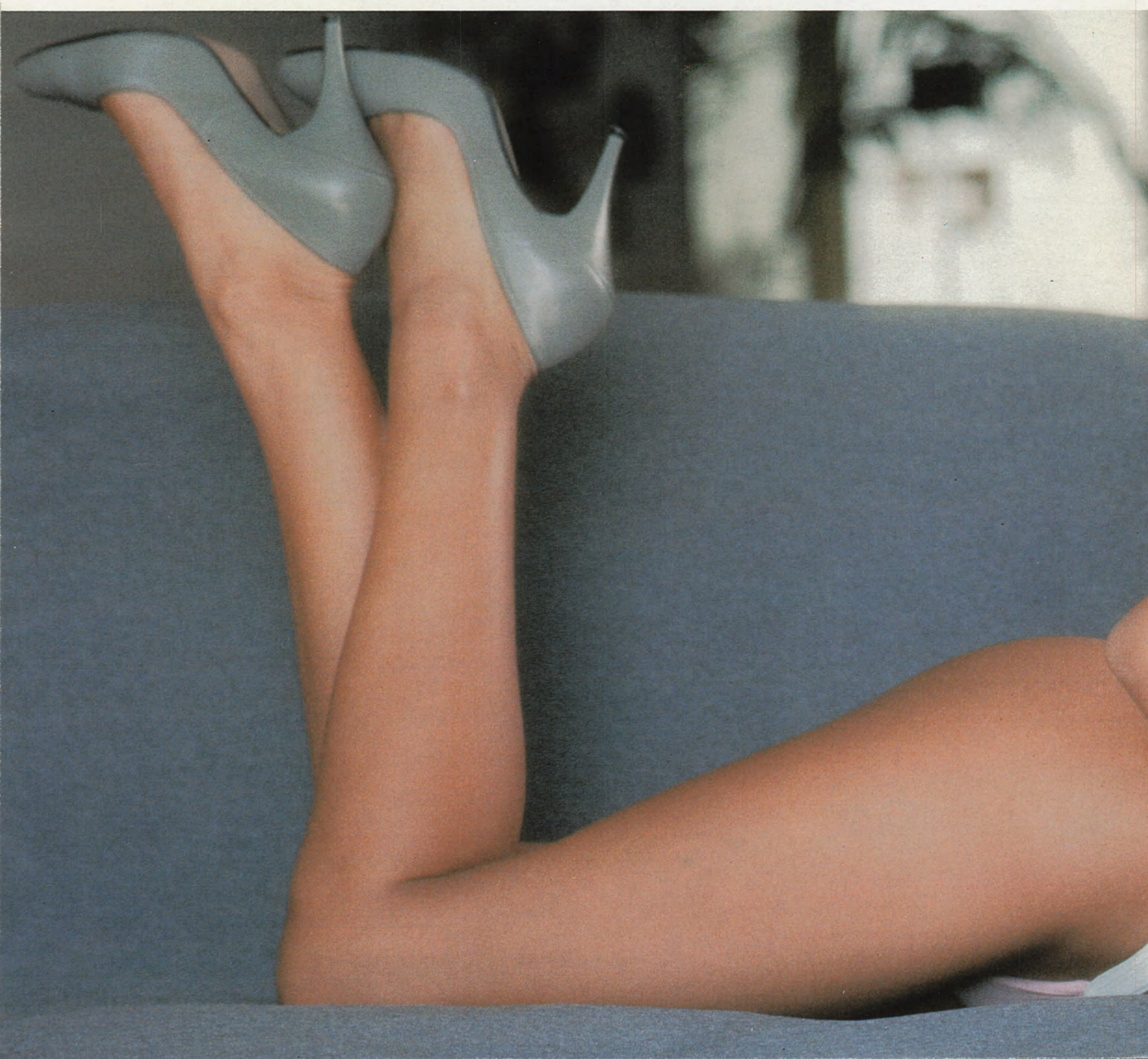


EAST/WEST

"Pleasure can be mystical," says cosmopolitan Brook Morales, a serious student of sensuality and Eastern ways. This city girl has traveled far from her native New York to study tantric yoga and shiatsu massage, those most voluptuous of Oriental arts and sciences.

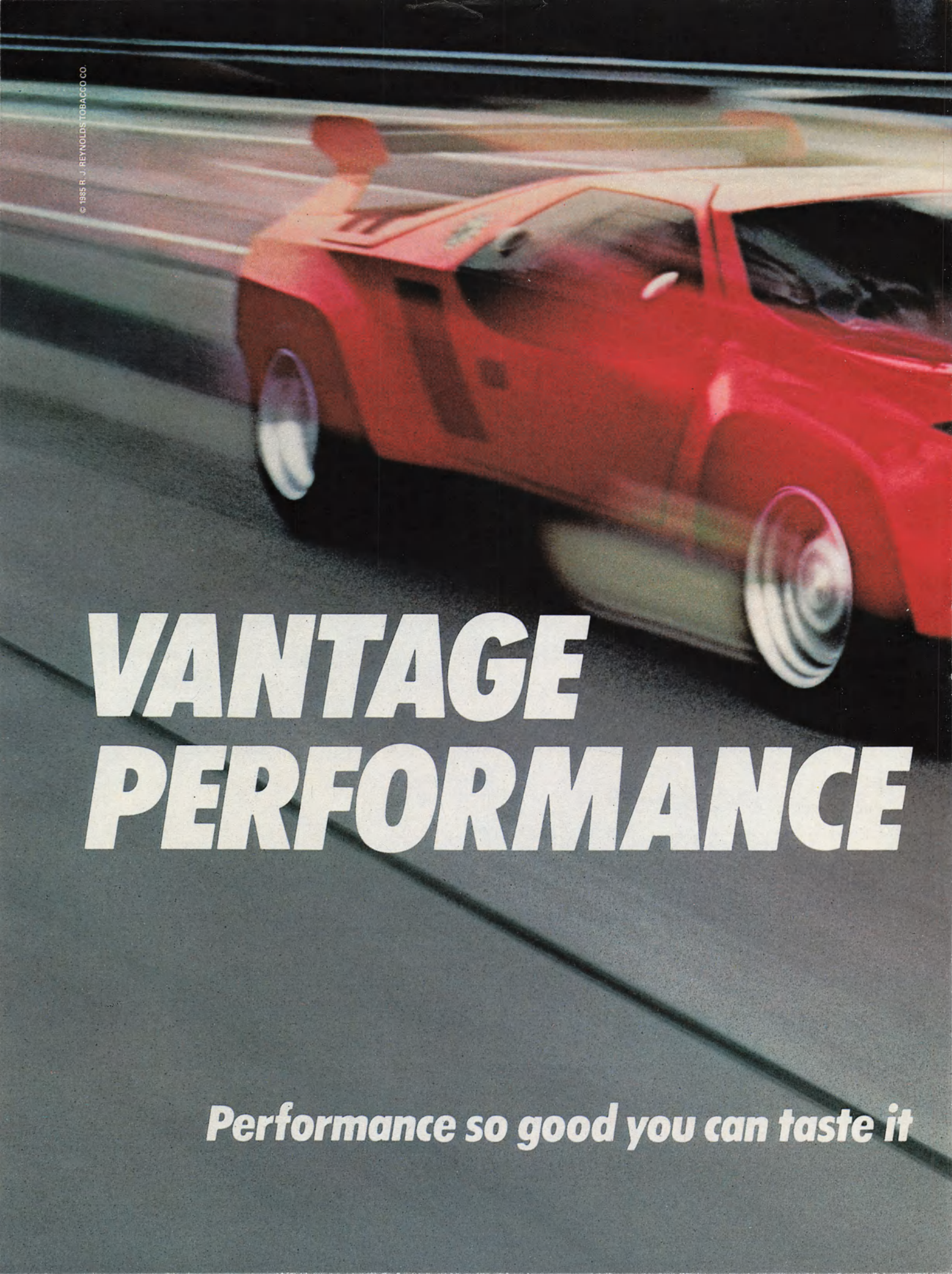
PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Brook responds firmly to those who question her way of life: "I'm 23 and have means enough to pursue my interest in physical pleasure. I'm learning to listen to my body—and to other people's."

Brook's parents were comfortable in New York's theatrical circles when she was growing up. "They taught me that all philosophies—Eastern and Western—are essentially good," she says, "so I've borrowed the best from each." Brook feels her exposure to yoga and meditation make her a relaxed and flexible lover. "I believe that my fingertips have magic in them. I like to pass that power on to my lover . . . through my touch."

"I have means enough to pursue physical pleasure. I'm learning to listen to my body."

She will pursue a man in the most sophisticated, or Western, of ways, but Brook says, "Once we're alone I hold nothing back—I'm open to all that passion can offer."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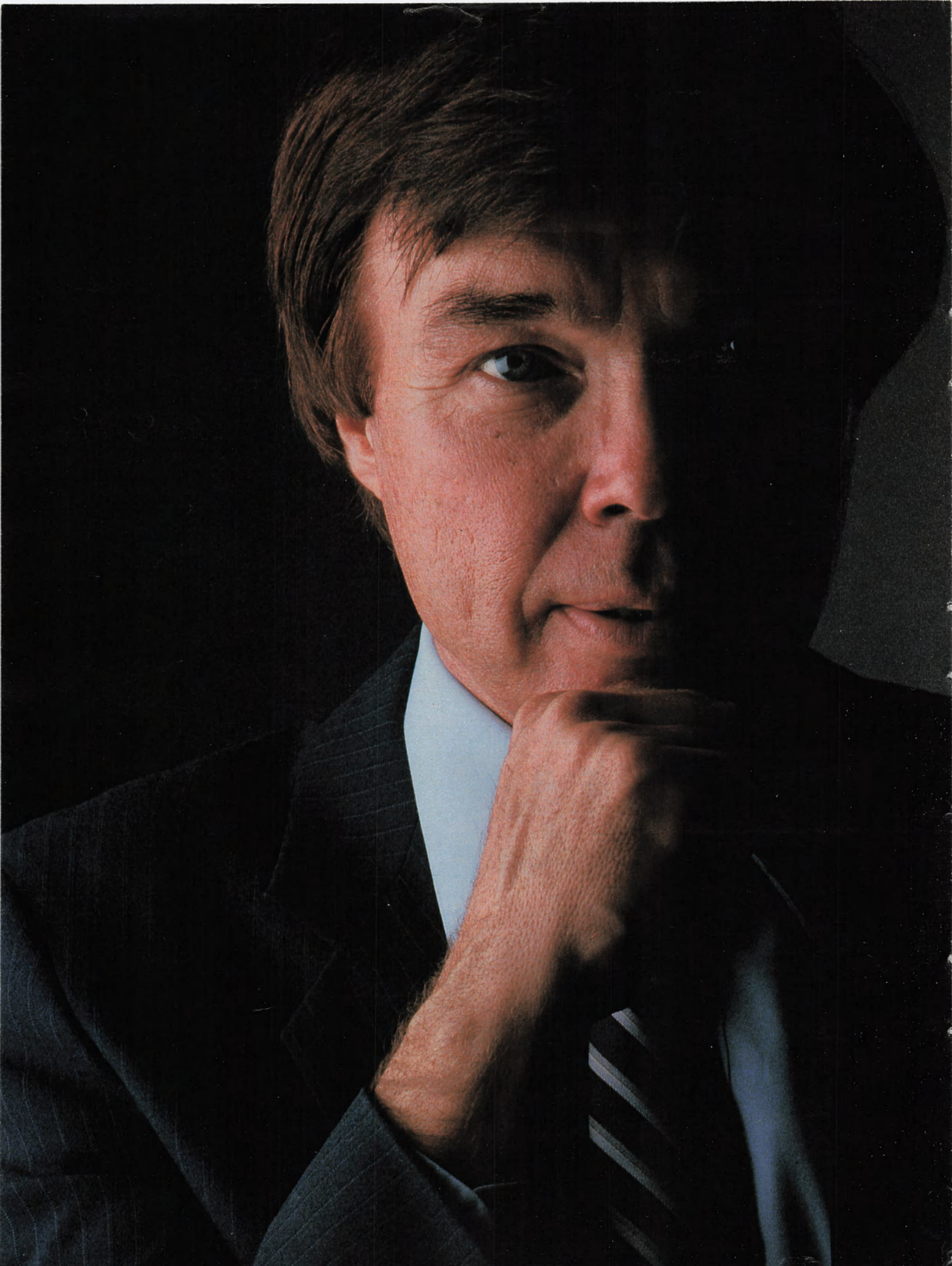
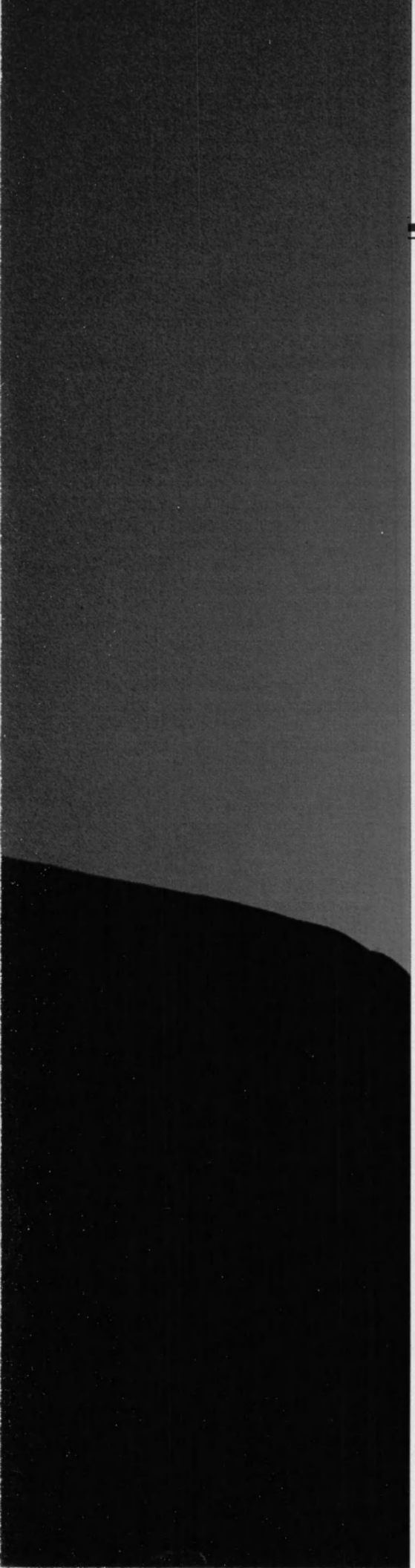




BILL BAIRD

"Where was the National Organization for Women when I was calling for an investigation into antiabortion violence? Did it take them seven years to realize their sisters were in danger? Most of these people are not feminists. I call them what they are—sexists."

Bill Baird displays all the wounds and scars of a man who has spent the last 20 years of his life at war. While he has won some of its major battles, the "father of abortion rights" does not believe he will live to see the end of the struggle. As the religious fervor of some members of antiabortion groups has been transformed into acts of violence, Baird, the most recognizable and outspoken advocate of abortion, has become one of their primary targets.

For Baird, it would be the denouement of his long struggle to allow men and women the right to decide whether or not they want to have children. During this long campaign he has found himself in jail on eight different occasions, beaten, spit upon, forced to be separated from his family, and, at present, on the brink of bankruptcy. His birth control and abortion facilities are picketed, invaded, and firebombed, his patients' lives threatened. Perhaps what saddens and disappoints Bill Baird most is that despite the fact that he has put his life at risk for women, some shrill, militant, and radical feminists have mounted a vicious attack against him.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

But nobody can underestimate the significance of Baird's victories. In 1972, in *Eisenstadt* v. *Baird,* the United States Supreme Court ruled that it was legal to distribute birth control devices to single people. The ruling overturned Baird's conviction in 1967 for "crimes against chastity," when he gave a 19-year-old Boston University coed a can of spermicidal foam, a felony crime for which he was sentenced to three months in a Massachusetts jail.

Eisenstadt v. *Baird* proved to be a breakthrough case which led to legalized abortion in the United States. In 1973, when *Roe* v. *Wade,* the case that did legalize abortion, was being debated among the justices, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., cited the earlier decision as justification for the court's revolutionary ruling: "If the right of privacy means anything, it is the right of the individual, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child."

As increasing numbers of teenagers in the seventies found themselves with unwanted pregnancies, Baird challenged other restrictions on abortion in this country. In 1976 and 1979 he returned to the Supreme Court to argue that the law in several states requiring parental consent from two parents for teenage abortions was unconstitutional because it denied teenagers their rights. The 1979 *Baird* v. *Bellotti* decision reaffirmed those rights by allowing teenagers the right to have abortions without parental consent.

But while many around the nation were celebrating these landmark decisions, Baird only worried. As far back as the day when the Supreme Court decided *Roe* v. *Wade,* affirming a woman's right to an abortion, Baird had warned that the fight for freedom of choice was far from over. He predicted that religious zealots opposing abortion would fight back. He saw their reaction growing more violent as their frustration mounted. He was ignored when he spoke of a coming religious war over abortion rights.

As the violence directed against abortion clinics has grown, Baird has not been very successful in organizing prochoice forces into a meaningful coalition to fight back. One of the reasons for that is his own volatile personality. He has always been an absolutist on the issue of civil liberties. He believes that social wrongs are corrected when the system is directly challenged. Back in the sixties he recognized the ineffectiveness of such liberal-minded groups as Planned Parenthood in changing birth control laws. The struggle, Baird believed, had to take place in the courts. The timid and cautious leaders of Planned Parenthood shied away from the combative Baird. Though he can understand their rejection, Baird still resents the organization's lack of encouragement and moral support when he went to jail fighting their battles.

Baird has also been rejected by the feminists. In the early seventies, the National Organization for Women refused to allow him to speak at their meetings because he was a man. Baird was quick to denounce this as sexism on their part. As recently as last January, when he was decrying the government's lack of zeal in cracking down on groups responsible for the firebombings of abortion centers, aging feminist Betty Friedan chose to attack Baird, charging that he was somebody who decided to play the "knight in shining armor rescuing women."

But Baird has counterclaimed that many of these feminists cannot accept the fact that a man has "led" their battle. Thus he is in the strange, unenviable position of being hated equally by his natural allies as well as his enemies.

The 52-year-old activist's stormy career began quietly in the mid-sixties, when he was the clinical director of a large pharmaceutical company. One of the products produced by the firm was a spermicidal foam which the company wanted to distribute to poor people, who were unaware that such a nonprescription contraceptive existed. Baird's assignment was to travel to these groups, inform his audiences about the product, and distribute free samples.

Within a few months, Baird decided that he could best reach a larger audience by purchasing a van and traveling to the poorer sections of the New York metropolitan area, where birth control information was not readily available. By 1965 he began to run afoul of the authorities. He was arrested in New York and New Jersey. The charges in New York were dropped when the state legislature liberalized its birth control laws that year, but in New Jersey he was less fortunate and served his first jail sentence there. At this time he had also established the first birth control–abortion center in the country on Long Island.

By the late sixties, Baird's time was completely devoted to this cause. His challenge to state authorities was met head-on. Arrests followed arrests. In 1971 he was arrested on a charge of corrupting the morals of a minor, because a mother held her infant on her lap as Baird lectured his audience about birth control. Trouble also came from the Catholic Church. In a celebrated incident in 1974, a Massachusetts church refused to baptize an infant because of the mother's support of Baird. Priests referred to Baird as a "peddler of death." His war with the Church has continued to this day.

As concern continues to mount over increasing violence directed against abortion centers around the country, *Penthouse* asked Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein to seek out Baird to learn just how serious the situation has become. Sonnenschein comments: "If Baird had planned to dramatize the extent of abortion-clinic violence in this country, he couldn't have staged it better than on the first day I visited his Long Island facility. As I walked through the door the first thing I saw was the bomb squad, tearing up ceiling panels in search of a bomb. Fortunately, there was none. Despite the years of strife and struggle, Bill Baird still has the look of a hungry prizefighter—which he once was. He discussed everything openly, passionately, and uncompromisingly. And, finally, he made a special plea to readers who would like to join him in his fight to contact him at the Bill Baird Center, 131 Fulton Avenue, Hempstead, N.Y. 11550."

Penthouse: Recently, United States Supreme Court Justice Harry A. Blackmun, who wrote the *Roe* v. *Wade* decision, was shot at by a member of a prolife organization. How serious is the violence of antiabortion groups?

Baird: I think that the political climate is ripe for terrorists to feel that they can intimidate and frighten people, ranging from members of the Supreme Court to directors and patients of abortion centers. I think there is a whole climate, thanks to Mr. Reagan and the FBI—who refuse to recognize the firebombings of abortion clinics as acts of terrorism.

Penthouse: Why are you so critical of the FBI?

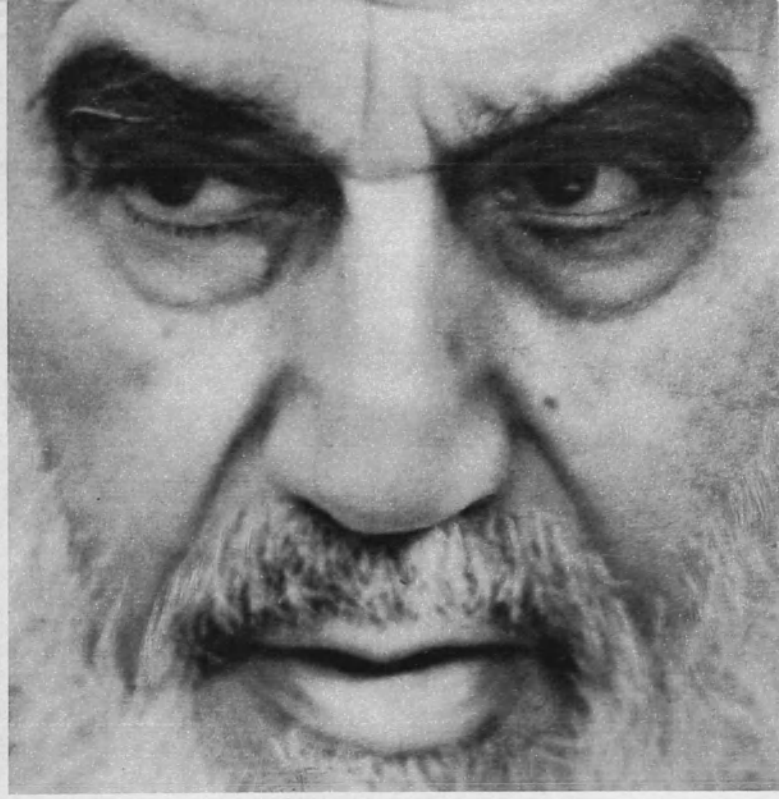
Baird: I recently appeared with FBI Director [William H.] Webster on "Face the Nation," and he said, in effect, that if you bomb a post office, a bank, or even a church, for that matter, it is an act of terrorism. But if you firebomb an abortion clinic, it is not. If Webster doesn't know what terrorism is, he doesn't deserve to be head of the FBI. In my judgment, he is playing politics with Americans' freedom to receive medical care, and I think he should be dismissed.

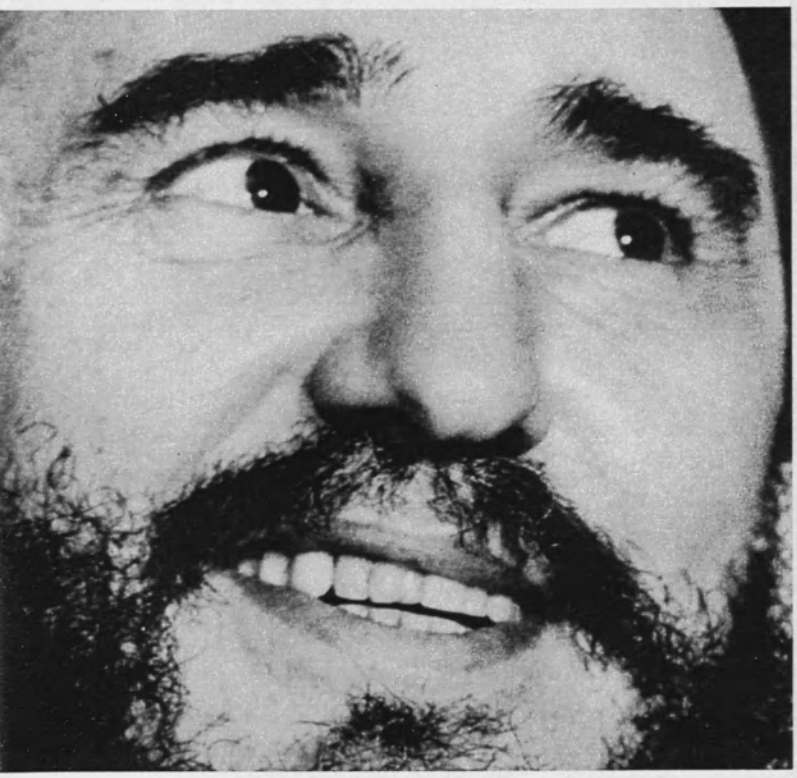
Penthouse: It sounds like your argument with Webster amounts to quibbling over the definition of terrorism. Is there any specific evidence that the FBI is not concerned with the bombings?

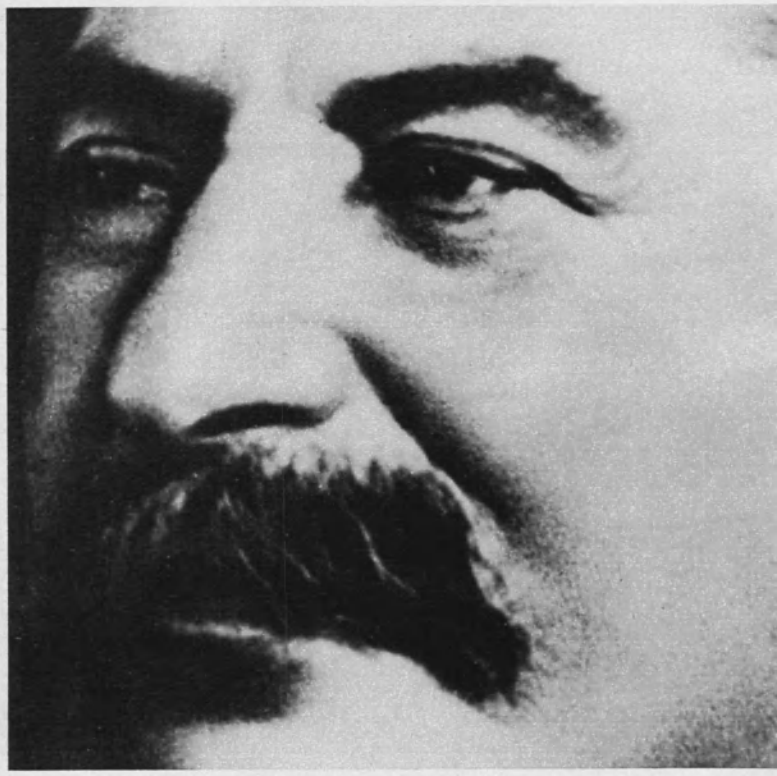
Baird: In 1980 I was in Anaheim, California, where they were holding the National Right to Life convention. I heard 60 or 70 antiabortionists discuss how they were going to close down abortion clinics. Among the techniques they discussed was firebombing clinics. I had seven witnesses who heard this, including two detectives from the hotel. I called the FBI with the information. They did nothing with it. I mailed the information to the Washington office of the FBI. They did nothing with it. I even went to court with it and lost the case.

Penthouse: You said that this was in 1980. How long have the bombings been going on?

Baird: In *Newsweek* and *Time* the FBI said that there have been 29 firebombings since 1982. Why did the FBI say "fire-







THE EXPERTS AGREE THAT CENSORSHIP WORKS

The experts have always agreed that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Today, a few so-called "decency" groups are trying to make censorship work in America. These people feel that if you aren't allowed to watch "dangerous" television programs like "Mash" and "The Day After," or read "immoral" magazines like *Ms.* and *Penthouse* or books like *Ulysses* and *Huckleberry Finn*, our nation will be a better place.

Fortunately, in America you don't have to trust your freedom to "experts." You have the freedom to say <u>*No*</u> to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.

bombings since 1982"? Weren't there bombings in 1981? Of course there were. In 1979 my facility was bombed with 50 people present. There have been 61 clinics blown up. That to me is a major scandal, yet the FBI doesn't regard that as terrorism.

Penthouse: Are you claiming that the National Right to Life Committee is responsible for all of the bombings?

Baird: No. But such a consideration should certainly be investigated.

Penthouse: What do you think the outcome of the FBI's inaction is going to be?

Baird: There is going to be an outrageous confrontation. Many clinics are arming themselves. Many owners have gone out and purchased weapons. You've got a setup for an explosive situation where people can get killed.

Penthouse: You have accused antiabortionists of other violent acts besides firebombings. Can you give us some examples?

Baird: For the last several years, the National Right to Life Committee has held workshops on how to disrupt abortion clinics. They call it nonviolent, but they are indeed violent acts. For example, a member will stand outside a clinic dressed in a white jacket, pretending to be a lab person. What he does is offer coffee and doughnuts to patients. Now, that doesn't sound violent, but it is. When a person comes in for an abortion we ask her if she has eaten anything in the last three or four hours, because if she has, she can't have the abortion. If that person because of ignorance or desperation doesn't tell us, she could die. One of the side effects of an abortion is nauseousness. If that person should vomit, she could, conceivably, choke to death.

Penthouse: It sounds like they are out to punish not only clinic workers but patients as well.

Baird: Definitely. They also engage in psychological warfare. They copy down the license plates of patients and find out from the motor vehicle bureau who owns the car. Two or three weeks later, the person will get a phone call, three, four o'clock in the morning. All they will hear is a record of a baby crying, "Mommy, mommy, why did you kill me?"

Penthouse: You said earlier that other clinic directors are prepared to fight fire with fire. What about Bill Baird?

Baird: Nothing would stop me from defending my patients. If I was attacked on the outside, I would try to roll with the punch and bring that person to the police. But I'm a former boxer, and as you can see, I'm in good shape. If anyone jeopardized the life of my staff or patients, it would be a fight to the very end. I will not tolerate their lawlessness any longer.

Penthouse: Not all who oppose abortion are terrorists. If I feel that abortion is murder, don't I have the right to fight against my tax dollars going to finance abortion clinics?

Baird: Not really. We live in a pluralistic society. Some people may not like to give money to bad schools that turn out zombies. Jehovah's Witnesses may protest paying for Mr. Reagan's blood transfusions after he was shot. But they all pay taxes.

Penthouse: But some people say that you, in effect, proselytize abortion, encouraging and brainwashing women who wouldn't normally have abortions.

Baird: That's not true. But look at the fact that as a nation we proselytize childbirth at a time when we have world overpopulation. This country represents one-sixth of the world's population, yet we utilize 48 percent of the world's resources.

Penthouse: But aren't you making abortion just another form of birth control?

Baird: I don't know of any woman who has ever used it for birth control. Now that doesn't mean it never happens, but aren't there women who go through childbirth for the wrong reason? I once had a 15-year-old tell me that she was going to have a baby because it would prove to her mother that she was a grownup. I wouldn't force that child to have an abortion, but one could argue that she was having a baby for the wrong reason.

> I filed a suit against NOW for sexual harassment. It blew their minds. I used the same law that they had been applying against men.

Penthouse: But why bother with birth control when you can always get an abortion?

Baird: That's easy for you to say because you don't know what a woman goes through. Try to think of yourself as a woman, where you are on an examining table, stripped of your sense of privacy and dignity. Think what you are feeling when a stranger comes in and puts two fingers inside your vagina, his other hand pushing down on your uterus. I think it all would be easier if her boyfriend or husband had slipped on a condom.

Penthouse: Don't many women who have abortions suffer from psychological problems afterward?

Baird: The American Psychiatric Association and the American Psychological Association, both groups which support abortion, have reported there are four times more emotional disorders with women who go through childbirth than with women who have abortions. Sure, some women get depressed, but with all those people screaming abortion is murder, it's understandable. Years ago I could more readily get women to stand with me and say, "I have had an abortion"; now they are afraid.

Penthouse: As someone who has fought long and hard for women in this country, don't you find it strange that feminist groups dislike you?

Baird: Some, not all. I was named Man of the Year a couple of years ago in Nebraska by a women's political caucus. Betty Friedan was also there and she refused to appear with me at a news conference. This is the same woman who a decade earlier claimed I was a CIA agent. I wouldn't know a CIA agent if I fell over one.

Penthouse: What is Friedan's real argument with you?

Baird: What it stems from, I'm sure, is when I picketed women's groups who banned men from their public meetings. I have also picketed male groups who ban women. All of this came to a climax in 1975 on a college campus in Connecticut.

Penthouse: What happened?

Baird: I had been invited to debate a minister, Reverend Rod Fink, from the right-to-life group. When Fink showed up for the debate, this militant woman grabbed me by the arm and started to shove me. They told me to leave, that no man can speak on abortion. So I did what any fair-minded American would do—I filed a suit with the Human Rights Commission in Connecticut against the National Organization for Women, and charged them with sexual harassment. It blew their minds. I was using the very same law that they had been applying against men.

Penthouse: Friedan has said that you think of yourself as a "knight in shining armor." Is it so?

Baird: I can only suspect that Friedan talks that way because she is insecure about a male leader who happened to be ahead of her on this most important issue. But it's not only Friedan. Robin Morgan is another one.

Penthouse: What did she say about you?

Baird: She and I were on a stage once when some men raised their hands to ask a question. Robin said that she would not allow men the right to ask questions. I said, "Robin, your fee is paid by both men and women." I'll never forget what happened next. This young guy insisted on raising his hand, and in front of my eyes, about eight to ten women beat him up and dragged him outside.

Penthouse: Didn't Robin Morgan also charge that the reason you were involved in the birth control and abortion movement was so that you could get laid?

Baird: Look, I'm not the ugliest guy in the world—some would consider me attractive to the opposite sex—but to think that I have given 22 years of my life to be shot at, punched, thrown in jail eight times, so

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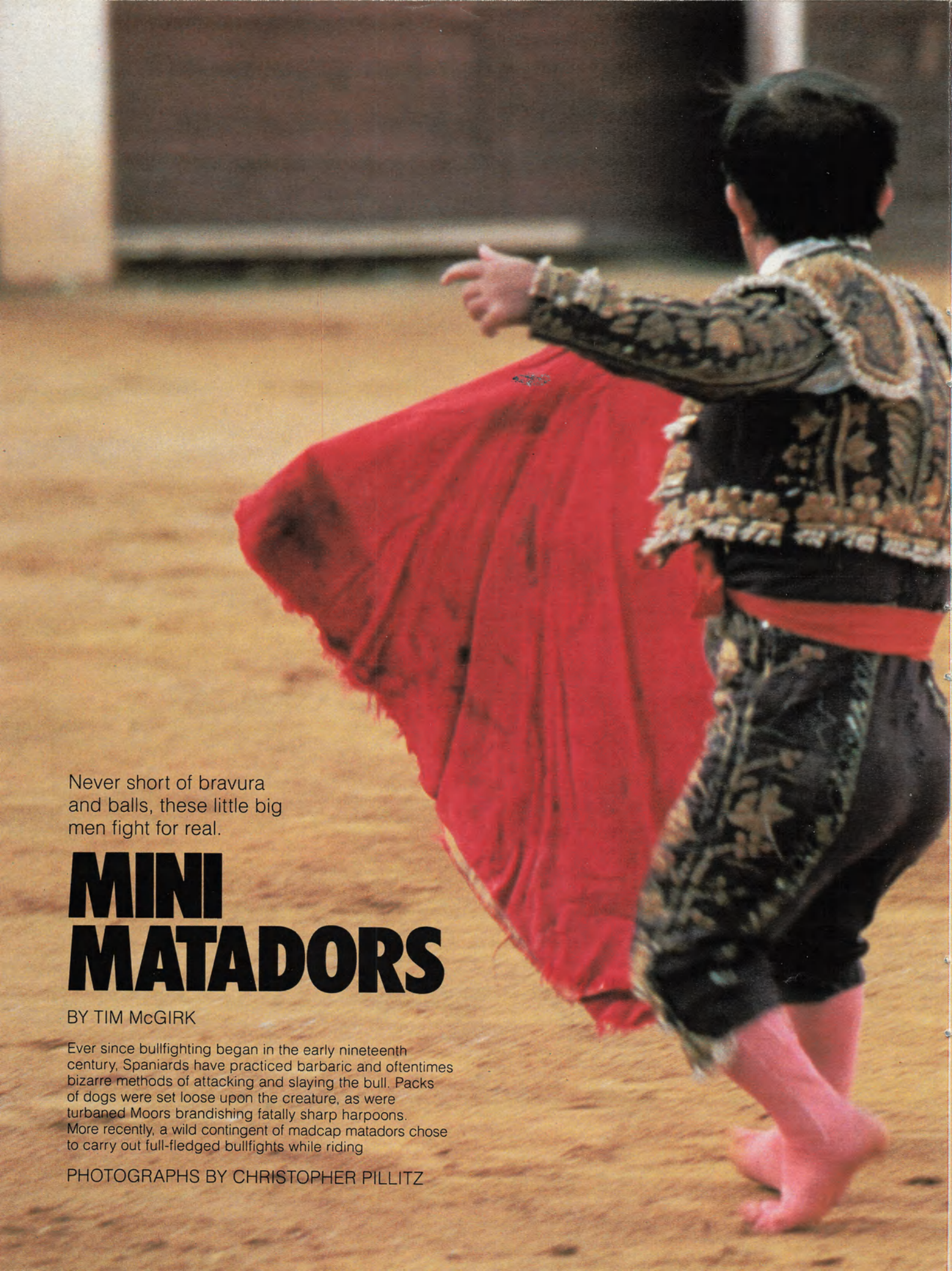


Never short of bravura and balls, these little big men fight for real.

MINI MATADORS

BY TIM McGIRK

Ever since bullfighting began in the early nineteenth century, Spaniards have practiced barbaric and oftentimes bizarre methods of attacking and slaying the bull. Packs of dogs were set loose upon the creature, as were turbaned Moors brandishing fatally sharp harpoons. More recently, a wild contingent of madcap matadors chose to carry out full-fledged bullfights while riding

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER PILLITZ

(Previous spread and this page, top and middle) Guillermo initiating the 60th bullfight of the season. (Bottom) Guillermo quenching his thirst before reentering the bullring. (Right) El Chino's troupe of mini matadors strutting their stuff while the band plays on.

motorcycles. All of these theatrical antics added a touch of humor to an otherwise serious sport. Now, as we near the twenty-first century, yet another form of fighting the bull has come into play—midget bullfighting.

In Spain today some 30 dwarfs earn a living by fighting and stabbing bulls to death for the amusement of bloodthirsty spectators. The most skillful of these little big men is Guillermo Marques Gomes. Guillermo and his troupe, consisting of five other dwarfs, work seven months of the year under the iron thumb of veteran matador El Chino.

El Chino found Guillermo, his "star" matador, walking the streets of Lisbon 12 years ago. "He looked healthy and agile," El Chino states. "Unlike most dwarfs, his arms were not too malformed." Observing the length of his arms, El Chino knew that Guillermo possessed the power to drive the long, curved Toledo sword into the bull. But Guillermo was already employed as a theatrical artist. "Grand, huh?" El Chino recalls with sarcasm. "So I went to the theater that night. Guillermo was there all right, selling lottery tickets." El Chino coaxed him back to Madrid, and recruited the other dwarfs—Diego, Rufino, Fernando, and Modesto—soon after. The others were employed in menial jobs, but El Chino's offer looked more promising, so they eagerly joined.

El Chino, now embittered by the profession and somewhat disgusted by the dwarfs' appearance, terrorizes and belit-

tles them constantly. "Dwarfs are mean bastards and they're troublesome," he complains. "Believe me, there are easier ways to earn a living."

Because employment opportunities are scarce for these dwarfs, they have learned to endure such abuse, since El Chino will sack them immediately if they complain. Working as a matador offers steady employment and a reasonable salary, and provides a momentary taste of stardom, the chance for a few seconds to bathe in the glory of applause.

Unlike most "authentic" matadors, El Chino's dwarfs receive no formal training. Consequently they are left to their own devices. El Chino stands by his belief that schooling can never provide a matador with what he needs most—courage.

The scene is Ciempozuelos, Spain, located 20 miles south of Madrid, a provincial village with a renowned bullring, Ciempozuelos Plaza de Toros. On this blazing hot day, El Chino's troupe will perform for a fervent and bloodthirsty audience But first there is an important affair to attend to: the marriage of Guillermo to his love, Joaquina, a woman no taller than a seven-year-old.

Guillermo met Joaquina three years ago, when the troupe was performing in her hometown, La Mancha. The courtship was not an easy one. When Guillermo would visit Joaquina at her home, they would be chaperoned by her suspicious brother; in addition, Joaquina's mother feared her daughter would be pawned off to some freak show so she, too, would keep an eye on the couple. The neighbors further disrupted Joaquina and Guillermo by peering through the doorway and poking fun at the doll-like couple. Time passed, however, and Joaquina's mother eventually acquiesced to the match.

In a small church off Ciempozuelos's square, fresh-cut flowers flood the altar, forming a halo around the Virgin Mary. The front pews are filled with Guillermo's drunken companions, recklessly shooting cap

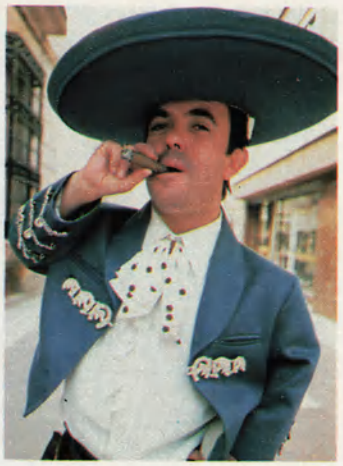
guns at painted angels on the chapel ceiling. A bar owner from Madrid who caters exclusively to dwarfs—his tavern features sawed-off table legs—arrives along with a handful of other acquaintances. Joaquina's disapproving mother rushes in at the last moment and sits in the second pew. At the priest's request, the congregation quiets and the ceremony begins.

Joaquina, wearing a child's first-communion dress, parades down the aisle, proud to be marrying such a renowned matador. The priest, who disapproves of the entire event, rushes through the service, gestures to the couple to unite with a kiss, and rapidly leaves the altar.

On the other side of the square, crowds pack the stands of the bullring, anxiously awaiting the fight. Guillermo, the star of today's fight, bids his new bride *adios* and dashes into a large room littered with bricks and rubble, which serves as the dwarfs' dressing room. He leaps into the traditional "suit of lights," tugs on neon-pink socks, grabs his cape, genuflects just before entering the bullring, and prances out into the sun.

The winds are unfavorably strong today. Under such conditions there is always the danger that the matador's cape will be blown open, exposing his body. Then the bull might attack the matador instead of the cape, resulting in a fatal blow to the heart.

Before Guillermo has had time to gain composure, the bull shoots out from a darkened corral and into the ring. It looks more like a full-grown bull than the yearlings Guil-



(Left page) Prior to Guillermo's wedding, Diego, Guillermo, and Modesto proudly wait for the bride. (Above left) El Chino's troupe parading around the bullring. (Above bottom) The dwarfs performing stunts for the crowd's amusement. (Top right) Guillermo, the "star," toking on a stogie. (Middle) Rufino, age 18, was once employed as an organ grinder and is the youngest member of El Chino's troupe. (Bottom) Modesto, 42 years of age, is the oldest member of the troupe.

lermo is accustomed to fighting. Aggressive and seemingly tireless, the creature slashes its horns from side to side, charging its adversary. Guillermo quickly splashes water on his cape and rubs it with sand to weigh it down. "*¡Oye toro!*" he wails, shaking his cape to life. The bull thunders toward him as he skillfully glides sideways, just avoiding the fatal ebony horns. Gracefully whirling his cape back into position, Guillermo prepares for the next charge. Joaquina bows her head and prays to La Macarena, the patron saint of bullfighters.

It is late afternoon and black clouds are rapidly descending over the plaza. Guillermo is beginning to realize this is going to be the toughest fight he's ever fought. It will be very difficult for him to compete with this persistent beast. Suddenly the bull begins to behave in a most unbull-like manner. Instead of charging again, the animal collapses on the sand and remains there, like a sphinx. A drizzle begins to fall, and the crowd starts to grow restless. They want blood and gore. Guillermo manages to coax the bull upright, but not for long. It makes a halfhearted lunge at Guillermo and again sinks lethargically to its knees.

El Chino begins cursing the owners of Ciempozuelos Plaza de Toros for having purchased a bum bull. It is raining harder now, and the yellow makeup that El Chino wears is running down his face, making his appearance grotesquely sinister. "They say El Chino can't attract a big crowd anymore!" El Chino screams. "How can I, damn it, when the bulls are worthless?" He continues ranting. "Damn it, Guillermo! What do I pay you for? Kick the bastard! Twist its tail!"

But Guillermo, who considers himself an artist, isn't about to take orders. Instead, he kicks off his slippers and leisurely lies down in the sand, not more than a foot from the bull, drumming his fingers on the sand with mock impatience. The crowd goes crazy.

"He's the only one of you with any guts!" El Chino screams at his awestruck troupe, as

Guillermo's antics finally rouse the bull to fury.

In serious danger, the dwarf starts rolling through puddles to dodge the imminent attack. El Chino leaps into the ring to Guillermo's aid and momentarily distracts the bull by waving his cape in the same deft manner that had once thrilled the crowds of his youth. The bull, gathering momentum as he circles the ring, begins a ferocious charge, heading straight for Guillermo. Quickly Guillermo unsheathes his sword and plunges forward to meet the bull's attack.

The blade slices into the animal, ripping its lung, and blood gushes from its mouth. El Chino rapidly pulls a dagger out of his sleeve and kills the animal with a quick, brutal gouge to the brain.

If this were a serious bullfight, the matador would have been pelted with cushions and booed for his butchery. However, since it is really a comedy, the judges give Guillermo the highest award—the bull's ears and tail—which he decorates with white carnations and reverently presents to his mother-in-law. Joaquina joins her husband and they proudly circle the bullring, looking like two children who lost their way home from a costume ball.

The dwarfs understand that it is their grotesqueness that attracts the crowds. But Guillermo and his companions also know that for a moment they can conjure the magic of mastering a bull with only a livid square of cloth, as their cruel deformities are briefly made invisible by the spectacle of their bravery.

(Above left) Bullying the beast, these matadors challenge the animal to a rally. (Above) Diego dressing for the performance. His getup includes a silk shirt, a worn sombrero, and a toy pistol. (Middle) The hat fits and Modesto wears it. (Bottom) Modesto egging on one of his comrades.

RAJNEESH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

Cities, claimed the Rajneeshees were attempting to create "a religious city-state" analogous "only to the Vatican in Rome." With a trial lawyer's mastery of the portentous non sequitur, he told one audience, "You are being tested. It comes down to the people of Oregon, just as it did at Valley Forge."

According to one Rajneeshee, the local chapter of the Gypsy Jokers motorcyle club threatened to run Bhagwan's Rolls-Royce off the road with their choppers. One former Rajneeshee, Robert Anderson, revealed that Bhagwan's teaching of tantric sex, an advanced esoteric discipline, led to "stupid and harmful indulgence." In fact, Bhagwan's teachings drove Anderson nearly crazy. He was hospitalized after police discovered him high on psilocybin (mushrooms). Anderson defected shortly thereafter, and claims to have been harassed by "sannyasins in disguise" who tailed him and gave him "dirty looks." He told a Portland radio station that he was approached by 200 women individually, who tried to lure him back to the fold.

Then there were the memoirs of former Rajneeshee Susan Harfouche, which were serialized in *Oregon Magazine*. She revealed that the Rajneeshees at the Rajneesh Meditation Center in Los Angeles spent a lot of time "drinking, partying, remaining unemployed, changing bed partners almost nightly, and getting high," and that at the ranch the names of new arrivals who had been medically approved for promiscuous sex were posted on a bulletin board in the outer chamber of the commune dining hall, where sannyasins gathered after dinner to choose their bed partners for the night.

(A much sadder and presumably wiser Harfouche left the ranch and is currently devoted to the teachings of radio evangelist Roy Masters.)

Much of the brouhaha had to do with the Jonestown scare, complicated by the fact that Ma Amrita Pritam, née Shannon Jo Ryan—the daughter of Leo Ryan, the California congressman shot to death at the airport in Jonestown—was quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* as saying, "I've heard other people say if Bhagwan asked them to kill themselves, they would do it. I don't know if my trust in him is that total, but I would like it to be."

Then the 1,000 Friends of Oregon got into the act. A powerful land-conservation group who normally wouldn't get the time of day from the strongly anti–land-regulation ranchers who surround the Rajneesh commune, the 1,000 Friends hit a more appealing note when they began questioning Rajneeshee compliance with local land-use planning laws. And before you knew it, the state attorney general had hopped on the anti-Rajneeshee bandwagon, claiming that incorporation of part of the ranch as a city violated the constitutional separation of church and state and threatened the legal status of the city. And there were strong intimations the state might force them to dismantle the ranch.

Ma Anand Sheela, as president of the Academy of Rajneeshism, president of the Rajneesh Foundation International, president of the Rajneesh Humanity Trust, and personal secretary and stepsister to Bhagwan, is the true power behind the throne. She, for one, wasn't having any. Asked what would happen if the state made such an attempt, she replied, "I will be dead. I will paint the bulldozers with my blood. I mean business. You will find out what will happen if you come out here to harm me or Bhagwan or any of my people. I'll take things as they come. We are willing to die for freedom. I have support from my people."

And she may need it. A "press release" purportedly from the "Oregon State Department of Fish and Wildlife" was circulated at the commune announcing the cancellation of the normal 1984–85 hunting season. However, the statement read, "there will be an open season on the Rajneesh, known locally as the Red Rats or Red Vermin.

> "A lot of people came for the sex, a lot came for the drugs. He offered us total freedom," recalls one sannyasin from Bhagwan's first ashram in India.

"These Red Rats may be a little rough to dress out and if gut shot, probably not worth the effort.

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- . . . Possess a road-killed Red Rat. It is OK to hit one, but don't pick the bastard up."

And after a man who had stayed at the commune was arrested for setting off two handmade bombs in the Portland Rajneesh Hotel—successfully blowing up one side of the building—commune members began arming themselves. Seriously. With Uzis and Galil assault rifles. Lots of them, plus the CAR-15 (a semiautomatic version of the M-16); the Mini-14, a short, semiautomatic rifle; the MIA .308-caliber rifle; .357 magnum revolvers; and 12-gauge shotguns. There were rumors Bhagwan planned to buy tanks and helicopter gunships.

Intoned State Representative Wayne Fawbush: "They are a bunch of people who have gambled and are in the process of losing. . . . A lot of people are concerned about the potential for violence out there now." Rajneeshpuram Mayor Swami Krishna Deva was equally to the point: "What I see here today is the beginning of civil war in this county. And if that's what you want, fine."

"So what the fuck am I going to do? I'm going to subdivide the fucking land, that's what I'm going to do! Wasco County allows three subdivisions per parcel of land per year, and one building by parcel, so figure it out: three, nine, 27, 81, 200 and something. . . ."

That's Sheela talking. It is Sheela who has fought hardest to see that the ranch is not picked apart by misapplication of Oregon land-use laws, and it is Sheela who, even more than Bhagwan, has made the Rajneeshees the most controversial item in this neck of Christendom.

She is seated in the lounge at "Jesus Grove," her casually ritzy if not palatial residence on the ranch, at a dining table with Mayor Swami Krishna Deva and a blond boy about ten who is eating breakfast. She is large-eyed and pixielike, dark-haired, slender, and intense, a young woman of a thousand moods, equally capable of playing Pollyanna or Dragon Lady. Sheela is possessed of a demeanor about as "spiritual" as your average Chicago commodities broker and has a mouth that makes Joan Rivers sound like a wallflower.

"They call me a power-crazy bitch," she laments. "But I am not powerful! There is no need for power here, because there is no competition. We are calm here. The hysteria," she waves a slender, perfectly manicured hand, "is out there. Oregon is like the Soviet Union. Except worse. We have spent over $100 million in this state, and what do we get? Hatred. The idiocy of mankind! Here in a state whose economy is shot! We are going to move our economy to Utah. Do business with the Mormons, they will understand us."

They will? "Of course," she nods, then says to the boy next to her, "Child, what do you think of Oregonians?"

The boy stands and puts both thumbs down. "They suck," he opines.

"You see?" Sheela grins. "Even the children understand."

In a world in which politicians say a lot and seek to say nothing, and in which corporate fat cats attempt to make their public pronouncements as bland as cottage cheese, Anand Sheela, née Sheela Silverman, is something of an exception.

Sheela on Catholics: "That stupid Polack Pope! Do you know that he has made

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class struggle against poverty a sin? Do you know he has even found a *new* sin? He says it is now a sin for a man to confess his transgressions directly to God without telling them to a priest. He must be crazy!"

Sheela on Jews: "How do you fit several hundred Jews into a Volkswagen? You put two Germans in front and the Jews in the ashtray." (A high percentage of Rajneeshees are Jewish, and in this realm, such remarks are considered a . . . joke.)

Sheela on sex: "This is the only place where nobody charges for sex. . . . In the streets of your big cities, people have to pay for sex because their religions have taught them to suppress it and call it dirty. We don't understand that. Sex is a natural phenomenon—bees do it, birds do it. What is wrong with man and woman doing it?" (Sheela wears two wedding rings—one for her husband, one for her lover . . . and is having a third made in honor of her new boyfriend.)

Sheela on marriage: "In the name of marriage you are getting a license to make your wife or husband a whore."

Sheela on the ranch's former residents in Antelope: "[They were] indolent old people doing nothing but marking time until they die. . . . Many of them were moving out before we got here. And besides, they are all basically rednecks."

Sheela (once again) on Oregon: "[We are treated] worse than we would be in the Soviet Union. I don't call this state a part of America. I call this state part of the Soviet Union. It is fascist."

Sheela on sex and the locals (who, she claims, spy on the Rajneesh nudist park with field glasses): "All their lives they have suppressed sex, not even having orgasms with their own husbands. So many of the women have to make out with milkmen or whoever happens to come along."

Sheela on Rajneesh lifestyles: "We want to live like kings and queens."

Sheela grew up in India. The youngest of seven children, she claims, "I was spoiled rotten by everyone." She identifies her dad as Mahatma Gandhi's closest adviser but, with regard to her decidedly nouveau riche way of life, allows, "If you're going to wear a watch, why wear plastic? I always had good taste for everything. I wasn't as dumb as my father was."

Oh, well. Sheela's always had a penchant for the perfect quote. On Ted Koppel's "Nightline," she sat watching a tape of flailing, closed-eyed zombies—purportedly blissed-out sannyasins—and then announced to the world that her fellow guest, State Representative Fawbush, was "full of sheet." Ted Koppel threatened to cut her mike and, when she persisted, she was made abruptly soundless.

"If you want publicity in this part of the country," she says, "I advise you to attack us. Especially if you want to run for office."

"Jesus was a fanatic. All so-called religions are fanatic because faith is not based on science; it is based on unprovable belief. . . . God is an unproved hypothesis. . . . These messiahs are basically insane."

That's Bhagwan talking. And who could accuse him of not speaking his mind? Listen, there's more: "Jesus is praying to God continuously. . . . Not only is he praying, he is receiving answers, too. He is hearing voices. Now these are symptoms of neurosis. To tell you the truth, Jesus is a mental case. He is a nice fellow, he is a good person, but . . . he is a fanatic. He carries the same kind of mind as Adolf Hitler—he is a fascist. He thinks that only those who follow him can be saved. Anybody else who does not follow him is going to fall into eternal hell. Now only a simpleton can say such a thing. Who is he to save anybody?"

Since Bhagwan began talking again he has been holding court in his (relatively)

> Bhagwan's Rolls-Royce drives by slowly. The sound of his followers crescendos: "Oh, Bhagwan, my sweetest, sweetest love! The love that you give me, I'll give it back to you!"

modest digs not far from Sheela's at Jesus Grove. Despite the fact that he wears a diamond-encrusted watch and could drive a different Rolls-Royce every day for three months were it his desire, Bhagwan lives in a style that's no more extravagant than your average TV producer or automotive exec, and Rajneeshees are quick to point out that he actually owns almost nothing, that the Rolls-Royces are, in fact, the property of the foundation (and are sold off intermittently, at a profit, to wealthy devotees). Nevertheless, these nightly meetings he holds for 30 or so favored sannyasins and members of the press have taken on the trappings of a papal audience. Everyone is required to shower beforehand—he is allergic to the scent of perfumes and colognes—and in the wake of his 90-minute orations his followers customarily find themselves either laughing or in tears or in a trance. Worshipping Bhagwan may make no more sense than worshipping Fritz Mondale or Dr. Spock, but he puts on a good show.

However, Gothic proclamations do not a supersuccessful "religion" make. What's this guy's attraction, anyway? Well, for one thing, Bhagwan is a forgiver. For someone raised in the Judeo-Christian tradition, it can be a relief to be told you won't burn in eternal hell for having once shoplifted a sweater from Macy's. Bhagwan's gospel says you can pretty much do anything you want so long as you don't hurt anybody. Says Ma Prem Isabel, "People say he is a con man, but he doesn't even own a thing. The Rolls-Royces are all owned by the Rajneesh car trust. Bhagwan is the most honest man on earth." He's also a real good American.

Go forth, he sayeth, and consume. He is the ultimate father figure. Read his gospels. Once you get by all the "What's the sound of one hand clapping?"–styled boilerplate, Bhagwan reveals himself to be a prophet of somewhat remarkable common sense. His basic credo: Work hard; respect the rights of others; question authority. The guy is hip. Sort of like an amoral Ann Landers, one with stunning resources. This is no bumpkin cobra charmer here, but a man who has finessed one of the most technically advanced communites anywhere and given his flock a chance to create their very own society, separate from the rest of the world. He has given them a purpose that they can feel every minute of every hour of every day—to build Utopia. And believe me, it's impressive to see a 19-year-old girl driving a monster Mack dump truck around one of their construction sites as if it were a Volkswagen.

Still, these people—however well-educated—are not a bunch of ironhearted individualists or alienated artistic types. It's doubtful that tomorrow's Walt Whitman or General Creighton Abrams will be found "worshipping" 12 hours a day behind the wheel of a road grader at Rancho Rajneesh. These are, largely, people who have spent time looking for the right team to be a member of. And if it weren't for Bhagwan, it is likely many would be dialing 800 numbers to place their contributions to Jerry Falwell's Church of the Avenging Republican Capitalist or L. Ron Hubbard's Church of Scientology. All you have to do to be a Rajneeshee is wear red, hang a picture of Bhagwan around your neck, not eat meat, and—if you'd like—pony up all your worldly goods to the cause. And in Bhagwan the searchers have the deluxe item: a man who many believe is a sort of bargain-basement Almighty, the kind of God that probably would not own heaven, but simply lease it. Bhagwan has, however, inherited some very earthly wrinkles.

Bhagwan was born December 11, 1931, in Kuchwada, Madhya Pradesh, India, the son of a wealthy cloth merchant. And he himself has expressed unhappiness over the circumstances of his creation. "My mother got married when she was only seven years of age. . . . My father was 11 years old. . . . My mother used to tell me that the whole village was agog with the ceremony, and all the people have gathered in front of the house and a big band

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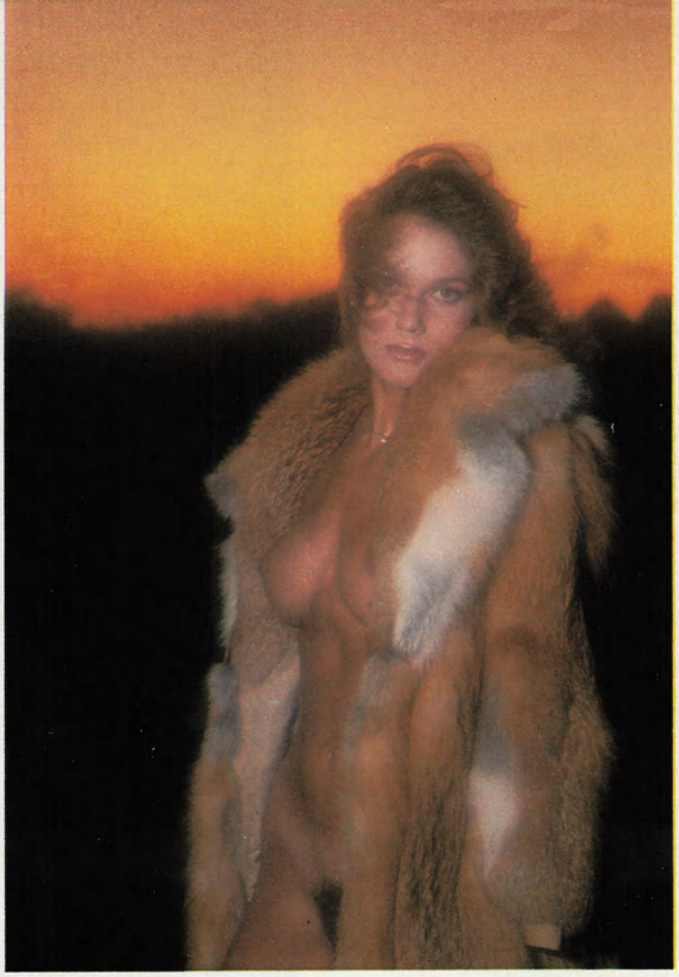
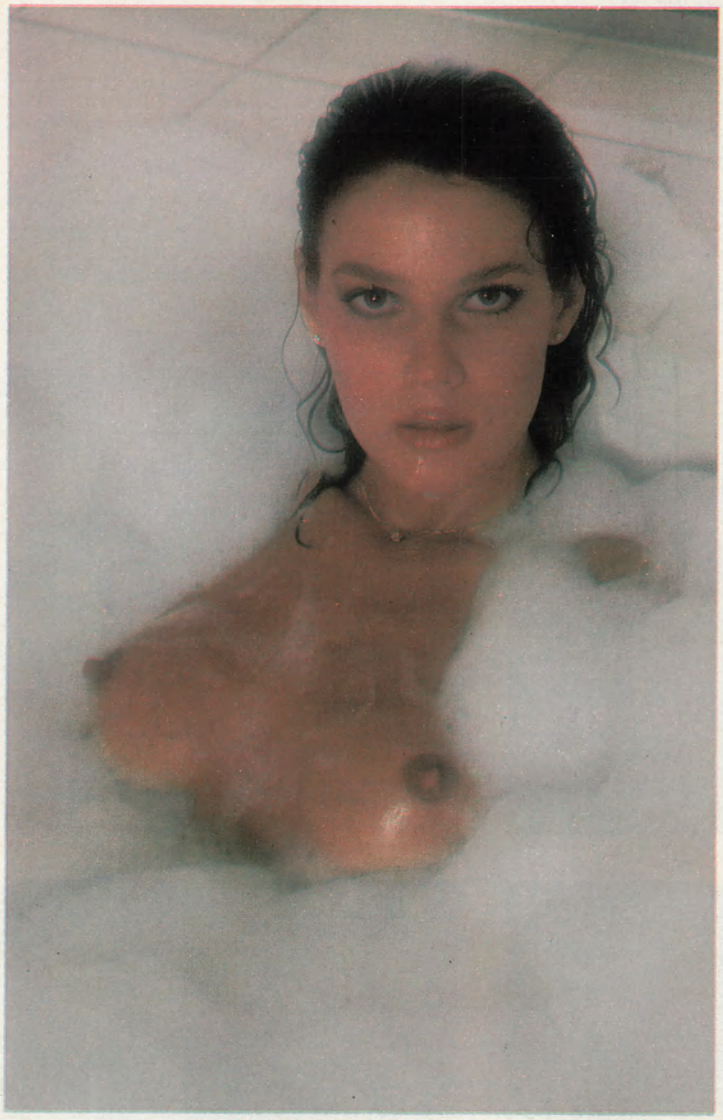


PHYLISS

"I can be sweet, quiet, and gentle one minute, then turn into a screaming Tasmanian devil the next!"



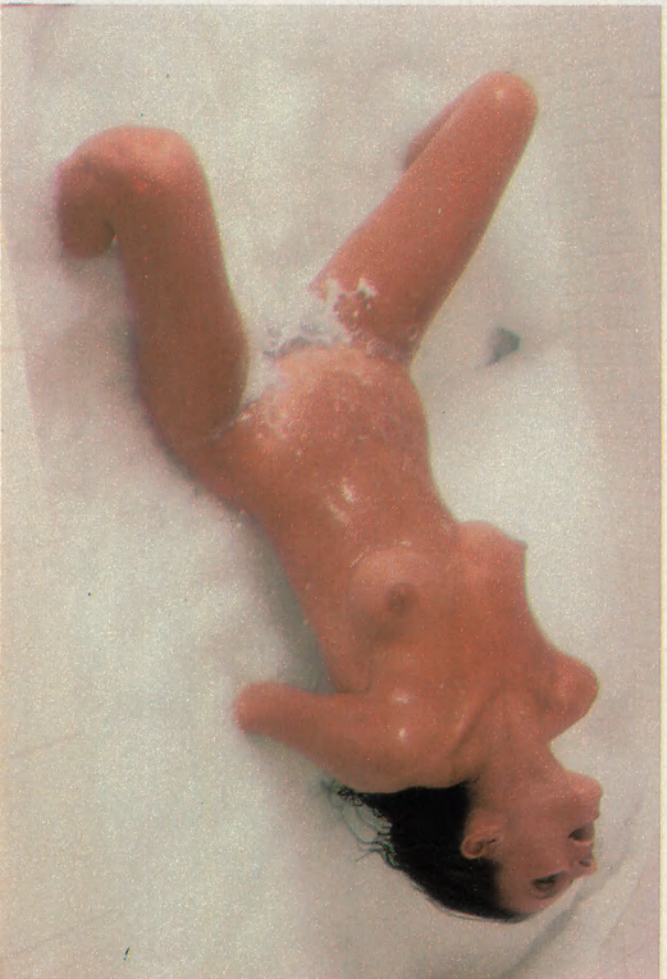
PLACES IN THE HEART

Brown-eyed Phyliss Partin, our July Pet of the Month, is nothing if not loyal. This tawny 23-year-old's only serious career goal is taking care of the man she loves. "This is the only secure, committed relationship I'm capable of having with anyone. I grew up in a foster home after my parents divorced, and both remarried other people. My family is very large but also very spread out."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"That's why having one steady, stable person to love is so important to me." So is a stable place. "During my teenage years in Miami there was lots of tension between Cubans and Americans, with race riots and lots of crime. The people there were scared and cold and bitter." Ironically, she finds more warmth now in the cooler climes of San Francisco, where she'd love to live forever.

Makeup by John Maldonado: hair by Darlene DeFreitas



Still, when her present companion moves to Europe next year for his job, she'll take that streetcar named desire and go with him.

"I'll really miss being able to go to the ocean," she laments. "I just love to swim and water-ski and scuba dive!" Once, Phyliss dared to go snorkeling nude at a public beach. Suddenly, she realized that several other divers were gaping rather goggle-eyed at her 34-22-34-inch underwater treasures.

Water is her natural habitat, she claims; accordingly, a bubble bath for two is her favorite form of love play. Other times, she's not

so loving. "I'm a schizy Gemini who goes from being sweet and tender one minute to a screaming Tasmanian devil the next!"

This volatile half-Irish, half-Cherokee blend prefers the challenge of equally fiery men. "Overwhelming and aggressive guys like Clint Eastwood," she jokes, "would definitely make my day!" Two things that *don't* are timid men and slow drivers.

"One time a cop stopped me for passing in a no-passing zone. But after a few minutes in his front seat, he let me off with just a warning. . . ." And a few passes of his own, no doubt.

MISS PHYLISS PARTIN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) was first officially recognized as a distinct diagnosis in 1980. Characterized by a reexperiencing of a significant and recognizable stressor event outside the general realm of normal human experience, such as military combat or rape, it may take the form of recurrent nightmares, intrusive recollections, or delusions that the trauma is happening again. The victim also manifests a numbed responsiveness to the external world.

But, aside from this working definition, much still remains to be learned about PTSD. To that end, the Veterans Administration has authorized a long-range study of PTSD. Nevertheless, current knowledge of PTSD is sufficient enough that Vietnam veterans can use this knowledge in their own behalf.

In criminal cases, for instance, where a Vietnam veteran's criminal/psychotic behavior has been due to a "flashback" to combat in Vietnam, PTSD can be employed as a defense. A number of these cases have been resolved in favor of Vietnam veterans. Quite obviously, cases involving a PTSD defense are complex and require a rigorous degree of proof because of the violence inherent in these crimes.

However, what is largely unknown to Vietnam veterans is that PTSD can also serve as a valid basis for claiming disability benefits from both the VA and the Social Security Administration. Due to the persistence and trailblazing efforts of a few, there is now precedence and procedure for using PTSD in claiming benefits from both agencies.

> Due to the persistence and trailblazing efforts of a few, there is now precedence and procedure for using Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder in claiming both VA and Social Security disability benefits.

In 1981, a Vietnam veteran filed a claim for service-connected disability benefits for PTSD at the Roanoke, Virginia, VA Regional Office. They denied his claim. The vet's representative, Joe Berry, who works for the Virginia Division of War Veterans' Claims, got the VA office to reconsider the claim and give the vet a complex neuropsychiatric examination. The doctor diagnosed chronic PTSD. But the VA office denied the claim again. Berry got them to perform another neuropsychiatric exam and again a diagnosis of chronic PTSD was made. However, instead of granting the vet's request for service-connected disability compensation, they granted a pension.

The pension was based on a diagnosis of "generalized anxiety" that was found to be permanently and totally disabling. The diagnosis of generalized anxiety was not made by a VA doctor, but simply substituted by the adjudication staff. The pension amounted to about one-third the amount that would have been awarded for a 100 percent service-connected disability compensation rating.

The veteran appealed the decision. After a hearing at the Roanoke office, the VA conducted yet another neuropsychiatric exam which again confirmed chronic PTSD. The Roanoke office then finally agreed that PTSD existed in this case, that it was service-connected, and that it should be rated—but only at 70 percent. This rating was clearly inconsistent with the VA's earlier finding that the vet was totally disabled by generalized anxiety. At this point, without informing the vet's service representative, the office shipped the case to the Board of Veterans' Appeals to consider other, non-PTSD issues.

The service representative learned about that decision and promptly moved to reopen the case and establish a 100 percent disability rating. For the fourth time the Roanoke office scheduled a neuropsychiatric exam, which again resulted in a diagnosis of chronic PTSD. This time they gave in, awarded a 100 percent rating, and made the effective date of the award retroactive to the first application in 1981. After two years of trying to support a family of six on a limited VA pension, the veteran got a retroactive award of benefits, which amounted to approximately $38,000. However, in the meantime, he also got divorced and lost custody of his children.

In a related case, a Vietnam veteran who manifested most of the characteristics of PTSD was denied disability insurance benefits by the Social Security Administration after his initial application in 1976. The vet then hired Rusty Sachs, a lawyer and Vietnam veteran himself, in June 1980, after his second application had been denied. Sachs, of the firm Davis, Rounds and Sachs in Windsor, Vermont, was retained to manage the case.

According to Sachs, the challenge in most Social Security cases is to show that the claimant's disability meets, equals, or exceeds the listing of impairments considered sufficiently severe to prevent him from engaging in substantial, gainful activity. This case resulted in a favorable decision by the administrative law judge in February 1981.

We are indebted to Keith Snyder of the Veterans Education Program for bringing these cases to our attention. Men should not be discarded or consigned to the armies of the homeless due to the burden they carry from their service on the battlefields of Vietnam.—*William R. Corson*

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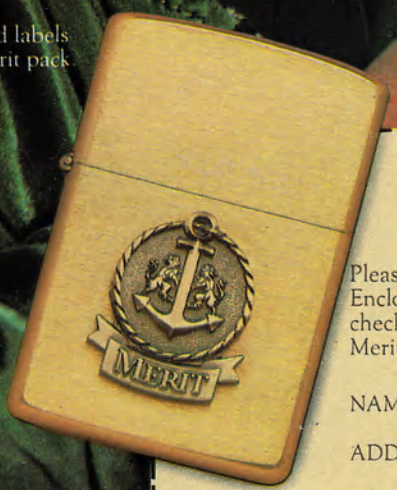

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"We have had to endure the dismantling of the best phone system in the world by a confederacy of idiots and ideologues, lawyers and stockjobbers, blind-eyed fanatics and corporate corsairs."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The author's syndicated Washington column runs in some 150 newspapers across the country. His book *Organized Crimes* will be issued by Ballantine in paperback this fall. He is currently writing a new novel, *Area Code 202,* which will be published next year.

NO ANSWER

"If it ain't broke, don't fix it" is one of Washington's oldest and smuggest bromides. It is repeated with a grunt, a squeak, and a belch whenever the plea is made for reform, economy, elemental decency, or simple sympathy for life's walking wounded. Yet, once in a generation, snouts along the Potomac quiver and twitch and some grand action is taken: Something that ain't broken is saddled with a mandate for repair.

In antiquity the proudest declaration of an inhabitant of the Eternal City was, "*Civis Romanus sum*"—"I am a Roman citizen." In modern times the proudest boast of sensitive and practical-minded Americans was, "My phone always works." But as bad luck would have it, it fell on this generation of Americans to endure the dismantling of the best phone system in the world by a confederacy of idiots and ideologues, lawyers and stockjobbers, blind-eyed fanatics and corporate corsairs.

Ironically, that steady, reliable, low-cost service provided to us, decade after decade, by AT&T may have laid the groundwork for Ma Bell's undoing. We came to take it for granted; although it takes from ten weeks to ten years to even get a phone in most non-Communist countries and several lifetimes in the Communist sphere, we ceased to marvel at being able to call up Monday for a new phone and have it put in and working on Wednesday.

We forgot that for the $6.85 basic monthly charge we were getting cheap, universal, around-the-clock phone service, and instead we lent our ears to political theorists who could not live in the same country with a monstrously large, government-regulated telephone monopoly. Liberals and conservatives ganged up to gang-bang Mother Bell.

For years they picked at and complained about the phone company. Good as it was, it had its faults (who doesn't?) and the anti–phone company crowd found them.

Lobbying in the national and state capitals was often heavy-handed and sometimes scandalous. The operating phone companies were stodgy, dull, unimaginative, and slow to change from the old electromechanical technology to the electronic age. The heavy-duty, indestructible, graceless, single-purpose black telephone came to symbolize the monopoly's refusal to admit the new, the exciting, and the different. AT&T's manufacturing arm, Western Electric, kept churning out those heavy black phones introduced 35 years ago—and if you insisted on something different, you could have the new and more expensive Princess phone, first put on the market about the time Dwight Eisenhower was being sworn in for a second term.

The hell with the fact that those clunky black phones never broke. They were old-fashioned; they did not have repeat dialing or conference calling or a little computer in them to

remember your 20 most frequently used phone numbers, but they did work even after the kitten had gnawed on the wire and the two-year-old had thrown the thing in the bathtub. The liberals sold us on the idea that we should have the right to a choice and we began to get that choice. During the 1970s we moved into an ideal balance which allowed us to go out and buy our own phones, but kept the monopoly and the trusty, low-priced service that went with it.

But because AT&T was still a monopoly, the liberals continued to natter and push the government to carry forward its antitrust suit against the Bell System. The liberals got reinforcement from the Far Right, which didn't object to the monopoly aspect of AT&T as much as it did to the government regulation of the telephone industry. These are the free-market maniacs who don't understand you can have too much of a good thing, be it spinach or the unregulated bazaars of commerce; they believe that unfettered buying, selling, and trading can do anything from curing cancer to teaching Johnny how to read. Break up AT&T and let it sink or swim in the marketplace.

The combined pressure of Right and Left did its work. AT&T gave up defending itself against the antitrust suit and agreed to be chopped into eight independent corporations under rules laid down by Federal Judge Harold Greene. The great Bell System had been cracked to pieces for the sake of a set of mutually contradictory political abstractions. So now we have the free market, we broke the monopoly; the only trouble is that our phones don't work. But haven't we always paid a price for progress?

That's the way Judge Greene sees it. The growing chaos and inconvenience doesn't faze His Honor: "There's been a great proliferation of new, sophisticated equipment. It's easy to forget these things when you can't figure out what's wrong with your phone and don't know how to get it fixed, but consumers have a much greater choice today than they did."

Judge, you're right. We've got wireless phones that we can use when we're sitting out in the backyard, if the phone works and there aren't five other parties talking on the same radio frequency. And boy, do we have choice! Six or seven different phone companies competing for your long-distance business in every airport terminal.

But just because we have choice doesn't mean we have a meaningful improvement. Five years ago, though the service was next to inaudible half the time, the non-AT&T long-distance companies were cheaper. Now the service is getting better but the price differential between the Brand X services and AT&T is narrowing. In a couple of more years it will be so small that unless you make several hundred long-distance calls a month, you won't save much money.

But the money most of us won't be saving is what we're going to be paying for local phone service. Before Judge Greene in his supernal wisdom chopped the telephonic baby into eight parts, long-distance charges subsidized local service. That meant directory information was free and repair service was quick; since it is big companies, not you or me, who do most of the long-distance calling, they were paying the freight. Now we pay more and they pay less.

In effect, before the breakup AT&T was quietly running an efficient little income-redistribution system. For companies who pioneered ingenious ways out of the income tax system, their high long-distance charges may have been the only fee they paid toward the health, safety, and upkeep of the nation. This system made it possible for everybody in America, except bag ladies with no fixed abode in which to locate one, to afford their own phone; it enabled people, just as the ad says, to reach out and touch someone—not only in another city, but down the block and across town. Phone service was so cheap and universal that it became an essential yet casual instrument of social intercourse.

The prebreakup AT&T, being the monopoly it was, probably had too many employees and paid for a host of activities that a company with competition could not afford. This was not all to the bad, however. One of the casualties of divestiture is Bell Labs, AT&T's remarkable scientific establishment. You can thank Bell Labs for much of the electronics revolution and America's lead in this area, but now it seems AT&T is no longer going to be able to afford to run the Labs on the old principles.

The stockbrokers, however, have reason to be thankful for AT&T's destruction. In the old days AT&T stock truly was for orphans and widows. Thanks to the company's being a regulated monopoly, it paid its ten percent dividend to shareholders, who could sleep at night without worrying about their investment. The stock could not be manipulated by inside traders, which was no good for the flesh-eaters swimming around in the high-rise barracuda tanks of lower Manhattan. Once you bought your AT&T stock, you could put it in the vault and forget about it. Brokers get a commission on every sale, and they didn't get many from AT&T stock. Now, since the one big, safe, sure-dividend company has been cut up into eight smaller, uncertain, speculative ones, Wall Street is happy with divestiture—even if you're not.

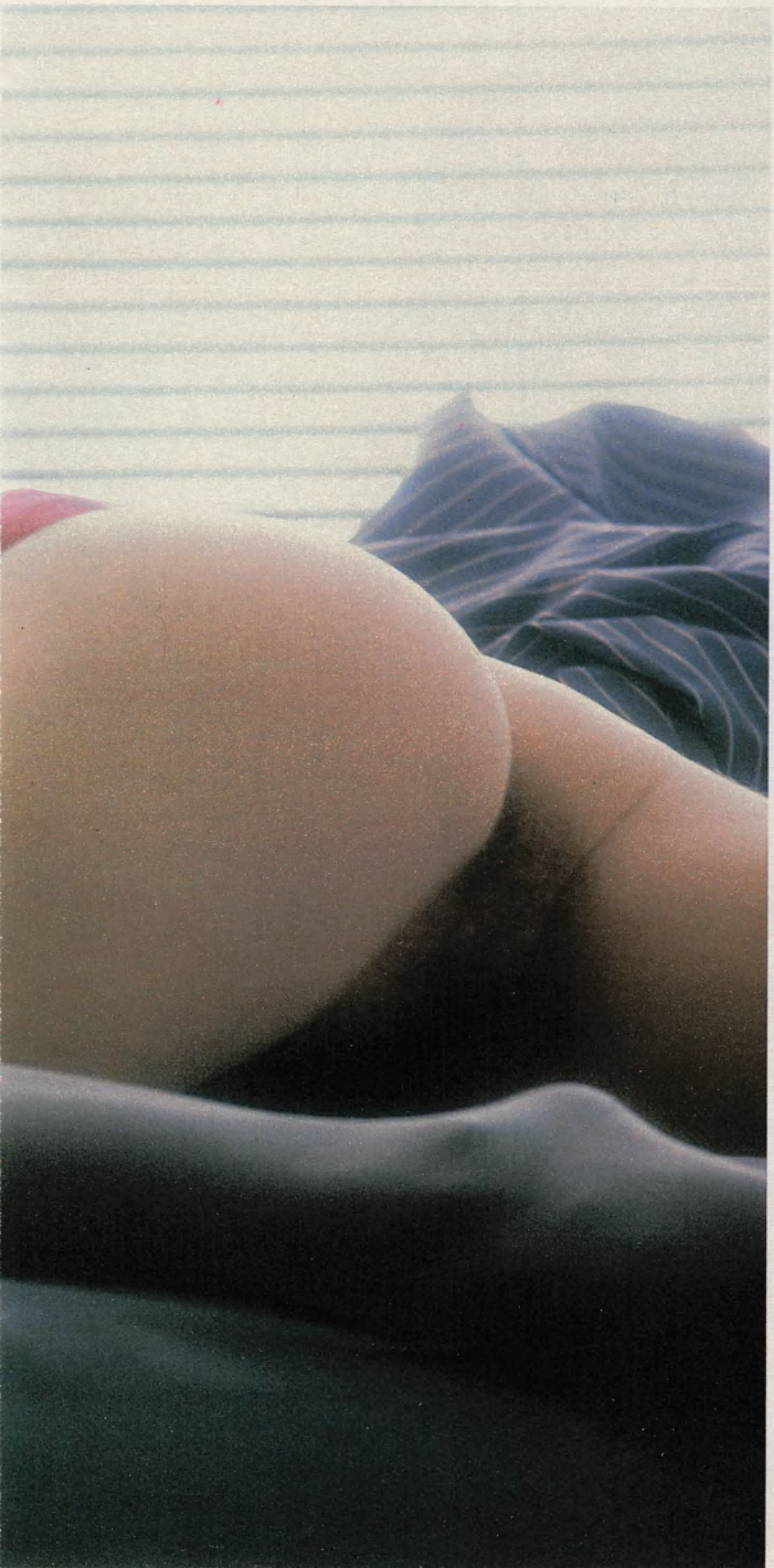
All of the folk wisdom warned us against messing with the old AT&T. If it ain't broke, don't fix it; leave well enough alone; let sleeping dogs lie; etc. But we listened to the crackpots, and the punishment for that is the chaos and inefficiency we now have to endure every time we try to make a phone call. Don't fall back on writing letters, however. In case you've forgotten, the same bunch reformed the post office about ten years ago.

BLESSINGS NOT DISGUISED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

According to Dru Diamond, being blessed with a spectacular 36DD-24-35-inch figure can occasionally be a curse. "Some men adore my body without really knowing my mind—even though I'm also loving and giving, and have lots of personality and talent," says this positive-thinking Taurus, who's unabashedly bullish on herself.

"Someday I would like to be involved in an "Endless Love" kind of affair, where the passion is overwhelming and lasts forever."



Just 22, she's worked as a stylist, an artist, a costume designer, and a dancer. But currently she's helping other fledgling performers as a talent-agency receptionist.

"That's just to get my foot in the door. I'm hoping Hollywood will discover me just like *Penthouse* has—and soon!"

Makeup and hair by Nicole Bohrer

Her other fantasy is to "someday be involved in an "Endless Love" kind of affair, where the passion is overwhelming and lasts forever."

Her first affair was a hot one. "We first made love in his car—at a 24-hour-restaurant parking lot in the pouring rain!"

"I did things that night I'd never done before, but now I'm looking for someone who'll make it seem like kid stuff."

RAJNEESH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

has come from the capital." His mother was not allowed to see much of her own wedding ceremony, however—in fact, she was tied to a pole to prevent her from running outside the house.

In any event, he experienced a privileged childhood but realized that he had been struggling for many lifetimes to attain an enlightenment that eluded him until he was 21. Then one night, while sitting under a maulshree tree, voilà!

"All questions fell away and a great void was created. . . . All matters on which questions could be asked became nonexistent. . . . That night I became empty and became full. . . . The first thing I did was laugh. I laughed and laughed for days. I was laughing at myself, at my efforts to become enlightened. It was so ridiculous. Because everyone, you see, is already enlightened. Everyone is already perfect. We don't have to achieve anything. We don't have to do anything. We just have to be."

Bhagwan would go on to become an All-India Debate Champion who would subsequently dismiss debate as "pointless," and then a university philosophy professor who would dismiss philosophy as "useless."

He would likewise take on various odd, rigorous, and somewhat obsessive endeavors. For example, from 1947 to 1957, he recalls that he ran 16 miles a day. Eight miles each morning, eight miles each night. Enough, by his own calculation, "to have encircled the world seven times in those ten years." It was during this running period that Bhagwan lost his eye for the well-turned ankle. At age 21, having gained "enlightenment," all his sexual energy was "directed upward." Bhagwan has remained celibate ever since.

But that didn't slow him down. Not for a minute. Bhagwan made a name for himself in India as an electrifying speaker whose specialty was questioning every kind of authority. He began to attract quite a following, especially among well-heeled young Europeans and Americans who liked this Perfect Master's freewheeling style. And his popularity led to the creation of his ashram in Poona—a radical operation by most accounts, "blissful" according to some, a classic den of iniquity according to others.

Then Bhagwan ran afoul of the Indian tax bureau. Health deteriorating, he hopped a 747 for the United States. Greener pastures.

Recently he has incurred the wrath of the federal Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). In January 1982, a U.S. State Department report raised the possibility that "Rajneesh either faked, or more likely, seriously exaggerated his alleged medical condition in order to transfer his ashram to the United States and escape tax difficulties in India."

Bhagwan was dragged before local magistrates, who were interested in his status as a "religious leader" and were considering deporting him. Then, recently, the INS issued a memo stating, "Bhagwan now seems content to meditate by his pool, or take his daily two hour drive in one of his Rolls-Royces while his sannyasins work 12 hour days building his city. The INS seems to be the only remaining obstacle in his path." The memo goes on to say that "95% of the marriages between [U.S.] citizens and alien members of this organization are phony. . . . The Portland office wishes to track all activity and ultimately to establish fraud for prosecutive purposes. Many have decided that marriage is the easiest way to the Promised Land. . . . Perhaps this is wishful thinking but there is speculation that . . . the pressure applied . . . to the immigration situation may cause them to pick up stakes and leave the United States."

> The ranch's leaders take threats in stride. "We have machine guns and whatever else it takes," says one. "And they're not here for hunting deer."

It may also be wishful thinking to assume that whoever wrote this will be called to account for this presumptuous and invasive memo.

AIDS will kill two-thirds of the world's population.

—Rajneesh Medical Associates

Funny that Rajneeshism's most popular calling card—guilt-free sex—should now be, so to speak, laminated.

—Susan Orlean, *The Boston Phoenix*

Three dozen members of the Rajneesh Security Force kneel in a gravel pit outside of Rajneeshpuram chanting the Gachchhamis—Sanskrit acknowledgments of their search for spiritual awakening. Then ten of them, each dressed in brown coveralls and purple stocking hats, pluck up an Uzi or a Galil assault rifle and begin charging at man-shaped targets, firing at a range of 100 yards, stopping on command to take prone, kneeling, or standing positions, and then closing to ten yards to fire at the target's head.

When the exercise is over, Sergeant Jack Rogers, an observer sent by the Oregon State Police, looks over one bullet-blasted target and says, "This guy can shoot."

Like the old song says, "The times they are a-changin'." At least hereabouts. The commune has taken on something of a fortress mentality of late, encouraged by Bhagwan's latest vision: a world decimated by AIDS. Talk about putting a damper on things. At the ranch's new luxury hotel each sumptuous room is provided with condoms and rubber gloves, and a little missive, courtesy of the Rajneesh Medical Associates, advising guests to "use latex condoms for all sexual contacts. . . . For foreplay and genital contact use latex or rubber gloves. . . . Wash thoroughly after sexual contact . . . do not engage in oral or anal sex. . . . No sex during menstruation."

These "suggestions," applying as they do to all sannyasins living on the ranch, come as a surprise. Especially to gay disciples. "What's left for us to do besides remain celibate?" stated one. Others are more philosophical. Ma Debal: "Bhagwan has brought the stark living reality into it. AIDS can kill us, period. . . . This is a gift from Bhagwan, I know that." Swami Chaitanya Fagar: "So, sex will never again be what it used to be. Hallelujah! It is as if I am waking up from a long and all-consuming fever which has finally run its course."

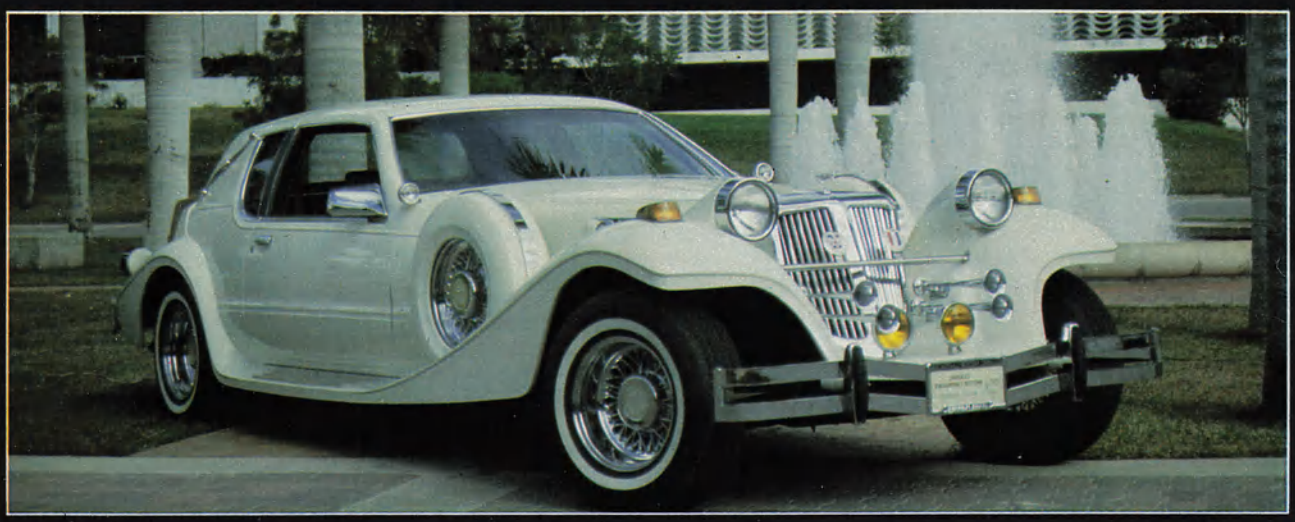
Meanwhile, the ranch is still reeling from the effects of its latest socioeconomic effort—the busing of thousands of down-and-outers and street people into the commune as part of a program of mass rejuvenation for the country's derelicts. Bhagwan had offered room and board and bus transportation to anyone who wanted to start a new life on the commune. Cynics claim this was simply a ploy to stack the local election rolls (Rajneeshees registered hundreds of the new arrivals to vote), and lately Portland has been hemorrhaging winos—as dropouts from the experiment filter into Oregon's largest city looking for sustenance and a way back to wherever they came from. Whole platoons of Portland city officials are outraged.

The pot boils. The Rajneesh security force continues to train. Reportedly, when Sheela told Bhagwan she was getting concerned about her image, he reassured her, stating, "Don't worry, you are not being *enough* of a bitch." The Rajneesh weekly newspaper, meanwhile, ran a story dismissing kissing as simply a "skin-sucking addiction." Someone flew over the ranch and dropped leaflets announcing the beginning of "hunting season" on commune members. That kind of threat Rajneeshpuram Mayor Krishna Deva takes in stride:

"We have machine guns and whatever else it takes. And they're not here for hunting deer, I can tell you that. If I were the folks out there, I'd take out my frustrations elsewhere. Because we're ready for anything."

YOU CAN BE THE NEXT
BIG WINNER IN THE GREAT SEPTEMBER PENTHOUSE

TREASURE HUNT



There's more buried treasure coming in the September 1985 issue. Last year, these readers won over $71,500 in sensational automotive prizes alone. Our congratulations to Mr. Gustav Lo, winner of the Grand Prize Classic Tiffany Elite automobile, and to our tied First Prize winners, Mr. Ken Keith, winner of the Audi 4000S, and Ms. Linda Elizaitis, winner of the Toyota 4 Runner.

Look for a preview of this year's top prizes in the August issue of PENTHOUSE. (Hint: The Grand Prize is a Classic Motor Carriages' "Gazelle" model, valued at $27,000!) And whatever you do, don't miss the big Sixteenth Anniversary September PENTHOUSE, where you'll find full details and fun prizes for the second Great PENTHOUSE Treasure Hunt. Happy Hunting!

Geraldine Ferarro's Television
Commercial Has Opened the Door for Other

POLITICIANS IN TV ADVERTISEMENTS

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

ARIEL SHARON FOR NEWSWEEK
I love *Newsweek* because I wouldn't wrap my gefilte fish in its competitor's pages. I wouldn't use its competitor in my toilet even if I had a Luce stomach. Buy *Newsweek*, the magazine I'd rather read than sue . . . maybe.

JESSE JACKSON FOR LISTERINE
You can't bad-mouth the establishment when you've got a *bad* mouth. This stuff can put away germs while I put away honkies, so that I can breathe easier on my way from the bathroom—to the courtroom—to the Oval Office!

FIDEL CASTRO FOR MIDOL
I'm like the "Incredible Hulk" from the comic books and American television. Just like the Hulk before he gets mean, I say, "Don't make me angry; you won't like me when I'm angry." So when you guys invade Grenada, I get cramps. And when I get cramps, I get angry, and then I ship another 10,000 criminals to Florida. I'm okay now, but if it wasn't for this stuff *[holds up product]*, I'd be angry all the time.

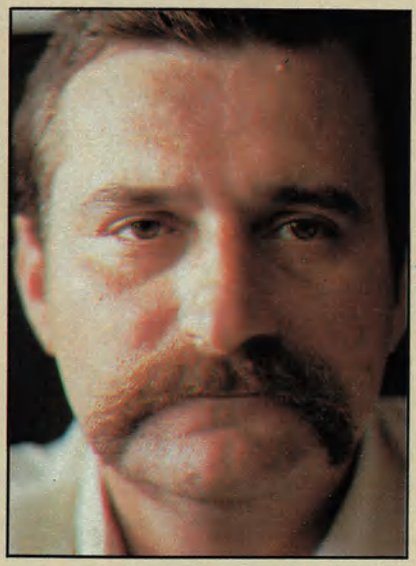
JERRY BROWN FOR MILK
Like, yesterday I was walking my pet medfly. There was this cow. I lifted its tail so I could peek inside to see how milk is made. Hey, the cow dumped on me—because, I guess, that's not *where* a cow makes milk. Anyway, I like milk because it comes in quarts. Can you do that?

HENRY KISSINGER FOR EX-LAX
Vun look at me could tell you dat I am an uptight individual; so, ven I vant to loosen up (so to speak), I reach for dose funny, liddle, bipartisan chocoladen to keep me shuttling around the world.

KONSTANTIN CHERNENKO FOR COVER GIRL MAKEUP
To those of you who think I am dead becasue I tend to lie very still on my back with a chalk-white face, I say, *Nyet!* It is the fascist running dog, imperialist lackey of a facial makeup that allows me to look like our glorious leader, Lenin, who has been vacuum-packed into a glass box and has (incidently) been dead for 50 years.

YASIR ARAFAT FOR K-Y JELLY
If you have been getting what Israel has been giving me for the last 25 years, you too would seek to smoothen out (so to speak) your relatively rocky road and, oh my gosh, not to mention the Syrians—they also are having at me—then there's King Hussein (ouch), and the Shiite Moslems (oy), and Moammar Khaddaffi . . .

PRIME MINISTER NAKOSONE FOR CHRYSLER
Lee Iacocca sucks sushi! I'd like to run a sword through his mini van, do Tai Kwan Do on his deviated septum, and turn him into a floor mat for my sumo wrestling team. This Mediterranean Muppet wouldn't last ten minutes in a judo match with my mother. Aside from that, he makes okay cars.



LECH WALESA FOR TYLENOL
After a tough day of being water-cannoned, I need fast relief. It's difficult to find a bottle that the KGB hasn't tampered with, but when I do, I get rid of my Moscow-sized headaches in a hurry.

MARGARET THATCHER FOR PREPARATION H
Just think of how very, very much those bloody Argies would like to know why we stopped at the Falklands and didn't continue on to Dresdenize their beloved pampas. Well, you can put it onto this lovely little fella: Just stick it where the sun don't shine and you're proper ready to crush a Latin country, or a labor union, or whatever. . . .

GEORGE BUSH FOR CRUEX
I'm just itching to become president of these here United States. Sometimes when that itch goes beyond my gosh-darned psyche and becomes a source of physical embarrassment, I just sprinkle a little powder where my courage ought to be. I mean, it's not nice to stand there on the podium and be scratching my you-know-whats, is it, folks?

This is where it all starts: the secret cocaine "kitchens" of Bolivia

SNOW JOBS

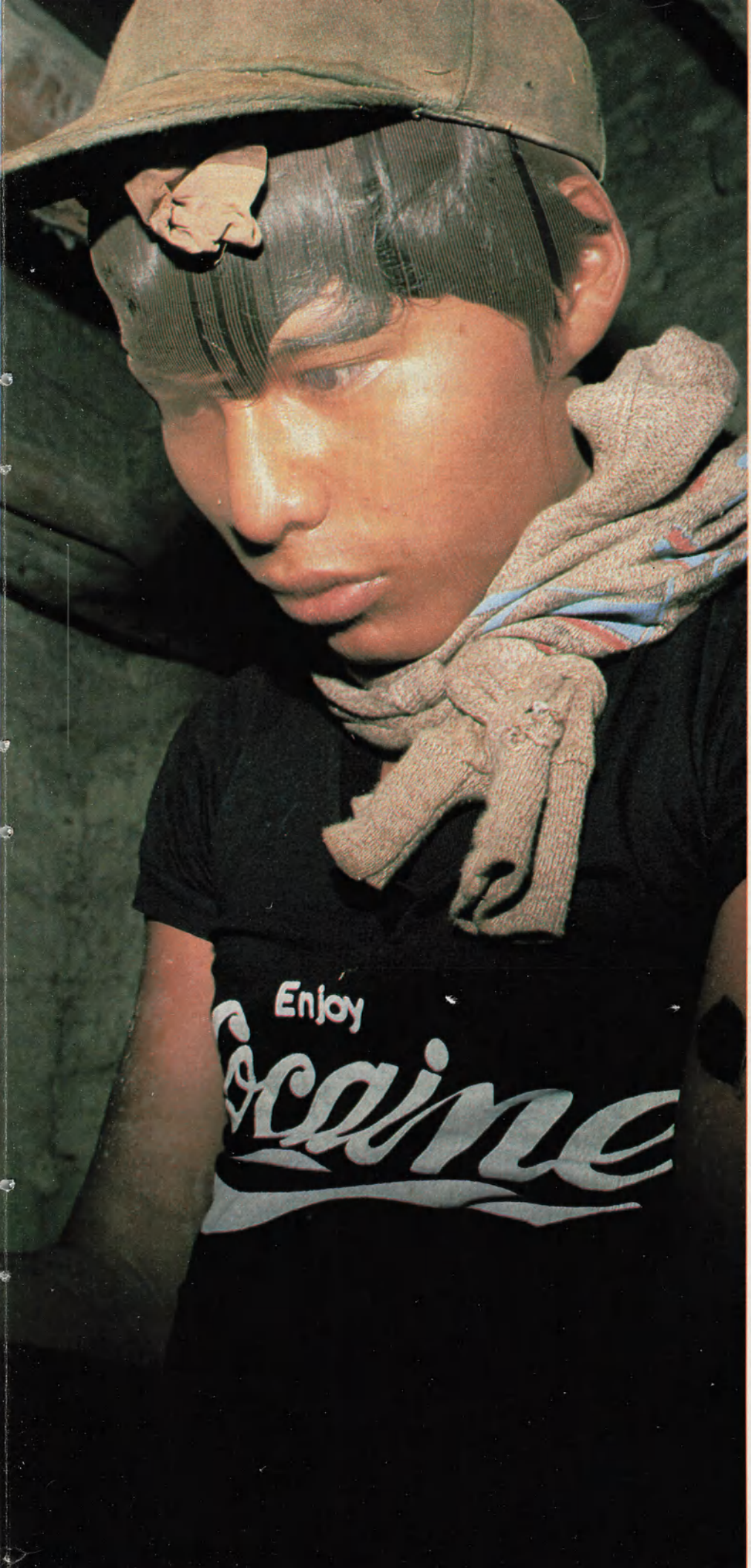
PHOTOGRAPHED AND REPORTED BY JEFFREY L. ROTMAN

I decided to photograph an illegal cocaine "kitchen" in Bolivia. My intent was to shoot the story of the *campesinos,* or cocaine-makers—the men who daily risk their futures turning coca leaves into what we have come to call "pure snow." I knew these men existed, but finding them was another story.

After much negotiation, I was taken on a two-day drive from La Paz to the Chaparé region, where most Bolivian coca is grown. All I saw around me were fields of coca leaves. When we finally stopped, I was told that the rest of the trip would be on foot.

Trudging through the jungle I began to get scared. Just as my imagination was running wild, we came to a small clearing with a half-built cement-block structure. I was led to the back and told to climb the ladder. I peered over the side, and for a moment thought I was viewing a Hollywood set.

In a four-by-four-foot room with a dirt floor, three men below me were stamping coca leaves that had been soaked



in kerosene. Their heads were covered with nylon-stocking masks; a rifle leaned menacingly against the wall. I jumped into the hut. As one of the men turned toward me, I realized that he was just a child. The others were between the ages of 17 and 24. They earned a mere three dollars a day. The only job qualification was that they be "tight-lipped." They began late in the day and finished at dawn.

They were unaware of the enormous value this white powder had in the "civilized" world. They'd never used cocaine and were totally ignorant of the fact that the fruits of their labor would seduce many thousands of people throughout the world's cities into cocaine's private, addictive universe—to the detriment of their physical and financial well-being. But more surprisingly, these workers were oblivious to the Bolivian mafia—which reaps millions of dollars off their work. For the *campesinos,* it was just a job that paid on time and gave them a few extra coins to jingle in their pockets.

"I'd be a fool not to grow coca. The demand is higher and the money is paid on time."

Touring the countryside of Bolivia, I observed coca growing everywhere. Unfenced and unassuming, the terraced fields of coca leaves appear to be just another crop. An acre of coca will earn in Bolivia almost three times what an acre of bananas, oranges, or coffee will. As one *campesino* told me, "I would be a fool not to grow coca. The demand is always high and the money is paid on time."

Coca is not a new crop for Bolivians. Its use goes back hundreds of years. Soothsayers used to read fortunes with coca leaves. In the early 1970s the worldwide demand for cocaine escalated, and the Bolivian farmers began abandoning their fruit and vegetable crops.

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration has been trying to persuade the Bolivian farmer to cultivate bananas, coffee, and oranges by offering cash incentives. But this doesn't match what he can earn with a coca crop, and the program has been a failure so far.

These workers are oblivious to the Bolivian mafia, which reaps millions of dollars off their work.

One kilo of pure crystal cocaine (far left), will bring over a million dollars when sold on the streets of New York City. The Bolivian government acknowledges that for every kitchen they bust and destroy (above and bottom left), two more open.

The Bolivian mafia controls the majority of the business. One incident clearly exhibits its power: In 1983 a team of eight narcotics agents was sent to raid a prosperous cocaine kitchen in Chulumani. The kitchen destroyed, the narcotics agents decided to celebrate by drinking at a local hotel. Townspeople set fire to it; the agents were burnt alive. Later, the charred bodies were dragged into the street, where their testicles were cut off and stuffed into their mouths.

Most authorities recognize that it is a no-win situation. The only possible way to control the problem is to reduce the demand for cocaine. Obviously, these cocaine kitchens will continue to provide tenuous employment for Bolivian youth for years to come.

BAIRD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

that I can take a woman to bed is an insult to women and to me.

Penthouse: What is your attitude toward feminists?

Baird: Many of them are not feminists. I call them what they are—sexists. There are men who are sexists, and there are women who are sexists, as well. I know that it is hard for liberals to accept this fact.

Penthouse: What do you mean?

Baird: I've run into a lot of liberals who say, "Hey, we've got to see that these women have equal opportunity." I say, You're right, but have you ever looked at the masthead of *Ms.* magazine? Ninety-nine percent of them are women, yet 52 percent of the labor market are women. So I'm saying to the Gloria Steinems of the world, Practice what you preach. A true feminist believes in the equality of both sexes, and practices it.

Penthouse: Although you have been successful in fighting for women's rights in this country, are you saying that you have received no support from the national feminist movement?

Baird: Absolutely none that can be translated into terms of financial support. But I don't want to be misread or misunderstood. I need emotional support. How great it would be to once have a Betty Friedan or a Gloria Steinem or a *Ms.* magazine say something like, "Bill Baird, thank you for putting up with a lot of stuff we did not have to put up with."

Penthouse: I gather that you don't believe feminists are aware how serious the threat of violence is from antiabortion groups.

Baird: Well, *now* they're issuing statements condemning it. But where was NOW in 1978 when I was calling for an investigation? Did it take them seven years to realize their sisters were in danger? Every time I get clobbered by antiabortion people, you never hear a word in my defense from NOW.

Penthouse: What is your quarrel with Planned Parenthood? Don't they support abortion on demand?

Baird: No, not really. They backed a reform bill that only allowed for abortion in cases of rape, incest, mental instability of the woman, or a malformed fetus. But 93 percent of the women I saw did not fit those categories. Most wanted to have abortions for economic or social reasons. My feeling was, Who the hell is Planned Parenthood to compromise the freedom of these women?

Penthouse: Tell us something about the "Army of God."

Baird: The FBI claims that the Army of God does not exist. I say that it does, and I have seen enough evidence from people across the nation who have gotten messages from them. Justice Blackmun, before his home was fired upon, received calls from them that he would be killed. I received a letter from them that said, "As you have tortured others, you will be tortured. As you have murdered little babies, so will you be." Dr. Hector Zevallos, who runs a clinic in Illinois and is a friend of mine, was kidnapped by the Army of God along with his wife. I know that the Army of God is real and that they are entrenched in some fundamentalist sect.

Penthouse: Would you agree that these people generally justify their violence in the name of religion?

Baird: In 1979 my facility was firebombed with 50 people present. A man named Peter Burkin walked in, carrying a gallon of gasoline in one hand and a two-foot flaming torch in the other. He claimed that he was sent by God to get Bill Baird and cleanse the facility with fire.

Penthouse: Did Burkin belong to any of the national antiabortion organizations?

Baird: Here's what we do know. He was seen the week before the bombing, according to evidence given at his trial, picketing with antiabortion people outside my facility in Long Island. We also know that he was seen in Philadelphia, and prior to that in New York City, yet he reportedly has no money. Who was supporting him?

> The political climate is ripe for terrorists to feel that they can intimidate and frighten people, thanks to Mr. Reagan and the FBI.

Penthouse: Did you ever find out?

Baird: I appealed to Nassau County District Attorney Dennis Dillon to investigate it, but what I later learned was that for the previous two years the district attorney had been given an award by a local right-to-life group. So I don't put much stock in anything he may have done about the information.

Penthouse: Do the antiabortion terrorists have any relationship to the neo-Nazi groups that have been active lately?

Baird: Well, I would certainly like to investigate the Ku Klux Klan, which is very antiabortion. They see themselves as fundamentalist Christian soldiers marching on to war. We also know they have been organized a long time, using violence and weapons. They're of that mentality that goes around bombing and shooting at clinics. They're mental clones of people like the Ayatollah Khomeini and Jerry Falwell, believing that God is on their side. They are totally intolerant of differences of opinion, intolerant of freedom of other individuals. They tell you that unless you believe the way they do, you are never going to be allowed to exercise your rights.

Penthouse: Falwell certainly has a right to oppose abortion. But how is that kind of opposition related to people who attack abortion clinics?

Baird: I'm talking about religious leaders in general, and I only use Jerry Falwell as one of them. I could cite Archbishop O'Connor, who should be sent back to a farm in Pennsylvania. Here's a man who comes to New York and says that his No. 1 priority is to stop abortion. Not drug addicts, not the hungry, not the people who freeze to death in these cold winter months, but abortion. Then he equates abortion with the Nazi Holocaust. It is this kind of rhetoric that turns emotionally crippled people loose to kidnap doctors, blow up clinics, and take shots at United States Supreme Court justices.

Penthouse: It sounds as though those who extend such rhetoric into acts of violence are all loonies. Are they?

Baird: I'm not convinced that they are all loonies. I think that they are people who are definitely misguided and are following what they think is a moral viewpoint of imposing by law or terror a particular religious dogma. They are the same types of people who took part in the Salem witch trials a few hundred years ago.

Penthouse: How has all of this affected you personally?

Baird: I was a dreamer when I began, 22 years ago. I thought people would not let me go to jail. I believed that they would come to my side because I was fighting for justice. Now, 22 years later—and it's painful for me to say this—but people don't give a damn about it. The number of people who supported me in the beginning was monumental compared to the support I have now.

Penthouse: Why?

Baird: Because people are now frightened. They're frightened of the shootings, the firebombings.

Penthouse: Are you going to fight this battle for the rest of your life?

Baird: No, because I don't think I am going to make it. I feel this more than ever. I'm not paranoid, because the threats are here, but I wake up in the middle of the night thinking of being murdered. I am separated from my family because of my involvement and I'm also dead broke. There are real efforts made by antiabortion people to block my appearances on radio and television and particularly at colleges and high schools.

Penthouse: But you go on.

Baird: Yes, but I need help. That is why I am trying to put a coalition together of people from all kinds of groups—women, blacks, gays—because the common denominator for all is freedom.

NEW STRIDE

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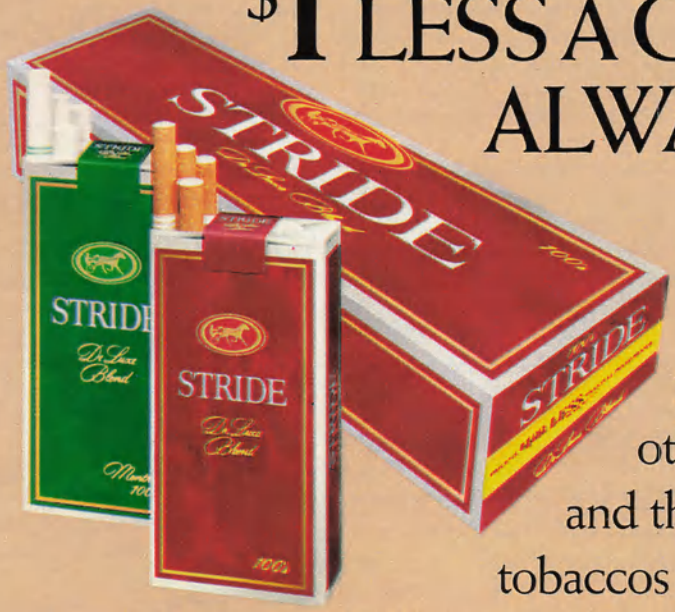

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

time for more sex. While I walk around with a perpetual hard-on, she is satisfied with the situation as it is. We have, of course, discussed this matter, but I would welcome any suggestion you might have.—W. B.

Your problem stems from the fact that you both lead hectic lives. Although you feel that there's time for more sex, she has found an interest that possibly fulfills some of her sexual needs.

In the TV miniseries "The Thorn Birds," a Roman Catholic priest is more in love with God than the girl whom he would marry if his circumstances were different. It's a matter of priorities.

In Victorian England young men were encouraged to take strenuous physical exercise and cold showers to "sublimate" their sexual desires.

Even today a dedicated golfer would probably rather fill a hole in one on the green than in the bedroom. Often when writing autobiographical anecdotes of my own erotic experiences, I find that to be a substitute for real sex. This is much to the chagrin of my lover, who is actually jealous of my electric typewriter, which he regards as a rival.

Bodybuilding is a sport that has only been taken up by women recently. It is obviously a form of egomania or narcissism. In its final stage, it leaves little room for love of anything other than oneself.

Let's hear from bodybuilders and their lovers! I'm anxious to find out how it has affected their sex lives.

FANCY FOOTWORK

My girlfriend Anita is a beautiful Spanish lady, five foot four with 36-inch firm, bouncy breasts, a slim, flat stomach with a 23-inch waist, and soft 34-inch hips, just right to be held in my arms. We were dating for about two months when she was in a car accident. Her right leg was badly injured. The tendons in it were almost destroyed, and she was in traction for two months. Before the accident she had lovely legs. We are both university students. I study engineering and she studied modern dance.

To allow the damaged parts of her leg to heal, they made an incision down the inside of both legs and sewed them together so the tissue in the good left leg could feed the damaged tissue in the right leg. Both legs were put in a cast from the ankles to the thighs. She was released from the hospital to go home and rest in bed.

Her parents are dead and, except for a poor aunt in Puerto Rico, she has no one else. I have come to love her very much, and I am fairly wealthy, so I asked her to stay with me in my apartment. I hired a nurse to come and check on her every day.

She was so depressed that she wouldn't talk, even to me. I quit school for the semester and stayed with her. Before the accident we had made love only twice.

I stayed in bed with her, held her, kissed her, and massaged her tits and loved her as much as I could. But it just depressed her more because we could not have intercourse. I tried to help her masturbate, but she couldn't.

For the next two weeks she was horribly depressed. Every day I brought her roses or balloons to try to cheer her up. Nothing worked. One day, at the end of my wits, I noticed that her feet were dirty—so I decided to wash them. I washed her feet slowly with warm, sudsy water, then rinsed and dried them. Then I massaged them and began to kiss her heels with tiny, tender kisses and worked my way to her toes. Then I kissed and gently took each toe, one at a time, into my mouth and sucked and caressed each toe with my tongue. I was lost in the tenderness of the act and when I stopped to take a breath, I was surprised to notice that 40 minutes had passed. Then I took an ostrich feather that we had played with before and began to tickle her feet. She laughed, moaned, begged me to stop, began to cry, begged me not to stop, and had (so she told me) the most wonderful orgasm that she has ever known.

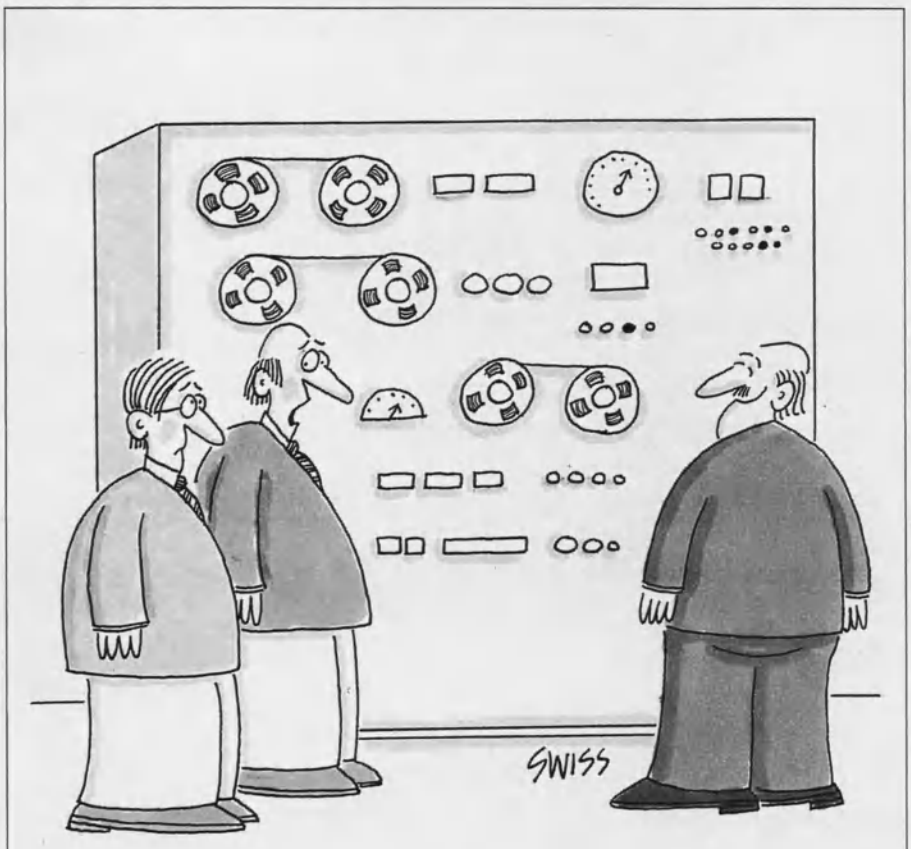
Since then her attitude has turned around. Anita and I spend almost all our time together now. We listen to records and watch television together. She is teaching me Spanish. I read to her quite often. We especially love your column and Penthouse.

Is it possible for someone to develop a fetish for their own feet as the result of a situation like this? Every day we have what she calls "foot sex." Every day, to please her and because it is fun, I decorate her feet and toes with satin ribbons, or lace, or feathers, or balloons, or combinations of things. She loves balloons. I try to do something different each day.

Sometimes I rub my bare penis against her now baby-soft feet and let her massage and tickle me to an erection and then into coming. Or I rub myself against her breasts and her hard, chocolate-colored nipples and let her lick and kiss me into coming. I love her very much and although I derive great pleasure from all the cute things that make her happy, I do not understand them.

Anita says that there is a proverb in Spanish that the love between a man and woman consists of two equal parts: the giving of yourself completely and totally with no thought of yourself, and the taking completely and enjoying fully what your lover gives you with no thought of yourself.

The prognosis for her recovery is very good. We hope to have the cast off just before Christmas and believe that she will



"If they ever develop a computer that can lick boots and kiss ass, we've had it!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

TAKE A NEWLOOK

AT THE PHENOMENA OF LIFE. THE GOOD, BAD, BEAUTIFUL, AND UGLY. THE NATURAL, UNNATURAL, AND SUPERNATURAL. THE HEROIC AND VILLAINOUS. THE ADVENTUROUS, BIZARRE, GLAMOROUS, AND THE SENSATIONALLY SENSUOUS.

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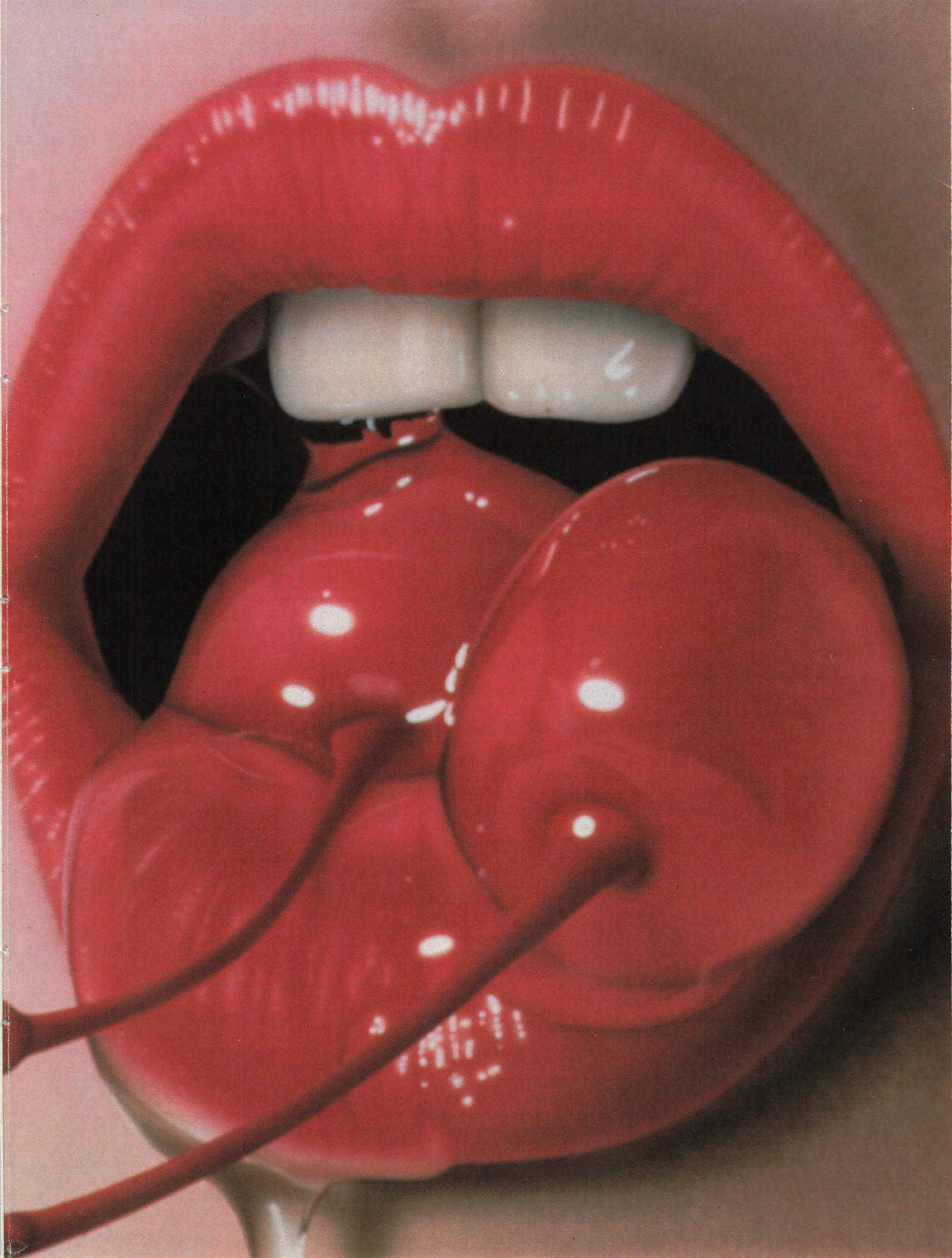
WHAT MEN WANT

BY BRIGITTE NIOCHE

"A sexually experienced woman with a pretty face and a slim body of average height, dressed in sexy, fashionable clothes, with an assertive, warm personality . . . and, preferably, a coworker."

This profile sums up, in a nutshell, the answers to our two questionnaires: "What Turns Men On?" which appeared in the October 1983 issue, and "Screwing Around at Work," an October 1984 survey. The numerous responses—drawn from married, single, and divorced participants located in all areas of the country, having diverse backgrounds and widely varying professions—were enthusiastic, open, and honest.

PAINTINGS BY YOSUKE OHNISHI



The purpose of these surveys was to hear directly from men how and if a woman can please them through her appearance and behavior, if this can enhance a relationship as well as its lovemaking, and finally to determine who initiates on-the-job affairs. How long have we believed, as gospel truth, that men go gaga over the classical blue-eyed voluptuous blonde, heavily made up and seductively passive? And just how many of us assume that the majority of lusty office interludes are initiated by men, while the majority of women merely acquiesce out of fear of losing their jobs?

If you, our readers, have assumed the preceding statements to be *facts,* then you may be astonished to discover that, according to you, the reverse is actually true: Men prefer women who don't coat themselves with cosmetics; the overwhelming majority are more likely to become impassioned over a pretty face than large breasts; and, unanimously, men express their desire for a self-assured woman rather than a coyly passive plaything. Perhaps most astonishing, *Penthouse* discovered that, contrary to popular opinion, it is actually women who initiate the majority of on-the-job affairs.

Peeling away layers of illusion, these surveys revealed other astounding facts which serve to dispel deep-rooted myths about male sexuality, such as: Men prefer making love to virgins, younger women are more of a turn-on than older women, and men are oblivious to women's sexual fulfillment.

Additionally, our contributors voted on who they believed to be the ten sexiest women in the world. The winners indicate that "sexy" no longer means simply big tits and great legs! Men are dazzled by intelligent women who possess a good sense of humor and exude an air of self-confidence (see p. 124).

The results show how different and oftentimes identical your preferences are . . . and after reading them, you may even find the inspiration to achieve new sexual heights.

WITH OR WITHOUT A BRA—WHAT'S A GREATER TURN-ON?

"It turns me on to see a pair of breasts right in front of my lips." Wishful thinking? Maybe! But wishful thinking is what 64 percent of the respondents do. However, more interesting than the statistics are the reasons for their preferences.

Without a bra: One enthusiastic reader said, "A little tit looks good and never hurts anyone. I like to see the shape of a woman's nipples, and the idea of her breasts rubbing against the blouse is exciting." Another stated, "A woman without a bra shows self-confidence, is inviting, wild, and adventurous."

With a bra: Those who voted for bra-bound women gave these reasons: "I'm very possessive," "I like her to be conservative, and not show the world," "I enjoy seeing cleavage in a low-cut dress," and "A braless woman seems to lack the discipline and mystery I find attractive."

DO MEN LUST AFTER YOUNGER WOMEN?

The answers to the question, "Do you prefer women who are younger, older, or your own age?" can lay to rest women's preoccupation with their age. Fifty-five percent of the respondents testified that age doesn't matter. Of the remainder, 19 percent want younger women, 16 percent contemporaries, and 11 percent are attracted to older women.

WHO WANTS A VIRGIN?

No one! "Making love to an experienced woman is by far the best," was the opinion voiced by 92 percent of the men. Neither age nor marital status influenced this answer.

The time when a woman saved her virginity for the man she married seems to be gone. "I would never marry another virgin," some men said. Others found that "virgins have too many questions and protests." They were also found to be "emotional downers."

Men prefer women to go braless. "I like to see the shape of a woman's nipples," said one, "and the idea of her breasts rubbing against her blouse is exciting."

Inexperienced women were blamed for "too much lovemaking in one position" and "a lack of willingness to try new things." Men perceive experienced women as more enjoyable, satisfying, and sensitive. As one contributor testified, "I like women who have been around a man's body enough not to be afraid of it, who know what feels good to a man." Another claimed, "Experienced women are more open, creative, and sensitive to their partners' needs."

DO MEN LIKE BEING SEDUCED?

"I like to be seduced," claimed 99 percent of the respondents. Sixty percent like to be asked directly, 16 percent prefer indirectly, and 24 percent said either way. In other words, all men like to have women lusting after them. The reasons why they find it exciting, however, vary. "I'm somewhat shy and an aggressive woman makes it easier on me," stated one gent. "It relieves the tension and eliminates the fear of rejection. It also opens up new channels of honesty." Another offered the opinion: "I like to feel wanted. It takes the pressure off me and eliminates the doubt about the rest of the evening."

For others, being asked is an ego-booster and a recognition of their manhood. Some of the responses were: "It is exciting because it is flattering," "I know that she's turned on to me, and *only* me, at that particular moment, and it gets me hot," and "It excites me very much because I'm an average guy and it's a great boost to my ego, not to mention to my sense of self-worth."

Others claimed that sharing the responsibility heightens the sexual experience. One man told us that his fantastic sex life was attributable to the fact that his wife openly expressed her desires on their first date. Upon kissing him good night, she said, "When we go out next week, would you fuck me, please?"

WHAT SHOULD A WOMAN WEAR?

Garter belts and stockings are men's favorites, while crotchless panties and bras that vary from peekaboo to half-cup to lacy push-up styles come in a close second. Other suggestions included short, transparent nighties; teddies; men's shirts worn open; sweatshirts cut off at the bust; bow ties; fur hats; jewelry such as ankle bracelets and waist chains; or, simply, high-heeled shoes. One man expressed his own unique technique: "My favorite is to tie a bow, using satin ribbon, around her neck. It's like enjoying a wonderful gift without any wrapping paper, just ribbons and bows."

HOW TO GET IT UP AGAIN

To excite a man for the second or third time does not seem to be a difficult task. The majority (61 percent) would like to have their penis caressed and sucked. Nineteen percent prefer to be cuddled, hugged, kissed, and gently caressed. A handful of other suggestions were: "Watch an X-rated movie," "Do a suggestive striptease," "Rake your fingernails lightly down my back," "Masturbate yourself," and "Get scantily dressed in sheer clothes and high-heeled shoes, sit, and talk intimately for a while."

However, there were a few exceptions, such as "nothing helps" to the other extreme of a 56-year-old man, who said, "I'm always aroused."

ARE MEN HAPPY WITH THEIR SEX LIVES?

One question asked, "Would you like your partner to be sexually more responsive, initiatory, adventurous, aggressive?" Forty-eight percent want their women to be more adventurous by trying new and unique methods of lovemaking and extended periods of foreplay. Twenty-two percent would like their partners to be more initiatory, 15 percent would appreciate a more aggressive female, and 12 percent want someone more responsive.

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 27

When talking about arms limitation,
Guys sometimes need quick relaxation.
So don't be repulsed
By Gromyko and George Shultz
Enjoying some disarming titillation.

The remaining three percent are the few lucky ones who are totally fulfilled and satisfied sexually.

WHAT BEHAVIOR TURNS MEN ON DURING LOVEMAKING?

Thirty-two percent of the respondents said they prefer aggressive women, 26 percent like mysterious women, 20 percent desire women who initiate sex but allow the man to carry the act through, 14 percent prefer women who look for guidance, and eight percent like women who are timid and shy. Pornographic language excites 80 percent of our readers, who say that it makes them feel more erotic. The following samples of "dirty talk" were voted the most effective: "You feel so good inside me," "I want your cock in me so badly," "You do that so well; you really know how to love a woman," and "You have a beautiful penis."

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!

One question asked, "If you had to give one suggestion to women how to be better lovers, what would it be?" One man said, "It's very important that a woman enjoy herself. First by being comfortable, then by doing whatever she needs to do to fulfill herself." Another stated, "Her pleasure is always more important than mine." Still another claimed, "A woman should not be afraid to please herself, because that pleases me."

In other words, men would like women to enjoy sex, to want it frequently, and to have fun. In addition, the following suggestions were given to women:

1. *Express your own desires.*

• "Don't be afraid to be a woman. Get in touch with your emotions and follow them through. Don't go to bed with a man simply because you want him to like you; the experience will be damaging to the relationship in the long run."

• "Good sex is a mutual act and anything less than that is just an extended form of masturbation."

• "Learn to communicate. Talk to your partner before, during, and after making love. Tell him what you like and don't like, but really stress what you like the most, no matter how simple it may seem to you." As another participant expressed it: "A woman shouldn't be afraid to tell him to kiss her here or there or touch her this way or that way. Admit that you are horny, and don't act prudish—become totally uninhibited sexually, don't be shy about fulfilling your own fantasies and desires. Go for what you want."

2. *Be more adventurous—be more open to sex.*

Men are definitely turned on by a woman who is willing to try new and different lovemaking techniques. Eighty percent of the respondents enjoy receiving oral sex, some finding it equally or more satisfying than normal fornication. Men aren't out to just "get off"—rather, they prefer making love with a woman who is aware of and sensitive to a man's needs, as well as their own, and is willing to experiment in fulfilling those needs. One man stated, "I wanted to make love with a woman. My whole body is me, not just my mouth and cock. Orgasms usually last for just a few moments. Lovemaking can go all night."

3. *Be aggressive—show initiative.*

Men's advice to women is: "Don't be a dead fish. Take the initiative more often." Men like to be made love to rather than always being the ones to initiate various positions. The old saying, "A lady in public and a whore in bed," gains credence here, with a majority of men preferring a woman who is aggressive and adventurous in bed.

4. *Try to please your man.*

A man likes to know that a woman desires him sexually and is interested in doing what she can to enhance his sexual pleasure. Tell your man not only that you love him, but that you enjoy his body sexually. Most men would like to be thought of as sex objects. One reader suggested that women "be more sensitive to your man's needs, the little things, both in and out of bed."

The overall consensus was summed up by one respondent: "Remember that a big part of good sex is mental. It isn't just physical. So put some effort into mind games and sexual foreplay, and try to fulfill a man's fantasy."

SCREWING AROUND AT WORK

And what about it? Are men the "villains" who initiate the majority of work-related affairs? How frequent and widespread are relationships between employees? And what are the pleasures and pitfalls of screwing a coworker?

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rassment while dating or sleeping with a coworker or subordinate is fading away rapidly. Working women are not only willing, but are often the aggressors. The majority of the men (84 percent) have been propositioned by a female coworker at one time or another. How many accepted? Approximately 70 percent. The others either laughed the proposition off or declined politely. No, they didn't claim to be virtuous. They had reasons for refusing. "I was involved with someone else at the time," claimed one gentleman. Another said, "The girl was too pushy, which could mean trouble later on."

Many of us are still accustomed to the man acting as the aggressor and are well aware of the tactics he uses. But just how does a working woman come on to a colleague she fancies? It's really quite simple.

Several women come right out and ask for what they want: "I would like to have an affair with you," or, "Would you like to come for breakfast?" Others are even more suggestive, as a real estate broker from Canada stated: "My secretary blatantly asked, 'Would you like a blowjob?' " A good-looking agricultural production engineer from Oklahoma shared his adventure: "We were all alone. She was horny and told me so. I said I could help her and believe me, I did."

Some women use more indirect methods. They ask a man out for a drink or invite him to their house for dinner. Others will rent a hotel room and then suggestively slip the key into the hand of the chap they desire. Whatever the tactic, women are, in staggering numbers, becoming the aggressors.

To further dispel the myth that secretaries are chased around the boss's desk, let us take a closer look at *who* really does *what* with *whom*, and what level of corporate status these people hold. The secretary/boss relationship accounts for 15 percent of all office affairs, a superior sleeping with a subordinate in another department accounts for another 23 percent, while only ten percent of office affairs are attempts at "sleeping one's way to success." The majority (52 percent) are colleagues holding similar job titles and earning similar salaries.

But why become involved at work? Most companies strongly disapprove of intimate relationships within the organization. Studies show that personal involvement between coworkers reduces productivity and makes other employees feel alienated. Consequently, several companies ask one of the employees involved to leave their job.

Yet even these grave consequences do not stop Mother Nature. Sexual gratification, love, fun, and excitement don't show up on the daily accounting tables, but as one woman put it, "It's much easier to get through the day knowing there's someone special in an office just down the hall."

Aside from the obvious comfort, there are other reasons for having affairs at work. What other situation offers as much opportunity and accessibility as working together for eight hours a day? In fact, it makes the logistics of getting together so easy that for many men and women it has become the only way to develop a relationship. A middle-aged executive offered an explanation: "Throughout my entire life, I've only met women through work and work-related activities. It is as foreign to me to pick up a lady in a bar as it is to fly by self-propelling." Work is also a catalyst for forming an emotional bond. "I picked someone close to my work because that was one topic we had in common," stated an attorney. "We often discussed work programs, or gossiped about people at work."

But this does not necessarily mean that a casual affair automatically advances to an intimate one. Thirty-six percent of the women and 30 percent of the men say they are interested only in sexual gratification, 18 percent of the women and 11 percent of the men are looking for something more permanent, and eight percent of the women and two percent of the men choose a fellow worker because it's an ego boost.

Women are not only willing to have sex with coworkers, but are often the aggressors. Eighty-four percent of the men surveyed have been propositioned by a female coworker.

Where and when do these affairs take place, and how frequently do couples get together? For the majority (44 percent), after working hours is the most convenient; 31 percent are restricted to doing it during working hours, overtime, lunch hours, or business trips; and 25 percent find time during the weekend. But how about the nitty-gritty? Where does it happen? If one of the parties is single, his or her abode becomes the natural environment for the rendezvous. However, marriage or an ongoing involvement poses a complicated problem. In that case, a friend's apartment or a hotel will serve as the playground. Eighteen percent confessed that they fulfill their lust at work, claiming that the danger of being discovered in a stockroom, closet, or on a desk adds to the excitement.

One would think that an involvement with a coworker, while performing a full-time job and often juggling another relationship, would become a burden. Ironically, 60 percent enjoy sex with their office mate at least twice a week, 33 percent once a week, and only seven percent are pressed for time—consummating their lust once a month.

Now that it's all out in the open and several myths have been shelved, the nagging question is, Is your lover fucking someone at work? Well, do not immediately point the finger at him or her—but in our survey only four percent claimed they have *not* indulged. Seventy-nine percent of the participants knew of other people in their company having a relationship with a coworker; 31 percent had between three to five affairs themselves, 20 percent admitted to having one, 17 percent to two, another 17 percent confessed they have had six to ten, and 11 percent ten to 15. Additionally, if you're wondering about the marital status of our participants, I regret to inform you that marriage isn't a safeguard against affairs. Forty-six percent are married and 54 percent are single. Their backgrounds are infinitely diverse: an archaeologist, a stockbroker, a teacher, a truckdriver, and even an inmate who had a fling with the correction officer's wife.

And what are the reasons men give for women being so eager? Do men consider their female coworkers whores if they acquiesce to an affair? Forty-three percent believe that for women, it is purely for sexual fulfillment. Either the woman is not enjoying sex at home or a coworker becomes her only available outlet. Thirty-six percent feel that women have affairs because it adds excitement to their jobs and consequently their lives, 13 percent think the motivation is to find love, and eight percent assume women use affairs to further their careers.

The survey indicated that men do not consider willing women at the workplace to be "easy lays." Nor do they assume that "male supremacy" controls the rules of the game. They see women as their sexual and emotional equals, who have needs to be satisfied and who can fully play the game of love without affecting job performance. Furthermore, women are attracted to their fellow workers as often and with as much passion and intent as, for centuries, was ascribed only to men. So in this contemporary fairy tale, Little Red Riding Hood is aggressively chasing the Big Bad Wolf, and out of mutual consent he will most likely be led into her home. In the final analysis, women thoroughly enjoy and seek sex at work as often as men, and the distilled profile of our lusty on-the-job lovers might be: "A human being between the ages of 17 and 60."

So the next time you're discussing corporate affairs with one of your colleagues, read between the lines. You may be astonished to find that your company offers many more "perks" than you had bargained for!

"Ellen acted as mentor and boldly showed Marsha just what the corporate body liked and just how to do it. . . . Marsha watched and responded, her fingers eagerly exploring her own satiny smoothness."

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

The ice was broken, an executive decision was made. Ellen was well-suited in white lace, but she was by no means an innocent. Being in the red was Marsha's preference when business turned to pleasure. As business colleagues, they were both at the top of their professions, but they rarely found time to dally with the men of their choice. They were both keenly aware of one another's widely diverse portfolio of interests—in the way that only businesswomen are. Melting into a strategic corporate merger, they predicted no bored room in their future as long as they had assets to share.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

Slipping aside silken defenses, Ellen acted as mentor and boldly showed Marsha just what the corporate body liked and just how to do it . . .

Marsha watched . . . and responded, her fingers eagerly exploring her own satiny smoothness. Then, leaning forward, she kissed her partner's softly swollen seat of power.

Later, Ellen gently invaded her colleague's sweet vault, making a tender offer that smacked of mutual profitability. No longer buried in their work, they became deeply immersed in play.

Is porn mindless because it comes out of California, or is California mindless because it produces so much porn?

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW
Those Young Girls (Paradise Visuals)
Right about when Tracy Lords was gobbling down Harry Reems's dork during *Those Young Girls,* I began trying to calculate just how young Tracy was back when Harry was starring in *Deep Throat.* Mathematics is definitely involved in this adult tape, with calculations in both inches and years. The producers had the brilliant idea of pairing the hottest of California's porn superstarlets, Ginger Lynn and Lords, with two of its oldest workhorses, John Holmes and Reems. Holmes, who even charges for interviews nowadays and has become increasingly mercenary in his old age, has been making a series of disastrous tapes simply because someone came up with enough money—or at least an amount he couldn't turn up his nose at. Problem is, producers who spend their money on John figure they don't have to spend any more on the production. *Those Young Girls* is different and one of the best I've seen him in since his comeback. The sex should make zipper manufacturers all over the country happy, and the action as a whole is enough to convince you that the new wave—represented by Lynn and Lords—is definitely the hottest one yet.
Those Young Girls ♟♟

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH
L'Amour (Caballero)
To say that only blacks can make films about racism and only Jews can comment on the Holocaust is an insult to the intelligence. Somehow, though, whenever I am choosing an adult tape to share with a lady love as a prelude to screwing, I naturally turn to women directors. Men still haven't broken out of the slam-bam, thrills-and-spills approach to sex, while females behind the camera know better. They establish a rhythm for the prelude to sex that can be exquisite, if that's your mood. Judging from the booming sales of adult tapes to women, I'd say the nation's mood is just that.

L'Amour: *giving as well as receiving.*

Marga Aulbach scores again with *L'Amour,* a witty, emotionally adept tape that includes topical themes as well as piston-action sex. Older women versus younger women, the problems of children of divorce, how to handle an ex—these are issues cut from the fabric of everyday American life. Harry Reems makes his least noxious screen appearance in some time as Vince Brewster, a remarried man who is falling behind on his ex's support payments. When the ex moves back in with Vince and his new wife, you have the type of setup worthy, well, not of Noël Coward, but at least of an above-average television movie. Kay Parker as the ex and Tom Byron as the kid of the first marriage both put in great performances, and Angel, as the money-grubbing second wife, plays the callow materialist to a T. Who cares if it's typecasting? The sex is wonderfully steamy and entertaining, especially in a hilarious episode of musical beds. After a session of watching Marga Aulbach's work, you'll feel sexy, not sleazy, and I'd be willing to bet it'll make your woman feel that way, too.
L'Amour ♟♟♟

HAIR-RAISING PORN
Shavetail (Ambassador)
Here's a little fetish tape that will have your hackles standing at attention: *Shavetail,* billed as the only adult video that features on-camera pussy shaving. If that isn't enough to make you hustle on out to the corner rental outlet and ask for it, you're probably bald, a barber, or a hemophiliac who can't stand the sight of razors.

Gillette should underwrite this tape, because there is a whole lot of shaving going on. Better sociologists than I will have to explain what a fetish for shaved pussy means, but the producers of this tape think they know, and they spell it out for you right in the display-package literature: "Imagine seeing four beautiful women, definitely over the age of 18, with vaginas shaved so clean they look like they belong to schoolgirls!"

We don't have to imagine it, because we have this tape, wherein four women—including statuesque newcomer Aurora—take blade samples of each other and come clean. While I don't like the leering "schoolgirl" reference, and while the production values here are way below the average shaving commercial, this is all harmless enough. You must be a true fetishist to sit through it, though, because otherwise it has no redeeming qualities at all.
Shavetail ♟

CLICHE OF THE MONTH
Golddiggers (TriVid)
If I see one more adult videotape opening with a montage of California freeway scenes, I'm going to release a huge technicolor yawn (the latest junior high slang for puke) into my Betamax and gum up all the works forever. No great loss, if tapes like *Golddiggers* keep on coming out of the California cliché factory. Is porn mindless because it comes out of California, or is California mindless because

it produces so much porn? It doesn't really matter, since the Golden State itself has become a huge, shimmering cliché in the field of adult entertainment.

The ingredients of a California porn video must be stamped into some minds at birth, part of the collective Californian unconscious. They are unvarying and automatically cause a glaze to roll over the eyes. The "mansion," a house in the Hollywood hills that looks like it was remaindered at the auction of a coke dealer's possessions. The pool scene. What is so fucking sexy about chlorine? One whiff of it and these folks go into a mating rut. The cordless phone and, lately, the car phone. Why do these people even need phones? They never say anything anyway! Palm trees. Freeways. Blondes. And last, but not to be lost in the shuffle, an utter null-and-void mindlessness.

Okay, we know it's easy to get people to take their clothes off in the land that raised situation ethics to an art and delivered Ronald Reagan unto the world. And you do need blond bimbos like the good-time Bunny Bleu to make a porn film. I still think every video camera in California ought to be licensed, like handguns are in Manhattan. *Golddiggers* isn't a total loss: There's a hot dyke scene, some nice freeways—uh, make that *three*-ways—and the production values, for Calipornia, are kept high. There is never any lead-in to the sex, but I guess that's the way people fuck in California: small talk one second, deep-dish cunnilingus the next. It must be someone's cup of sleaze, since people keep on moving out there, but it's not mine. *Golddiggers* ♟

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Take Off (Quality)

Take Off is a rather obscure choice for classic status, but I've seen it in a few video outlets and it's worth the trouble to hunt it down. It's a classic for couples: The women can leer at Wade Nichols, the male lead, and smirk their way through the story line, while the men can enjoy the ladies and the hot sex.

For fetishists who want to come clean: Shavetail.

Golddiggers: *no gem.*

The "take off" of the title is something you don't find too often in adult video—honesty in advertising. This tape takes off on any number of old films, stories, and rehashed themes, not the least of which is the *Dorian Gray* story line straight out of Wilde. Daren Blue (Nichols) was once filmed doing the horizontal mambo way back in the twenties. Now it's the 1970s, and Blue hasn't aged a bit, but his on-screen porno persona has gone geriatric.

What this plot allows director Armand Weston to do is follow Blue through the roaring twenties for a Humphrey Bogart takeoff, through the fifties for a Marlon Brando *The Wild One* takeoff, and into the sixties for the era of the deflower child.

All along the way, Nichols time-travels into great sex: with Leslie Bovee, the film's lusty, blowsy leading lady; with exquisite Annette Haven, who defines the term "classic"; and with Georgina Spelvin, who was, at the time *Take Off* was made, the most sexually adept woman in smut. The best thing this tape has going for it is a campy, offhand wit. If you like your fucking as serious as it is furious, stay away. Nichols is an ageless assman perfectly aware that what he's doing is simply good, dirty fun.

For a film made seven years ago, the sex scenes in *Take Off* feature up-to-the-minute explicitness—the Primal Act doesn't really change over the years, a fact which this story line demonstrates.

The women who do porn are small fragments of *Dorian Gray* in our lives; ageless and forever young, they are the same today on videotape as they were when they made their debuts on the splattered screen of the X-rated theater. But *Take Off* is too light a tape to occasion such weighty thoughts. It's funny, sexy, and involving, and that's about all you can ask of adult entertainment. *Take Off* ♟♟♟♟○+

RATING KEY

♟ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
♟♟ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
♟♟♟ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
♟♟♟♟ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU SELF-DESTRUCTING?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

We're all going to die sooner or later, but some of us help the process along with habits and behaviors that shorten our life spans. Psychologists refer to this sort of thing as ISDB (Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior), and this psychograph can help you estimate how prone to it you actually are.

Actually, everyone indulges in self-destructive behavior to some degree. Writing in the book *The Many Faces of Suicide*, U.C.L.A. psychiatrist Robert Litman says, "ISDB is part of the repertoire of all of us and is, in fact, ubiquitous." But the extent of self-destructiveness varies enormously from person to person. One guy may confine his self-destructive urges to something like biting his fingernails, while another gambles his paycheck away each week, never drives under 80 miles per hour, and has affairs with women whose husbands just happen to be the best shots in the local gun club.

From an evolutionary standpoint, any sort of self-destructive behavior would seem illogical and counterproductive. Yet psychological theorists suspect that ISDB sometimes actually performs a lifesaving function. It's one way the human organism wards off depression. It is, as Dr. Litman says, "our way of denying our ultimate helplessness against death, fate, bad luck, and inner turmoil." If we didn't have these defenses against despair, we'd all probably go out and jump off the nearest bridge. In fact, psychologists refer to some of the more extreme forms of ISDB as "second-degree suicide."

It's easy to fall into patterns of self-destructiveness because, by and large, these behaviors offer immediate gratification—though they may be dangerous in the long run. That also goes for the gentleman who's fucking the gun-club president's wife—the immediate pleasure of getting his rocks off is more powerful than the risk that her old man might someday come in and blow away substantial parts of his anatomy. It's easy to say, "You gotta die sometime," as long as "sometime" isn't too close at hand.

The following questions, derived from the psychological research on ISDB, can enable you to measure the dimensions of your own self-destructiveness. They may not keep you from self-destructing, but they may at least alert you to some dangers you hadn't noticed.

PART I

1. Would you say you're accident-prone?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Which of the following statements most accurately describes you:
   (a) Basically, I've got a pretty good opinion of myself.
   (b) I feel I'm as good as the next guy, although I have moments of self-doubt—as, I suppose, most people do.
   (c) I often feel worthless and helpless.

3. Do you think you're a lucky person?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) I don't think luck has much to do with anything one way or the other.

4. Do you have trouble remembering people's names?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

5. Are you usually prompt about keeping appointments and meeting deadlines?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing how you perceive time:
   (a) Time seems to pass very quickly; I never seem to have enough time to do everything I want.
   (b) Time seems to drag along for me; I sometimes have trouble filling my time and keeping busy.
   (c) Sometimes time passes very quickly for me; other times it seems to drag. I guess it all has to do with what I have to do, and whether or not I'm enjoying myself.
   (d) I never give much thought to how time passes; it just seems to go along steadily, and I don't notice if it's going quickly or slowly.

7. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) Basically life is pretty interesting; I'm never at a loss for things to do.
   (b) Life is basically boring, so you have to look for things that will make it exciting and interesting.

8. How do you feel about this statement: "I'm the most important person in my life. You've got to look out for No. 1 because nobody else is going to do it for you."
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree quite a bit
   (c) agree somewhat and disagree somewhat
   (d) disagree quite a bit
   (e) disagree strongly

9. How often do you feel depressed?
   (a) very often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

10. Immediately after having an argument with someone you're very close to, how are you likely to feel?
    (a) I often feel sorry and ashamed.
    (b) I feel withdrawn and cold.
    (c) I feel angry and want to go out and do something wild to work it off.
    (d) I'm not particularly close to anyone.

11. Which of the following statements most accurately describes you:
    (a) I'm a person who's quite careful about money. I may appear cheap to some people, but I feel you

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"This behavior offers immediate gratification, though it may be dangerous in the long run."

PSYCHOGRAPH

have to spend your money wisely.
(b) If I have money, I spend it. The main value of money is what it can buy for you, so why hoard it?

12. How do you feel about the future?
(a) I plan for the future; long-range goals and plans are important.
(b) I'm a spur-of-the-moment person. I'd generally rather do things on impulse than plan them. Why worry about the future? It's going to come no matter what, and there's not a lot you can do to change it.

13. Do you think other people perceive you as someone who's strong and in control of his life?
(a) yes
(b) Some do, some don't.
(c) no
(d) I'm not sure, but that's how I *want* them to perceive me.

14. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Going to a psychologist or psychiatrist might be all right for other people, but not for me. First of all, I don't feel as if I have any great problems; but even if I did, going to a shrink would be the last thing I'd do."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

15. Would you say you're the type of person who is more likely to:
(a) give advice
(b) take advice

16. If you had to choose, would it be more important to you:
(a) to have a strong, close relationship with only one woman
(b) to have lots of casual sex with many different women

PART II

For each of the following questions, check the answer that applies to you:

	yes	*no*
1. Do you ever get so high that you get sick?	___	___
2. Do you put off going to the doctor even when you're pretty sure you've got something wrong with you?	___	___
3. Do you neglect to take medicines that have been prescribed for you?	___	___
4. Are you involved in fights or in arguments that go to the brink of physical confrontation once a year or more?	___	___
5. Do you generally drive faster than the posted speed limit?	___	___
6. Do you drive when you're high?	___	___
7. Do you gamble more than you can afford to lose?	___	___
8. Do you engage in such risky sports as mountain climbing, hang gliding, or parachuting?	___	___
9. Are you more than 40 pounds overweight?	___	___
10. Do you regularly participate in any illegal activity that could cost you your job and/or your reputation? (Do not overlook such "minor" offenses as shoplifting or petty thievery at the office.)	___	___

SCORING

PART I

Items in Part I of this psychograph deal with personal characteristics and opinions that tend to show up among people who exhibit Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior. All possible answers in this section have been assigned point values, listed below. To find your score for Part I, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 80 points; the lowest, 16.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-5, b-4, c-1
3. a-1, b-5, c-1
4. a-5, b-2, c-1
5. a-1, b-5
6. a-1, b-5, c-3, d-1
7. a-1, b-5
8. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
9. a-1, b-2, c-5
10. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-4
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-3
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-1, b-5

If you scored 60 to 80 points:
Psychologically speaking, you appear to bear a strong resemblance to people who are prone to ISDB. This doesn't necessarily mean you're out there actively seeking to sabotage your own life, but it does indicate that you have the type of personality that can easily fall into self-destructive patterns. You take your pleasures wherever, and as often as, you can find them. Yet all the while, something may be eating away inside you and pushing you toward behaviors that will take a heavy toll in the long run.

37 to 59 points:
Your personality is the type that is moderately prone to Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior. If you were a gambler, you might not risk your life's savings but you'd wager enough so that paying your monthly bills would always be a touch-and-go proposition. Your ISDB urge is strong enough that it could be taking a substantial toll on your life over the long haul.

16 to 36 points:
You appear to have a relatively weak tendency toward Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior. You probably take life more seriously than most ISDB types do. You're likely to examine your actions and motives more deeply than those who scored above you on this psychograph. You're more willing to face life's unpleasant side.

PART II

This section focuses on some of the most obvious and serious forms of IDSB. In a sense, it acts as a check on your responses to the questions in Part I. (Theoretically, if you scored high in Part I, there's a good chance you engage in some of the behaviors described in Part II.) Part I measures possible psychological tendencies toward ISDB; Part II determines whether or not you actually exhibit some of the more extreme forms of such self-destructive behavior.

There is no scoring evaluation for Part II. If you checked "yes" on *any* of the Part II items, you're practicing some fairly severe forms of Indirect Self-Destructive Behavior, and you may have a problem you should do some thinking about—no matter what your score on Part I of the psychograph.

SPIN

In March SPIN hit the newsstands, but it didn't stay around for very long. It virtually sold out in the first two weeks.

We promised the magazine would be fun, open, informative, graphically bold and, most of all, completely in touch with what was new and exciting. It was a safe promise and we make it again, because we created SPIN first, our advertising second.

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In the new issue—on sale May 14th—the Talking Heads talk out loud, Billy Joel talks out louder, Nick Rhodes talks softly about Duran Duran and solo projects, and Julie Brown talks a funny mile a minute. Also, John Fogerty reborn on the Bayou, UB40, Los Lobos, The Smiths, Vangelis, Einstürzende Neubauten, videos reviewed like nowhere else, a lighthearted dig at John McEnroe and a deep look at All-American go go music from our capitol.

Plus, writing for us, Wally George with his outrageous opinions on teen sex, Henry Rollins on 7-11 stores, and producer Nile Rodgers on car stereos.

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HGSS4

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

be able to walk, with care. I never imagined that I could be as happy as I am with her, but I am damned if I understand her.—D. B.

Medical science is still unsure which part of our brain performs what function, but the one thing that seems certain is that we only use a very small part of that complicated lump of gray matter in our daily lives. In the same way, most people only use a very small part of their bodies when they make love. The fact is that every square inch of us is sensitive to a greater or lesser degree, and the physical sensation of touching and being touched transmits a signal to our brain. Even rays of light impinging against our retinas can convey a stimulating, sensual message to our minds. Hence a healthy male can get a hard-on when basking in the sun and dreaming away with his eyes closed, or while looking at the topless beauties parading around, or, for that matter, from watching an X-rated movie.

When I make love in the sixty-nine position I get an orgasm, not so much from what my partner's tongue is doing to me, as from the visual and tactile feel of *his* orgasm. The pulsing of his penis in my mouth and hand, the sudden spurt of sperm, is what really makes *me* come. What happens is that the pleasure sensation on the clitoris, or tongue, or penis, or, in your girlfriend's case, feet, sends a phone message jangling through the wires of your nervous system to the brain. The brain buzzes another message back to the appropriate part of the sexual organs, and you have an orgasm.

On several occasions I have experienced the sensations of orgasm through parts of my body other than my vagina. Once I fantasized that my big toe was an extension of my own body, much like a man's penis, and while making love to a lesbian friend of mine, I experienced a stronger orgasm through that big toe while she sucked me than I had thus far felt with men through my clitoris. To have my feet massaged or my toes sucked is one of the most sensual feelings I know in lovemaking. I can very well understand that a woman who meets a toe fetishist may be utterly delighted, as most lovers have no idea that feet can be used for any other purpose than walking.

In your case, you and your lady have achieved an incredible degree of communication and intimacy. The Spanish proverb is very true, but it has an extension: The more you give in a relationship, the more you usually receive.

SECOND ADOLESCENCE

I am a man in my early sixties who has just had a rejuvenation in fucking. I had regressed to being satisfied only if I fucked my wife two or three times a month.

About a month ago it started coming back. I wanted to fuck at least once a day. Most of the time she would turn me down, saying that was all I thought about and she was right.

Now I masturbate almost every night. I get a copy of Penthouse *and start reading your "Forum" column and imagine I am getting screwed or blown like some of those letter writers. When I get ready, I go in the bathroom, raise the lower toilet seat, and put my cock between that and the porcelain toilet. I find a picture of one of the girls with a nice shot of her open cunt and try to find a letter from a woman who is telling her lover to "fuck me hard."*

Do you know of any way I can get my wife to enjoy sex more often? And what do you think of my style of masturbation? It's not like the real thing, I know, but it's better than nothing. I'm not a dirty old man—just a horny one.—M. S.

It sounds as if you don't give much time to making love to your wife. All you want to do is fuck her. When she won't do it, you fuck the toilet seat instead. Although you may have been married a long time and by now regard your wife as part of the furniture and fixings in your home, she is still a woman and deserves to be treated as one. I'm constantly giving advice in my column to young people on dating and seduction, setting the scene, getting your partner into a romantic mood, etc. This aspect of a sexual relationship doesn't seem to have crossed your mind. You might, for instance, invite your wife to participate in your masturbation.

As for your second question, the machinery that you use in masturbation is unimportant, whether it be your hand, a warmed-up grapefruit, an imitation vagina, or, as in your case, a toilet seat. I've also heard of people using a shower head, a piece of liver, or a vacuum cleaner. There is no end to man's ingenuity.

"It was one of the few mountaineering records left."

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EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 4, NO. 6

SKIRTING THE ISSUE

If this trend takes off, we're all in trouble! Although so-called designers introduced skirts for men as early as the sixties, they never really caught on. But now it seems that more "men" are wearing skirts than ever before. No matter how many eyebrows go up, these men are making fashion statements loud and clear. (*The New York Times*)

Now that they're wearing skirts, do they have to shave their legs?—Editor

HOG HEAVEN

He may be a pig, but he's *our* pig, claims John Tirpak, of Summit Hill, Pennsylvania. He pleaded not guilty to the charge of violating an ordinance banning livestock within borough limits, saying that his 1,000-pound porker—named, unsurprisingly, Porky—was not livestock, but a pet. Porky, who is now three and a half, has been with the Tirpaks since he was eight weeks old. "If this ordinance is enforced on me, I'm going to make certain other pet owners are held accountable, too," vowed Tirpak. "Porky is getting very upset. He knows something is up. He's even started to growl. He doesn't want anybody near him." Tirpak defended Porky's rights by stating that his pen is clean and cannot be seen from the street, that Porky has been neutered and can't breed, and that at three and a half years, he is too old to be eaten. (*The Burlington Free Press*—submitted by Donald Thomas, Rutland, Vt.)

Bet he'd make at least a dozen good footballs, though.—Editor

750,000 Pennies for His Thoughts

Peter Nordby of Chicago won the lottery and is now a millionaire. After getting divorced, he decided to pay his wife's legal fees of $7,500 by bringing 750,000 pennies to court. The judge rejected the payment method, but Nordby posed for the above photo with his ex-wife, her lawyer, and Nordby's attorney (right). (*Newsday*)

He was penny-wise and pound-foolish.—Editor

Free to Be You and Me

When the Bakersfield, Vermont, zoning board granted Jim Cunningham permission to open a private school on his 16-acre farm, they thought they had a sure thing. Cunningham espoused strong Roman Catholic morals, and favored open classrooms and individualized instruction. What the zoning board didn't know at the time was that if Cunningham has his way, teachers and students will attend school in the nude. "When it comes to Catholic morality, I'm with the Vatican 100 percent," Cunningham insists. He points out that Pope John Paul II did not ask topless women to put on bras when he traveled to New Guinea. Nor is the church hierarchy embarrassed to meet in the Sistine Chapel under Michelangelo's nudes. Cunningham feels that Catholic school's usual approach is unhealthy for children. "The nuns made me feel embarrassed to take my socks off in front of my parents," he says. (*Newsweek*—submitted by Aaron Bisno, Macon, Ga.)

Somehow we don't think today's nuns are going to feel much different about Mr. Cunningham's ideas.—Editor

EASY COME, EASY GO

Last month it was our pleasure to announce the wedding plans of Howard Johnson, 40, and JoAnn Clevenger, 13. Well, we're sorry to have to inform you that ol' Howard has filed for a divorce on the grounds of "cruel and inhuman treatment." The sixth-grader, Mrs. Johnson, has 30 days to respond to the charge. (*New York Post*—submitted by Daryl Phillips)

What did she do—eat milk and cookies in the master bedroom?—Editor

On the Lam

No, this is not a scene from a new horror movie. It's an ostrich, six feet tall, 200 pounds, escaping from a truck en route to a zoo in Las Vegas. The creature, who can run as fast as 40 miles per hour, was captured 20 minutes later. (*Newsweek*)

It was probably just running away from all the other weird birds that hang out in Vegas.—Editor

No Washee, No Livee

Stanley Diehl, 52, was charged with second-degree murder for shooting his wife, Ellen, last December 4. Diehl told police that he was provoked into shooting Mrs. Diehl because of her poor cooking and sloppy housekeeping. Detective Richard Fitzgerald said at a preliminary hearing that the house looked as if it had "not been properly cleaned in a year." It was filled with dust, cobwebs, dog manure, and food. The bedroom where Mr. Diehl kept his rifle and shotguns was the cleanest area. (*The New York Times*)

And cleanliness is next to godliness, they say.—Editor

WOMAN SHOOTS, SAWS, AND BARBECUES HUSBAND

A San Jose, California, woman was convicted of the murder of her husband, who was suffering from multiple sclerosis. The prosecutor said that she shot her husband with a .22-caliber automatic pistol because she didn't want to take care of him. "She told people she would never push a wheelchair." He also accused the woman, Dianne Fellman, of carefully planning her husband's murder. "His body was sawed into pieces, parts of the body were put into a fire, and according to one of the gals she confessed to, she actually took a bite out of his arm as he was being cooked." Fellman first aroused suspicion when she burned her husband's body in the family barbecue. "A neighbor came up and noticed a horrible smell," said the prosecutor. "She said she was burning leaves." Another neighbor saw her digging outside the cabin where her husband's remains were later found. "She admitted digging but said she was going to the bathroom two feet away from the window to the living room," said the prosecutor. "They had no plumbing, but that's still not where you'd do it." (*Los Angeles Herald Examiner*—submitted by Ron Allard, Reseda, Calif.)

Ms. Fellman should meet Mr. Diehl (see left).—Editor

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AD OF THE MONTH

(*Auto Shopper*—submitted by J. Cooney, South Amboy, N.J.) (Left)

And your kid can always practice jimmying open the doors.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL

WHAT REALLY GETS ME IS THE UNFAIRNESS OF IT ALL!
THIS HOT SHOT TAKES OVER THE THIRD-LARGEST BROKERAGE HOUSE AND ONE YEAR LATER IT'S BANKRUPT... DOES ANYONE SUE HIM FOR MALPRACTICE?
OUR TOP GENERAL DECIDES TO FAKE ENEMY CASUALTY FIGURES AND THEN LOSES THE WAR... DOES ANYONE SUE HIM FOR MALPRACTICE?
AND WHAT ABOUT THAT MOVIE DIRECTOR WHO MADE A THREE-HOUR WESTERN THAT LOST FORTY MILLION DOLLARS... DID ANYONE SUE HIM FOR MALPRACTICE?
OF COURSE NOT!!! BUT I LEAVE ONE LOUSY RUBBER GLOVE IN SOME DAME'S STOMACH AND I'M SUED FOR TWO MILLION!!!
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO THE AMERICAN IDEAL OF EQUAL INCOMPETENCE BEFORE THE LAW?

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

my now-confining shorts.

At the checkout I saw the woman having her things put into a bag. I quickly went over to the express lane and, feeling my shyness disappear in the face of a prime opportunity, pleaded with a customer to let me go ahead, saying my engine was running. I paid for my hot dogs and buns, went over to where the woman was paying for her food, and offered to take her bag before the bag boy got to her. She thanked me in a high, southern voice which sounded like it came from a schoolgirl. As she led me to the car, I tried but failed to find panty lines beneath her shorts. Her bag was heavy, so I put her apples in my bag to even the the weight a little bit.

I put her food in the car. She smiled and thanked me again, and at that moment I could think of nothing else to say but "You're welcome." Then she said, "So long" (it was getting there). The moment her door slammed I realized I had her apples. I continued back to my car, got in, and followed her.

Parking on the narrow street in front of her small house, I watched her pull into the driveway. It was a very warm night, and I was sweating a lot. The house was completely dark—an indication that this beautiful woman was single. I felt a drop of come on the end of my prong.

She was very surprised to see me but, after I explained that I'd taken her apples by mistake, gave me a warm southern smile and invited me in. While at the grocery she had seemed merely polite, on her own turf she now became openly sensuous. She seemed completely at ease.

I waited for her on the couch while she put her food away. Then she joined me with two cold beers in hand. She introduced herself as Corinne and told me she had been divorced for a year. After I had finished the beer in three chugs and we had talked for a short while—mostly about her love of the South and my feelings about being out of school—I told her I thought she had a beautiful figure. She really did, especially for a woman her age. A drop of sweat ran down her stomach from her cleavage. "You're very handsome yourself," she said.

With that, she put her hand on my thigh and leaned over to give me the slowest, wettest kiss I'd ever had. My rod was stiff and hot now. She whispered in my ear that she wanted to taste me as she bit my earlobe. Her hand opened my zipper. Slowly pulling off my shorts, she found my beam resting uncomfortably beneath the surface of my underwear. My cock was in such agony. I lay my head back on the cushion and let her have her way. She had my underwear off now and was licking the length of my cock. Her tongue had obviously been over a lot of prick.

Up and down my shaft, her lips and tongue and hands surrounded me. She sounded like a leopard in heat the way she whined away as she sucked. I quickly shot my load, and she drank and drank.

A minute later, after coming out of my stupor, I was ready again. She was now lying on the floor in the middle of her plush white shag rug, waiting. I straddled her and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. Her nipples were fully erect and must have been half an inch long! I went down on them, sucking away for what must have been a half hour, until she took one of my hands and gently placed it over her pussy. Her shorts were soaked right through.

I took them off and found that she wasn't wearing any panties. Beads of pussy juice hung on her blond snatch. What a sight! I dove in to what seemed like endless layers of hot, wet, pink flesh. She went crazy, swearing and groaning "Oh, God" over and over. She also told me where and how fast to move my tongue. I caught on quickly, and before long she was moving her snatch up and down on my face and gasping as she breathed. She came like a cannon and I felt her clit pulsing against the tip of my tongue.

By this time, of course, my lamppost had regenerated, and before she had a chance to catch her breath, I thrust it into her. So tight was she, I imagined myself being her first in a year. We soon found, and matched, each other's rhythm. Then all of a sudden she told me to stop, and I obligingly pulled out, wanting to know what could possibly be wrong. She pulled my head close to hers and whispered, in that girlish southern drawl of hers, "I want you to fuck me from behind, baby."

Positioning herself on hands and knees,

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she took my poke in hand and guided me through the same juices I could still taste on my lips. She told me to fuck her slowly at first, but I could only last so long at a snail's pace. I squeezed her ass as we rocked back and forth. Her cunt squeezed me. My hands were on her tits. Her hand reached for my balls. She began a long, primal moan and I could tell she was beginning to come. I felt my own body begin to shiver and shake as her cunt contracted around my cock. I screamed and felt my come dripping down her thigh. I rammed myself into her a final time, and we both fell to the floor awash in a pungent puddle of our own sweat and juices.

An hour and a few tender kisses later, I left. She wouldn't give me her phone number, and so I returned to the campground with my hot dogs, realizing for the first time that Andy had been expecting me back in a few minutes. He was pretty upset.—*Name and address withheld*

FRONT ROW JAMMIN'

Before I get started, I would like to get a few things straight. I'm not the kind of guy who makes up stories about his sexual bravado in order to enhance his ego. I'm an average guy with average looks. And unlike most of the guys who write to "Forum," I don't have a ten-inch cock (though I don't think many of them do, either). Now that we've got that settled, I'll tell you about the most unbelievable sexual experience I ever had.

It all started when my best friend Pete decided that he wanted to go right up to the stage at the rock concert we were at. Now usually I try to find a decent seat, kick back, and cop that better buzz, but I gave in and told him that I'd fight the crowd with him. By the time we got inside, the floor was already packed. I asked Pete if he still wanted to try and get up front, and he said that he did. So we waded in. By the time we had maneuvered close enough to satisfy Pete, the opening band had finished and the main band was just beginning to play.

I was pretty much bumming out as I was standing behind a girl who was slightly taller than myself. Damn, I thought, after fighting all the way up here, I still couldn't see worth a shit. I couldn't see what the girl's face looked like, but from what I could see from the back she had a hell of a body. She was getting into the music, jumping up and down.

What tore me up was that she kept rubbing her ass all over my crotch. I was quickly getting a hard-on (not ten inches, but respectable in its own right). It seemed that the harder I got, the harder she rubbed. I was getting into it when she reached back and grabbed my hands and pulled them around to her tits. She had the firmest, biggest tits I had ever felt, and her nipples were standing straight out. I reached down and slid my hands under her midriff shirt and started to lightly pinch her nipples. After a few minutes of that she pulled one of my hands down to her cunt. She was wearing a pair of shorts so tight that I could feel the separation of her cunt lips.

I unbuttoned her shorts and tried to put my hands down them, but they were too tight. When she saw that I couldn't get my hand in she reached down and pushed her shorts down to the floor. I almost flipped out when she started rubbing her naked ass all over me. I turned and looked at Pete. His eyes were about to pop out of his head. I reached down and ran my finger between her cunt lips and over her clit for a few minutes. Noticing how wet she was, I decided to go for it—crowd or no crowd.

I pushed my pants down around my knees and proceeded to slide my cock between the cheeks of her ass. I reached around and pulled my cock through her legs, against her ass, cunt, and clit. After very little of that, she reached down and grabbed my dick, went up on her tiptoes, and dropped back down, engulfing my cock in all her silky wetness. I held off as long as I could, until I thought I was going to explode, when all of a sudden she arched her back and started shaking all over. Well, that was all that I needed: I blew my rocks like I never had before (or since, for that matter).

I pulled out of her and she bent over to pull up her panties and shorts. When I bent down to do the same, I heard her yell, "Thank you," as she moved off into the crowd. Nothing like that had ever happened before, and I always stand up in front when I go to concerts now. I don't think that anything like that could happen twice to a guy . . . but you never know.—*Name and address withheld*

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HUNG HUNK

When my wife, Amanda, and I make love, we often tell each other sexual fantasies to heighten our excitement and orgasms. One of our fantasies takes place in the Caribbean. Amanda and I decide to cut loose from our inhibitions by sunbathing nude on the beach, which makes us both very horny. Although the beach is rather deserted, we both feel a little self-conscious for the first few minutes. After a while, a hunk of a man in his early thirties lays his blanket down about 15 feet from us. I notice my wife staring at this stranger and know she is very excited at the sight of his enormous cock and dark complexion. I then make an excuse to go back to our bungalow, where I can watch the two of them in secret.

My wife is lying on her stomach, applying some oil to her back. The stranger, noticing her futile effort, asks if he could help. She cannot resist and stretches out in anticipation.

As he begins to apply the oil to her shoulders, her juices begin to flow, and he inches his body downward to where his cock is now hanging between her legs, barely brushing the lips of her pussy. As he begins massaging the oil on her ass, she unconsciously starts to rotate her hips ever so slightly.

Pondering my return, the stranger gets off of my wife and asks if she could apply some oil to his body as well. She readily agrees and begins to rub the oil into his skin. Amanda cannot wait to rub his cock and balls. She saves them for last and then spends extra time and effort massaging them. Even though he gets only semihard, the sight of it alone makes Amanda's pussy ache to be fucked. The stranger finally leaves, leaving my wife hot and extremely horny. She races back to the bungalow where she sees me stroking my cock.

Without hesitation, she kneels in front of me and begins to suck on my cock as I tell her what it was like to watch. We begin to fuck. Amanda whispers in my ear her desire for the other man's cock. We now relive this experience countless times when we make love.—*Name and address withheld*

RED-HOT FOR PINK PANTIES

One afternoon I stopped at a fast-food joint on my way home from work. While I was there, a group of girls from a nearby nursing school sat at a booth across the aisle from me.

One of the girls facing me was an attractive blonde dressed in a white skirt and blouse. Even in her uniform, it was obvious that she possessed a good body. This young lady had her legs crossed in such a way that I could see her panties. Whenever the girls would laugh, her legs would spread, giving me a wider view. By this time I was definitely staring at her crotch. I looked up and she was looking directly at me, smiling. Chills ran up and down my spine.

Instead of covering up, this girl lifted one leg and placed her foot on the bench, giving me a clear view of her crotch. Her pink panties were stretched tight against her pussy, and the dark triangle of her pubic hair was visible through the sheer material. She began opening and closing her legs, and as she did so, the crotch of her panties slipped into the crack of her cunt. A spot of moisture appeared and grew larger with each of her sultry movements.

Without giving her companions any hint of what was going on, she dropped her hand to her lap and began rubbing her pussy through her panties. Her fingers wandered up and down her crack, as I stared in amazement at the boldness of this beauty. By now my dick was throbbing hard against my tight pants. Next she pulled aside the crotch of her panties, exposing her pussy to my eyes and her fingers. She let her fingers curl through her thick brown pubic hair as she spread the lips of her cunt and started massaging her clit. Quite suddenly, she withdrew her hand. She stood up and walked provocatively past me toward the restrooms. I wondered if this would end our encounter.

While she was in the bathroom, her companions gathered their belongings and prepared to leave. When the blonde came out of the restroom she paused long enough to place a small paper bag on my table and then hurried out the door to catch her friends. I opened the bag and was stunned when the first thing I saw was a pair of pink panties. I quickly left the restaurant and drove home. I removed the still-damp pink panties and a slip of paper which had a name and phone number on it. I spent the next half hour smelling and tasting the crotch of those panties, fantasizing about the next time we would meet.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CAMERA CREDITS

Our Pet of the Month, Phyliss Partin, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Norman strobes, and Harrison filters. Dru Diamond was shot by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Our love set was shot by John Copeland with a Nikon F2AS camera, Nikkor 24, 105, 135, and 43-86 zoom lenses, and Norman and Balcar lighting equipment.

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50A	Showcase	78.40		50.00
100A	Extravaganza	150.10		100.00
		Display Quantity	*Case Quantity*	*Price*
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03	T-Bomb	1280 firecrackers	9.40 12 pcl	99.90
04	T-Bomb	2000 firecrackers	16.80 8 pcl	99.10
05	Black Cat	480 firecrackers	5.10 32 pcl	115.90
06	Black Cat	1600 firecrackers	15.90 10 pcl	129.90
07	M-60	Box of 72 firecrackers	15.00 20 boxes	239.00
ROMAN CANDLES				
08	5-Ball Chinese Candle	1 doz.	$ 4.50	
09	8-Ball Chinese Candle	1 doz.	6.00 12 doz.	$ 60.00
10	10-Ball Candle w/report	1 doz.	8.50 12 doz.	86.90
		Display Quantity		*Display Price*
SMOKE AND NOVELTIES				
11	Colored Smoke Balls	6 doz.		$ 8.90
12	Tank w/report	1 doz.		5.50
13	Beehive	4 each		6.00
14	Booby Traps	1 doz. boxes		2.50
15	Happy Lamps	1 doz.		8.90
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18	Jumping Jacks	576 pieces		11.90
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19	#8 Gold Black Cat Sparklers	1 doz. boxes		$ 3.60
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33	Chinese 4" Assortment	1 doz.		$ 5.10
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35	Chinese 7" Assortment	1 doz.		15.90
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38	Saturn Missile Battery	2 each		5.40
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41	Chrysanthemum or Peony Shell	1 each		11.90
42	Olde Glory Festival Ball Shell Assortment	1 doz.		16.00
SKY ROCKETS				
43	Black Cat Bottle Rocket w/report	12 doz.		$ 5.40
44	Chinese Bottle Rocket w/report	12 doz.		5.10
45	Whistling Moon Rocket w/report	12 doz.		7.90
46	1 oz. Rocket w/report	1 doz.		3.50
47	Chinese Rocket Assortment	1 doz.		5.40
48	4 oz. Black Cat Rocket w/effect	1 doz.		8.50
49	8 oz. Super Rocket w/effect	1 doz.		11.80
50	8 oz. Black Cat Rocket w/report	1 doz.		11.80
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In the chips: Put a
computer in your shoe to beat roulette

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

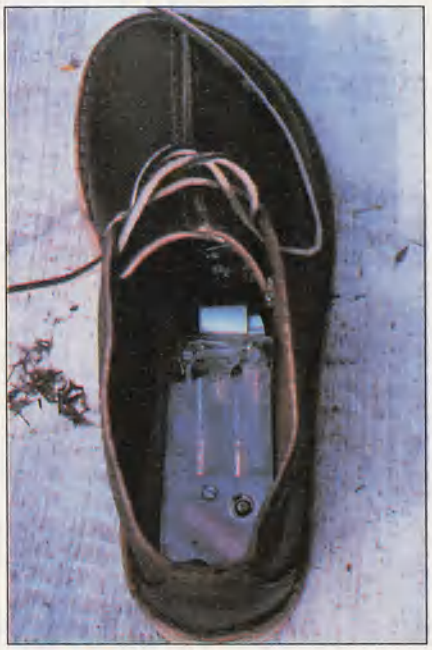
No one can possibly win at roulette unless he steals money from the table while the croupier isn't looking.
—Albert Einstein

In the early 1960s, a card-counting system was discovered that made it possible to beat the house at blackjack. What would you guess would be the *least* likely casino game to be cracked next? Most people would say roulette. It seems so purely random and inherently unpredictable that nothing short of tinkering with the ball or wheel could ever swing the odds in a player's favor.

Yet, surprisingly enough, it appears that the venerable gambling wheel can now be beaten handily by some young computer freaks wearing computers in their shoes. They record the velocities of the ball and rotor, and the computer predicts where the ball will land a few seconds in the future—time enough to put bets down on the favored numbers.

Casino owners are going to be outraged, just as they were when mathematician Edward Thorp published *Beat the Dealer,* a best-selling book that showed how a player could win at blackjack if he counted certain cards as they were dealt from a deck—especially aces and ten-point-value cards—and bet in certain strategic ways. It required perfect recall and faultless play, but it worked. Thorp himself was banned from Las Vegas casinos, and took to disguising himself with a beard and sunglasses. Hordes of Thorp's followers tried to learn the system. A few succeeded, but most reached only a B+ level. At any rate, the casinos took to ejecting anyone suspected of card-counting at the blackjack tables.

In the case of roulette, the houses have been condescendingly generous to "system players." They may provide pencils and scratch pads for note-taking; some even sell lists of all the numbers that came up the previous day. The reason they are so helpful is that, as Thorp himself said, "There is no 'mathematical' winning system for roulette and it is impossible ever to discover one."



Santa Cruz shoes bring casinos bad news.

System players lose even more money than the average gambler does, so the casinos are only too glad to help out.

It is physics, not mathematics, that is the key to beating roulette. Some graduate students at the University of California, Santa Cruz, realized this a few years ago and started working on a computer system that would project the meeting point of a moving roulette ball and the spinning wheel, in much the same way as machines track the orbits of satellites and planets. Their years of trial and error, frustration and exultation are entertainingly recounted in *The Eudaemonic Pie,* by Thomas A. Bass, just published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE GAME. An American roulette wheel is divided into cups numbered 1 through 36, and colored either red or black. In addition, two green cups are labeled 0 and 00, making 38 cups altogether. When 0 or 00 comes up, the house takes every bet (unless specifically made on 0 or 00). Bettors have a variety of options. Eleven types of wagers are allowed in all, each with a payoff corresponding to its riskiness. An even-money bet ("odd" or "red," say) pays 1 to 1. A bet on any specific number pays 35 to 1. Since there are 38 cups, the house always has an advantage, and this works out to 5.26 percent in the long run. That means you can expect to get back about $94.74 out of every $100 you bet on the game, on average.

The croupier usually spins the wheel counterclockwise, and then rolls the ball the opposite way around the stationary outer rim. Players may place their bets in the next ten seconds or so, as the ball and wheel decelerate to their inevitable rendezvous. It was the physics of these few seconds that the Santa Cruz group was determined to study.

They had to check several problem areas over the next few years:

Scatter. Eight metal diamonds on the sloping rim of the wheel can knock the ball out of its expected trajectory. Would this happen often enough to wipe out the overall prediction average?

Bounce. The ball doesn't always drop straight into a cup—sometimes it bounces off the metal frets that separate the cups. Their studies showed, however, that "scatter" and "bounce" usually send the ball no farther than a quarter of the way around the wheel.

Human error. To predict when the ball will fall toward the wheel, it is necessary to know how fast it is traveling, which means timing a complete revolution—determining how long it takes for the ball to pass a fixed point on the rim of the wheel. People aren't perfect. Won't their errors in timing throw off the whole prediction? Not enough to negate it, the team found. Still, some people's reflexes are better than others, and practice can help—which is why the group built a biofeedback training machine in order to sharpen those reflexes. (*Question 1:* Who would tend to do better at roulette-ball timing, the cerebral type or the athletic type?)

Balls. Most roulette balls are acetate, but some are nylon, Teflon, ivory, even human bone. Measurements showed that a ball's composition affects its rate of deceleration on the track, and how

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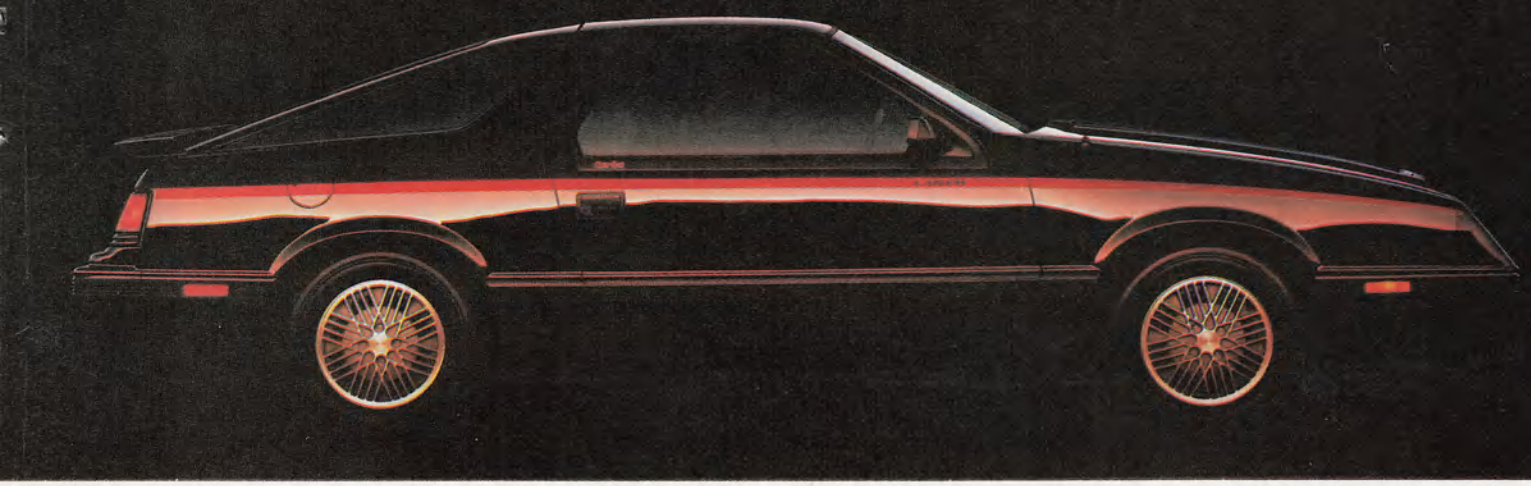

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A total of six prizes will be awarded: One 1st prize of a 1985 Chrysler Laser. Approximate value based on list price, F.O.B. Montreal is $13,000. Delivery will be made to Chrysler dealership nearest winner's address. Winner is responsible for license, registration and auto insurance.

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On July 2, 1985 at 11:00 a.m. in Toronto, Ontario random selections will be made from among eligible entries received. Selected entrants will be contacted and in order to win, must first correctly answer, unaided, a time-limited, arithmetical, skill-testing question to be administered during a telephone interview. Decisions of the judging organization are final.

Contest is open to all residents of Canada who have reached the age of majority, except employees and members of their immediate families of 132127 Canada Inc. and Penthouse International Ltd., their representatives, distributors, publicity agents and the contest judging organization. By entering and accepting a prize, winners agree to the use of their name, address and photograph, without payment, in any forthcoming publicity. Contest is subject to all Federal, Provincial and Municipal laws. Inquiries from Québec residents respecting the conduct of this contest and awarding of prizes may be submitted to the Régie des loteries et courses du Québec.

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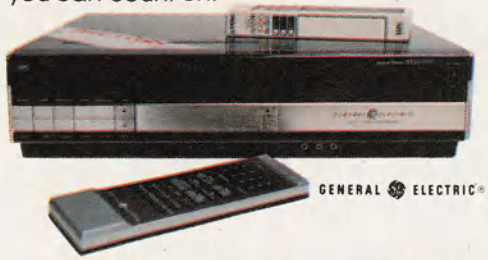

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GAMES

Round and round she goes, and where she stops—finally, somebody knows.

far it bounces and scatters.

Ball-slowing. The ball's composition, size, and weight, and the smoothness of the wooden track, all affect the friction between ball and track and, hence, the ball's deceleration rate. Midway through the project, research found that friction wasn't as important as some had thought. (*Question 2:* What turns out to be more important than friction in slowing down a roulette ball?)

Tilt. The first calculations were made for an "ideal" wheel which was perfectly horizontal. Then examination of Las Vegas wheels showed that most are tilted a tenth of an inch or more, enough to make a significant difference in the roll of the ball. (*Question 3:* Does this tilt factor help or hurt in making accurate predictions? See end of article for the answers to this and the previous two questions.)

THE SOLE OF A NEW MACHINE. The Santa Cruz group finally settled on a two-person operation, with a data-taker and a bettor. In one session, physicist Doyne Farmer, the project's driving force, sits near the wheel as data-taker, and author Tom Bass plays high-stakes bettor farther down the table. Farmer's custom-made Oxford shoes are hollowed out, and each has a battery pack in the heel and a half-inch-thick "computer sandwich" in the innersole. It's made from state-of-the-art components, the same kind as in Apple computers.

With his left big toe, Farmer operates a switch that inputs data about this particular wheel—deceleration rates for the ball and rotor, degree of tilt, and so on. When all is ready, the action shifts to his right shoe. As a game starts, Farmer clicks a toe-switch four times: twice to measure one revolution of the ball past a fixed point on the wheel rim, and twice more to measure one revolution of the wheel. Within microseconds, the computer picks the most probable octant—or one-eighth slice of the wheel—in which the ball is likely to fall. Each octant contains four or five numbers that are adjacent on the wheel.

Farmer's computer then sends out its prediction to the computer in Bass's right shoe, and it triggers one of the three solenoids under his foot—one each under the ball, the arch, and the heel. His socks have holes cut out to match. Each solenoid can vibrate three ways, slow, medium, or fast, so Bass can receive a total of nine possible signals, corresponding to the eight octants on the wheel plus a "don't bet" signal. For example, a *low* frequency on the front tickler would mean Octant No. 1. A *high* frequency at the same spot would mean Octant No. 3.

After receiving a "No. 3" signal, say, Bass has just a few seconds to put chips down on the numbers he has memorized in that section—1, 13, 24, and 36.

Preliminary studies found that the Santa Cruz shoes could bring a 44 percent advantage over the house, which is phenomenal when you consider that even the best card-counting scheme for blackjack promises only a three percent gain. A 44 percent gain repeated 50 times an hour on bets of $100 each could bring a $2,200 profit in one hour.

Unfortunately, Bass's story ends with some disheartening computer glitches which prevent our boys from making their dreamed-of killing—but also with the promise of massive financial backing for a new, all-out assault to come.

What will the casinos do when they read about all this? They will certainly take steps to regain the advantage, as they did when the blackjack system was announced. They might place more diamonds around the edge of the wheel, to increase "scatter"; take more careful measures on the tilt of each wheel; install detectors for the magnetic-induction signals used in shoe-to-shoe communication; watch for octile betting patterns; or require that all bets be placed before the wheel is spun. Whatever happens, you can be sure that the game of roulette is going to go through some changes soon.

On the legal side of the issue, the courts have decreed that while you may not *tamper* with the outcome of any gambling game, you can try to *predict* the outcome by any method you want without breaking the law. This hasn't stopped casino owners from ejecting suspected card counters, and we personally wouldn't stick around to argue this point of law if some Neanderthal security thug caught us with too many wires in our Wallabees. The Santa Cruz group may have invented a computer you can walk on, but *we'll* wait for one we can run on.

Answers:

1. Athletes do better. One had an error rate of only three-hundredths of a second, the group found, while many cerebral types could do no better than a tenth of a second. Marijuana tended to worsen performance, but small amounts of alcohol improved accuracy for some.

2. Wind resistance causes more of a drag than friction.

3. Tilt helps markedly, so much so that the players would try to find the most tilted wheel in a casino to play on. On a tilted wheel, the ball tends to fall off from the high side. It passes through the low side, which effectively produces a "shadow" on the track—an area from which the ball is very unlikely to descend. When the computer takes this into account, it can be even more accurate in its predictions.

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Newport

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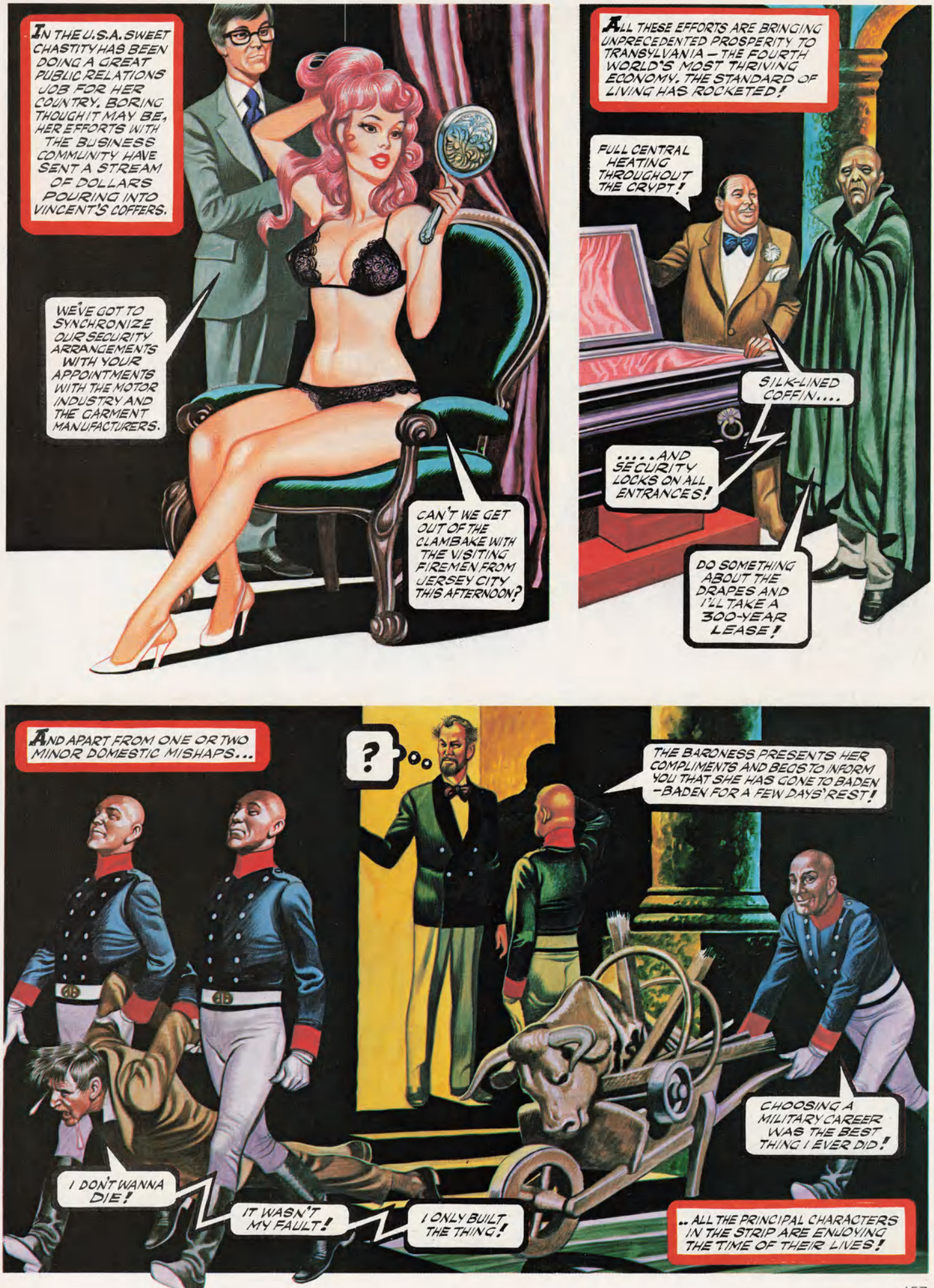
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

Sweet chastity
♫ OHH GIMME A HOME... WHERE THE WEREWOLVES ROAM.....♫
THOSE OF YOU THAT HAVE THE COURAGE TO READ THIS STRIP REGULARLY WILL KNOW THAT THINGS ARE GOING REALLY WELL FOR TRANSYLVANIA UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF ITS NEW PRESIDENT, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN. HIS "NEW DEAL" ECONOMIC PROGRAMME IS BRINGING TOURISTS FLOCKING INTO THE COUNTRY.....
WHERE YA BIN, ELAINE? YA NEARLY MISSED THE VAMPIRE!
IT WAS GREAT! I WAS CARRIED OFF BY THIS HUGE HAIRY MONSTER —AND MAN—WAS HE WILD! ALL FOR FIVE BUCKS!
THIS WAY, EVERYBODY! WE ARE GOING INTO THE CRYPT OF ONE OF THIS COUNTRY'S OLDEST VAMPIRES. I WOULD ASK YOU NOT TO SMOKE AND PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE THE STAKE FROM HIS HEART.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
I'M HOLDING IT!
ONCE UPON A TIME THE MERE SIGHT OF MY FACE WOULD FRIGHTEN MOST PEOPLE TO DEATH!
I BLAME TELEVISION!
ISN'T HE CUTE! ARE WE ALLOWED TO FEED THEM?
Vampire Dogs
GODDAM TOURISTS! THEY'RE TURNING US INTO A BUNCH OF FREAKS!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB CUCCIONE


IN THE U.S.A. SWEET CHASTITY HAS BEEN DOING A GREAT PUBLIC RELATIONS JOB FOR HER COUNTRY. BORING THOUGH IT MAY BE, HER EFFORTS WITH THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY HAVE SENT A STREAM OF DOLLARS POURING INTO VINCENT'S COFFERS.
WE'VE GOT TO SYNCHRONIZE OUR SECURITY ARRANGEMENTS WITH YOUR APPOINTMENTS WITH THE MOTOR INDUSTRY AND THE GARMENT MANUFACTURERS.
CAN'T WE GET OUT OF THE CLAMBAKE WITH THE VISITING FIREMEN FROM JERSEY CITY THIS AFTERNOON?
ALL THESE EFFORTS ARE BRINGING UNPRECEDENTED PROSPERITY TO TRANSYLVANIA — THE FOURTH WORLD'S MOST THRIVING ECONOMY. THE STANDARD OF LIVING HAS ROCKETED!
FULL CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT THE CRYPT!
SILK-LINED COFFIN....
.....AND SECURITY LOCKS ON ALL ENTRANCES!
DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE DRAPES AND I'LL TAKE A 300-YEAR LEASE!
AND APART FROM ONE OR TWO MINOR DOMESTIC MISHAPS...
?
THE BARONESS PRESENTS HER COMPLIMENTS AND BEGS TO INFORM YOU THAT SHE HAS GONE TO BADEN-BADEN FOR A FEW DAYS' REST!
CHOOSING A MILITARY CAREER WAS THE BEST THING I EVER DID!
I DON'T WANNA DIE!
IT WASN'T MY FAULT!
I ONLY BUILT THE THING!
.. ALL THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE STRIP ARE ENJOYING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES!

HOWEVER, IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS EUPHORIA AND SUCCESS, AN OMINOUS NOTE HAS SOUNDED IN THE KREMLIN. IN THE H.Q. OF THE K.G.B. A MEETING HAS BEEN ARRANGED BETWEEN COLONEL IGOR SADISTINOV, GRAND MASTER OF THE SPECIAL SERVICES BUREAU, AND GENERAL ILYITCH KADAVA, THE ALL-POWERFUL AND TERRIFYING CONTROLLER OF K.G.B. OPERATIONS WORLDWIDE.....
I AM SO GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR GRANTING ME THIS AUDIENCE, CONTROLLER GENERAL.
I KNOW IT SOUNDS IMPROBABLE —BUT I HAVE CARRIED OUT A NUMBER OF EXPERIMENTS AND THEY HAVE ALL BEEN POSITIVE!
I TRUST MY REPORT TO YOU OUTLINING THE PLAN I HAVE IN MIND MADE THIS CLEAR?
FRANKLY, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT! NO MAN HAS THOSE SORT OF POWERS — NOT OVER ALL WOMEN! FURTHER-MORE — ANY BUFFOON TAKEN IN BY SUCH NONSENSE SHOULD NOT BE A COLONEL IN THE K.G.B!
IN FACT — HE SHOULD CEASE TO EXIST, FORTHWITH!
I AM NOT A MAN TO WASTE YOUR TIME, COMRADE GENERAL.
I HAVE A FILM I WANT YOU TO SEE!
BOLOKOV — THE PROJECTOR!
IT HAD BETTER BE A VERY, VERY GOOD FILM, COLONEL SADISTINOV!
YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?
OF COURSE!
THE GREAT ANNA BOLIC! OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALIST, DEDICATED ATHLETE....
...AND GREATEST SHOT PUTTER IN THE WORLD! A HERO — OR HEROINE, DEPENDING ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW — OF THE SOVIET UNION!

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO HER WHEN SHE CAME FACE-TO-FACE WITH IVAN PENISOVITCH!
TEN YEARS OF DISCIPLINE AND DEDICATION —LOST IN A MOMENT!

TURN IT OFF!
THERE'S MORE!
I COULDN'T BEAR ANY MORE!

I'VE SEEN SOME SIGHTS IN MY LIFE BUT THAT WOULD'VE MADE EVEN STALIN TURN PALE!
WHERE IS THIS MENACE?
I LEFT HIM IN THE ANTEROOM ...GULP ...WITH YOUR....

...SECRETARY!
WELL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY MANAGED TO WRECK THE SMOOTH RUNNING OF THIS OFFICE IN YOUR BRIEF VISIT, COLONEL SADISTINOV!
SAINT BORIS! WE'RE ALL GOING TO WIND UP IN AFGHANISTAN!

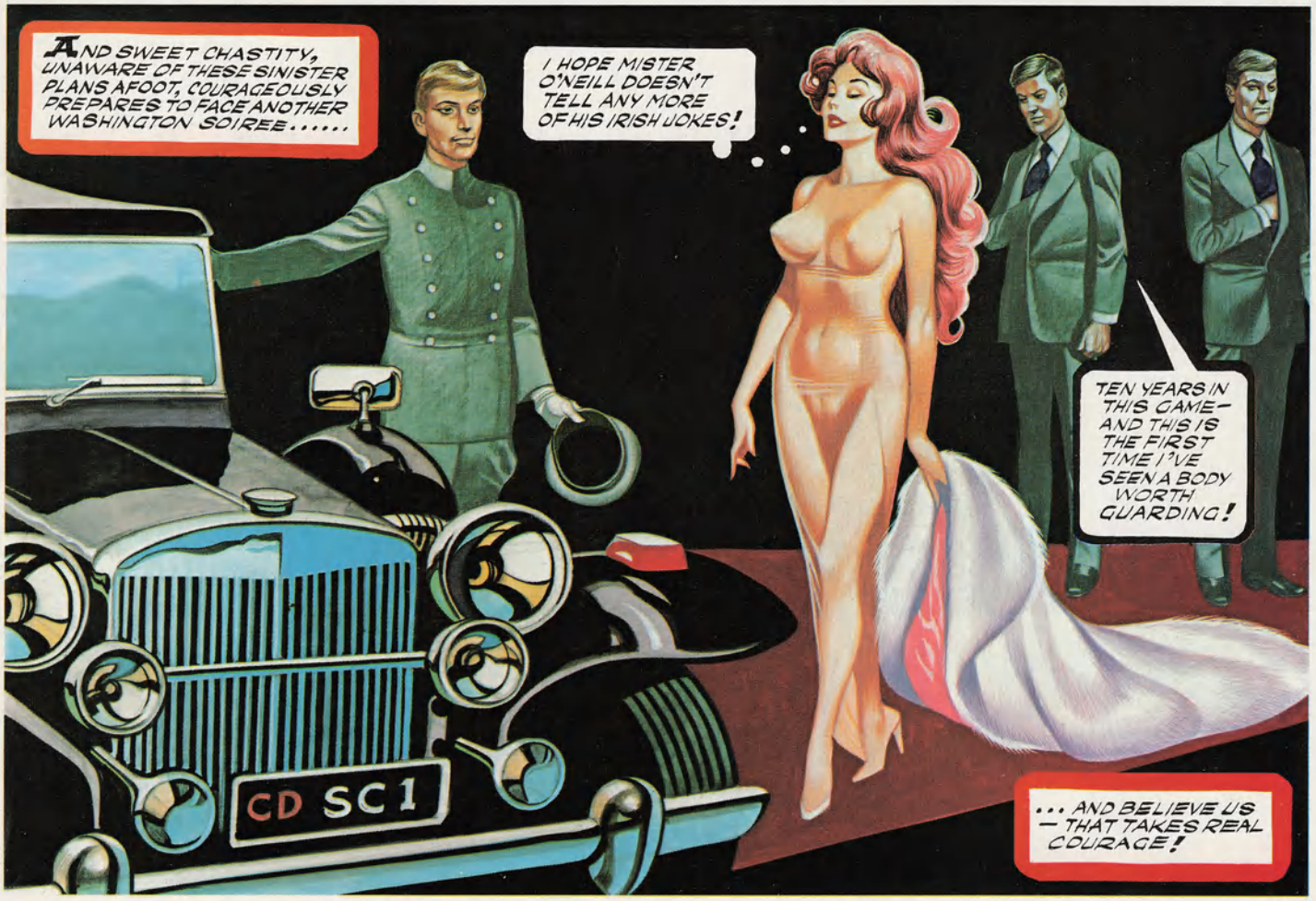
TO HELL WITH THE SOCIALIST REVOLUTION! GIMME SEX ANY DAY!
ISSUE HER A SET OF THERMAL UNDERWEAR AND A ONE-WAY TICKET TO SEVERNAYA ZEMLYA!

THIS LITTLE FREAK OF YOURS REALLY DOES LEAVE A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION IN HIS WAKE!
HE'S TURNED RUSSIA'S GREATEST ATHLETE INTO A QUIVERING HEAP OF LARD — AND MY SECRETARY, A DUTIFUL AND DUMB PROLE — INTO A POLITICAL ACTIVIST!
THE COLONEL TELLS ME THAT IN SPITE OF YOUR — HE CALLS IT "DISADVANTAGES" — YOU WISH TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY?

YES, SIR, COMRADE GENERAL!
VERY WELL, THEN. YOU WILL BE SENT TO THE K.G.B. TRAINING CENTRE AT MURMANSK...
IF YOU SURVIVE THAT YOU WILL BE GIVEN YOUR CHANCE!
LET US HOPE YOU WILL HAVE AS MUCH SUCCESS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL!

A VERY SATISFYING INTERVIEW, BOLOKOV— I FEEL SURE MY CAREER HAS TAKEN AN UPWARD TURN!
THE AMERICANS ARE A SIMPLE RACE. THEY'LL TOLERATE MOST THINGS—DRUGS, VIOLENCE, GUNS, AND EVEN SOAPOPERAS —BUT SEX! THEY'RE POSITIVELY PURITANICAL ABOUT SEX SCANDALS! THE MEREST WHIFF OF IT SENDS THEIR BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIANS AND NETWORK PREACHERS RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES CRYING MORTAL SIN!

I SHALL HANDLE THE 'PENISOVITCH' PROJECT—PERSONALLY! YOU CAN CONCENTRATE ON THE DOWNFALL OF FRANKENSTEIN!
IF WE CAN INVOLVE SWEET CHASTITY AND THE WHITE HOUSE IN SOME JUICY SCANDAL, IT WILL BE ANOTHER SMALL VICTORY OVER DECADENT WESTERN CAPITALISM!


AND SWEET CHASTITY, UNAWARE OF THESE SINISTER PLANS AFOOT, COURAGEOUSLY PREPARES TO FACE ANOTHER WASHINGTON SOIREE.....
I HOPE MISTER O'NEILL DOESN'T TELL ANY MORE OF HIS IRISH JOKES!
TEN YEARS IN THIS GAME— AND THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN A BODY WORTH GUARDING!
CD SC 1
... AND BELIEVE US — THAT TAKES REAL COURAGE!

COMING IN THE AUGUST PENTHOUSE

THE SECRET GOVERNMENT

What would happen if events in Latin America took a turn for the worse, and protests and demonstrations sprang up in response to U.S. policy? What would happen if farmers took to the streets in revolt? Could President Reagan virtually suspend the Bill of Rights and call out the troops in the name of public safety? The answer is yes—and the secret plans are already in place. You've probably never heard of the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), but after reading this exposé by Don Goldberg and Indy Badhwar, associates of investigative columnist Jack Anderson, you won't forget it. This obscure office, run by a handful of ex–military officers, claims responsibility over any "emergency" within the United States. The implications for our democracy are staggering.

JOHN COUGAR

He's American, all right, but mom and apple pie aren't quite his style. He's become a star for his gritty, hard-driven rock 'n' roll ballads of lost and drifting middle Americans, such as the enormously popular "Jack and Diane." In this in-depth profile by *Penthouse* Contributing Editor Timothy White, John Cougar talks about how growing up in Seymour, Indiana, "a tough-as-nails town" where fighting was the main preoccupation, helped him forge his unique blend of basic, honest, no-frills rock 'n' roll—but only after he finally came to terms with it.

THE SURVIVAL GAME

There's no need to reiterate the senselessness of war—the devastating and oftentimes permanent effects it has on human lives. But for many people war is an intense, unprecedented experience that often illuminates and sometimes clarifies life. In war you play to survive. In fact, it is this aspect of war that is drawing thousands of people to partake in a new international sensation: The Survival Game. This stunning photo essay by Pulitzer Prize–winning photojournalist Eddie Adams will take you through the trenches and battlefields of America's survival-game camps and introduce you to those countless men and women who plan their weekends by asking their friends to "come, play war."

THE SEX GHOULS

"Petra Plasm" is a child of the night. She paints her face stark white and dyes her tangled mass of hair blue-black. Dressed with the cold sensuality of Transylvanian high society, she radiates sex. Deadly sex. Petra programs computers during the day. At night she programs men. Pointing to her next victim, she says, "He wouldn't get all offended if I wanted him just for the night." Petra is a new kind of sexual being, one who sees sex in death and thinks the nuclear holocaust would be the ultimate orgasm. Writer Robit Hairman interviews a number of these Sex Ghouls and discovers that, for some, there *is* sex after death.

THE REAL TRAGEDY OF ETHIOPIA

Six million people are starving in Ethiopia, but why do so many Americans think that it's somehow our fault? Despite our typical, overwhelmingly generous response of money and food, the Marxist dictatorship of Lt. Col. Mengistu Haile Mariam has convinced many people that all his country's troubles can be traced to the implacable enmity of the United States. In next month's "Advise & Dissent," internationally renowned investigative reporter Claire Sterling reveals the extent of this lie, showing how the brutal Ethiopian government has not only stolen relief money but has actually used the famine as a "final solution" for many of its own people.

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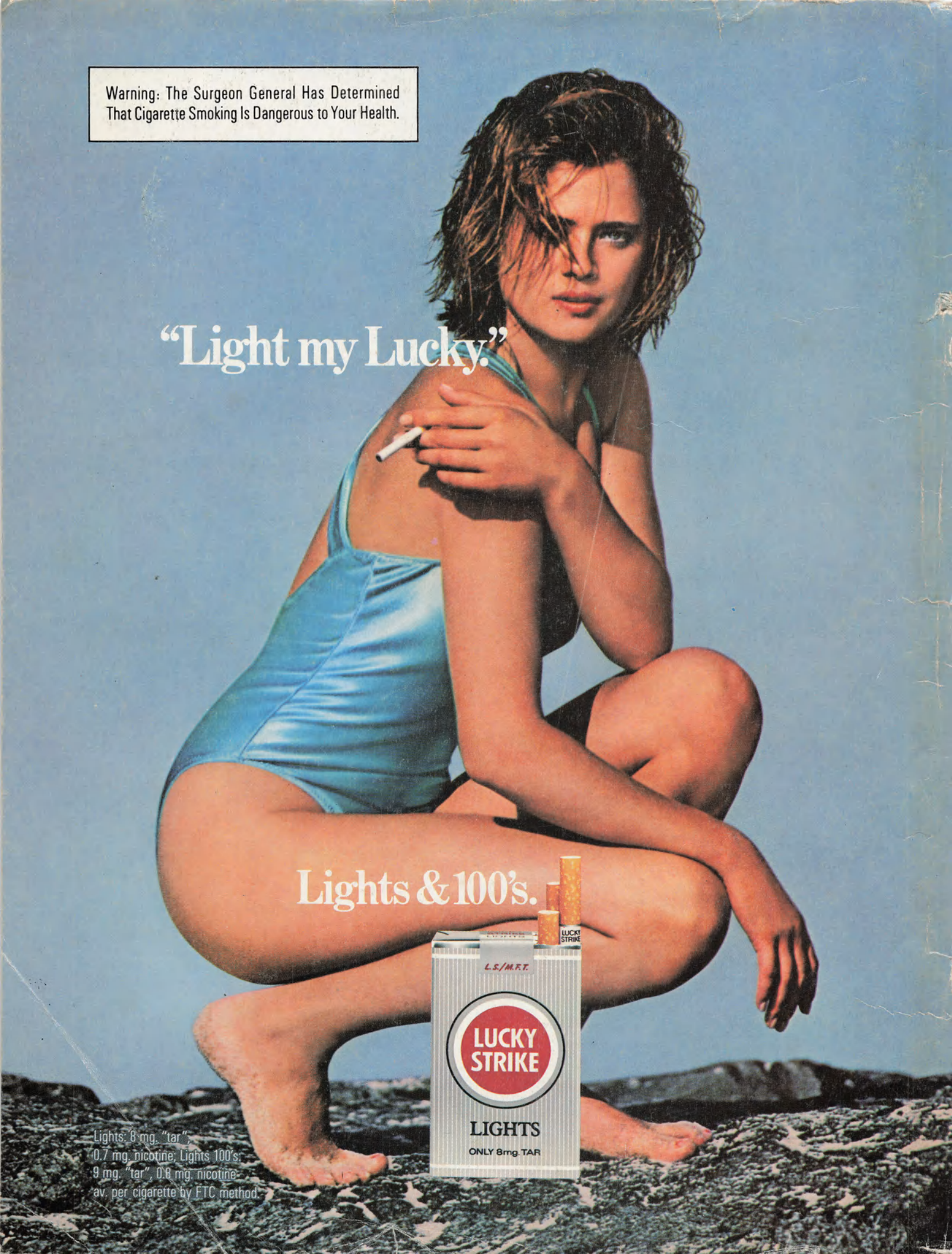
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